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OF THE

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

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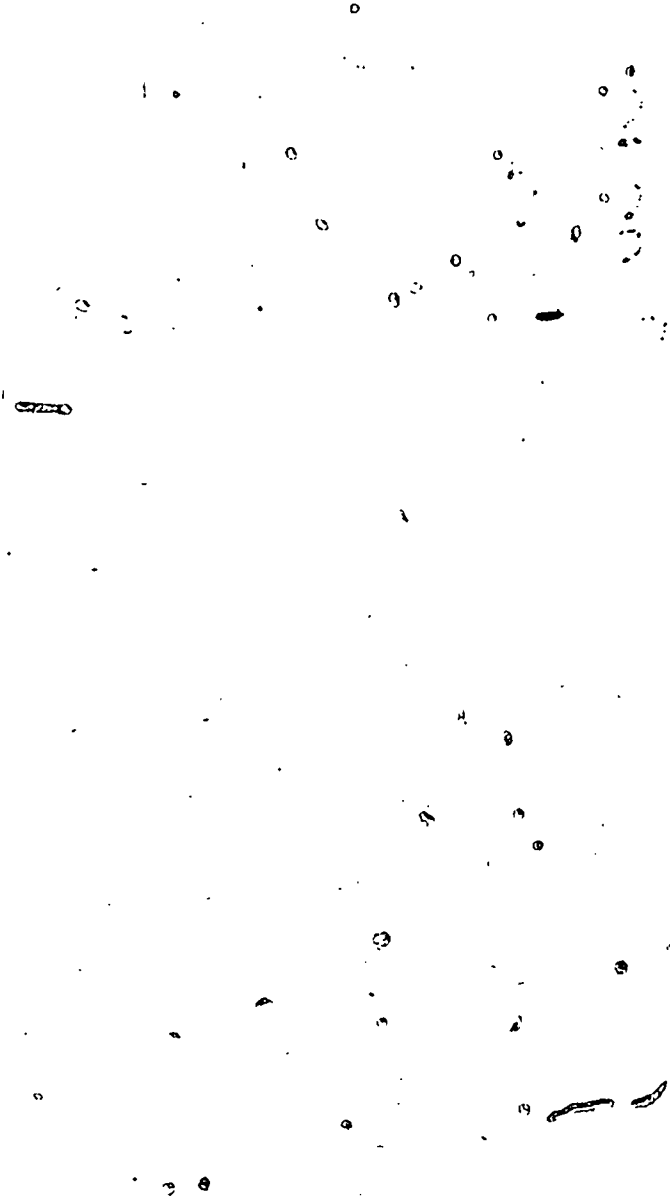
TOUR,

&c. &c.

VOL. I.



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A

TOUR

THROUGH PARTS OF

THE NETHERLANDS, HOLLAND, GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, SAVOY, AND FRANCE,

IN THE YEAR 1821-2.

INCLUDING A DESCRIPTION OF

THE RHINE VOYAGE IN THE MIDDLE OF AUTUMN,

AND THE STUPENDOUS SCENERY OF THE ALPS IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER.

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BY CHARLES TENNANT, ESQ.

ALSO CONTAINING, IN AN APPENDIX,

FAC-SIMILE COPIES OF EIGHT LETTERS

IN THE HAND-WRITING OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE TO HIS WIFE JOSEPHINE.

Whoever prints a book runs a very great risk, it being of all impossibilities the most impossible to write such an one as shall satisfy and please all kinds of readers. 2d part of DON QUIXOTE, c 3.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1824.

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INTRODUCTION.

In travelling through foreign countries, various peculiarities in the character, manners, and customs of the people will strike the observation of travellers in different ways, and many of these peculiarities are passed over by well informed and observant travellers, to be caught up by others on a hasty and superficial view.

It is the same with respect to the general appearance of a country. One traveller may call down the attention of those who follow in his route, to situations and objects of interest, which others, from accident or particular circumstances, have overlooked.

To such feelings it is that the public are mainly indebted for the numerous publications of this kind which have of late years poured forth from our press.

Most travellers, now-a-days, fancy that they have something new and interesting to communicate; and although in this respect they may have been mistaken, yet, on the whole, I am inclined to think that the public have been gainers.

Many things, undoubtedly, are told, that are not worth the telling, and many things are told that have oftentimes been told before; but even all this is not wholly unproductive of good.

For my own part, I believe that if the superiority of the English nation, as a people, in respect of general information over other nations, be attributable more to one circumstance than to another, it is to that restless spirit of enquiry, the predominant trait in the English character, and which marks the Englishman in every portion of the globe.

Let the traveller enquire amongst the inhabitants of the secluded Alpine valiies, or of any other sequestered places of particular interest out of the common route, what is the proportion of the visitors from other nations compared with the visitors from England? Or let him cast his eye through the travellers' book, with which almost every little inn abroad is provided, and

in which every traveller is requested and expected to enrol his name and country. I do not pretend to say that the results from this mode of enquiry can be relied upon as very accurate; but my curiosity induced me to make the enquiry, and this was the mode which I adopted for want of a better. As it was a calculation which afforded me amusement, I took some pains in making it, and I do not know that I ever missed a satisfactory opportunity of trying and proving it. I confine the calculation to Switzerland, because that is a country which few strangers visit but in quest of information and amusement; and I give the following as the average results in favour of our countrymen.

The account may be thus stated:—

With Dutchmen as 1 to 100.
With Frenchmen as 30 to 100.
With Italians as 35 to 100.
With Germans as 60 to 100.

I do not carry this enquiry further, as other nations furnish hardly any criterion for such a calculation, although Denmark, in proportion to its population, might perhaps shew an average coming nearer to England than that of any other nation.

Here, then, is a large balance in favor of our countrymen, and I have no doubt that if a similar account could be taken of the number of Englishmen visiting foreign countries, in proportion to the number of foreigners visiting England, the results would be at least as favorable as these here produced.

Curiosity may be considered, perhaps, as the principal moving power in all this locomotion; and it should be recollected that most of those from England, when they quit their homes to roam abroad, are quitting comforts which foreigners can hardly estimate. Foreigners can find such comforts as they are accustomed to, almost wheresoever they may go, but Englishmen never hope to find English comforts but in England.

In order that the reader may form some general notion of what he may here expect, I shall now say a few words in explanation of my opinion upon the duties of a travel-writer.

It seems then to me, that the most important of these duties may be included in one observation; viz. that of relating accurately such facts and circumstances as fall within his own observation, and are worthy of being recorded.

With respect to any remarks thereon in which the traveller may indulge, these, generally speaking, if at all likely to be valuable, are much more likely to be so when given from first impressions, before the mind has become habituated to the change which is presented, and before the novelty is worn away. There is a better chance that the conclusion then arrived at will be the opinion of the person observing, and not an opinion borrowed from some former observer; when the great desideratum is more likely to be attained of presenting objects to the reader's mind, such as they really appeared to the writer.

This being my feeling upon the subject, and wishing to have it in my power at future times to recal the recollection of first impressions, as well as to have the means of gratifying those of my friends who, with less opportunity or inclination for roaming than myself, might find pleasure in following me in imagination through my route, I proposed to myself at starting, to note down in the shape of a Journal not only my course and the general appearance of the country, but also whatever objects and incidents upon the road might interest or amuse me. With my note-book and pencil ready to my hand, I marked down the object or incident as it was

presented, or as it occurred, and these short notes it was generally the amusement of the solitary evening to review and methodize. The past and the present tenses may often be found jumbled together, for it sometimes happened that the note was made upon the occasion as it is here written, and sometimes, owing to fatigue or want of opportunity, was left to be reduced into form at a more convenient time, but which was seldom beyond a day or two. It has since been the amusement of the leisure hour, snatched now and then amidst other and more important avocations, to review these notes, and to arrange them in the more connected shape in which they here appear; and I now present them to the reader, not professing to offer a complete itinerary for the convenience of those travellers who may follow in my route (although they may perhaps find here some notices convenient on the road,) but a correct account, as far as I know, of what I saw and considered worthy of remark, introducing occasionally what I heard from those about me, and intruding sometimes what I thought myself.

There is, we all know, a love of the marvellous, or a sort of longing for something out of the common way, so inherent in human nature, that almost every one who only sets his foot out

of his own country, meets with, or fancies that he meets with, many adventures; and, like the renowned knight of La Mancha, is apt to construe trifling occurrences into serious encounters.

It will perhaps be considered that I have not entirely escaped the little failing at which I am now pointing; but whether this be to be added to my list of human weaknesses or not, the reader will have the goodness to determine for himself.

With respect to the incidents and anecdotes which I have here related, I guess it will be said by many,—these might as well have been omitted. The truth of this remark I will not dispute, but merely observe, that I have here related them either because they amused me at the time, and therefore may amuse others, or because I considered them descriptive of some trait of national character.

But the reader throughout will be pleased to bear in recollection, that these pages are not presented under any deliberately assuming title, but as containing a Journal of a hasty tour through several countries, or a Scrap Book filled with odds and ends, originally intended only for the amusement of the collector himself, and

such of his own personal friends as might chance to find amusement therein.

But although I have, like many before me, yielded to the persuasion of friends that I would submit these notes to the public eye, yet, in giving this explanation, I would by no means wish the usual inference to be drawn from thence, that I desire to avail myself of this as an excuse for the numerous imperfections which will probably be betrayed. I offer it rather as an apology to the Public for a sort of liberty which I fear I may be considered to have taken; and as I cannot but feel sensible that the sight of so many pages is calculated to excite some portion of apprehension in the minds of those upon whom I can have no claim to personal interest, I have here reserved to myself the right of offering to them the following assurances, not of what they will find, for that might be difficult to say, but of what they will not find.

In the first place, then, they will not find any long digression into the history of the different nations through which the traveller passed, nor into the history of cities, towns, or villages. These are subjects which should seem to be better suited to the sedate historian than to the hasty tourist.

In the next place, they will not find any elaborate detail upon the statistics of France, Holland, Germany, or Switzerland, nor any treatises upon the state of literature in those countries. Crude and imperfect indeed must be the review of such subjects by the passing stranger, if given as results of personal observation, and very unsatisfactory if resting upon loose and general conversations amongst the inhabitants.

Any curious and well-authenticated facts upon these or such like subjects, are well noticed by the traveller: but the elaborate details upon the state of literature, the statistics, and, to use a fashionable term, the political economy of the various nations of the continent, which we sometimes see presented by modern Tourists to the public with more of ostentation than research, are, in my opinion, generally speaking, not only out of place, but, being too often composed from the most flimsy of materials, or transcribed from other works seldom quoted as books of reference, the whole, in either case, is vague and unsatisfactory, proving little more, to put it in the mildest way, than that the vanity of the writer has misled the judgment.

And, lastly, the reader may have the satisfactory assurance, that he will not here be wea-

ried with long and tedious extracts from catalogues of picture galleries, nor with minute criticisms or remarks upon the Contour, Passion, Chiaro-Scuro, Harmony, and Repose of pictures which he never saw, and never may see.

However, it is but justice in the writer to declare, that he has a besetting sin of which the reader should be warned, and this is what a celebrated writer upon men and manners has pointed out with the milder term of a vulgar error,—the aptitude for being thrown into a state of admiration.

This, however, will be found, generally, to have been caused by the sight of nature's works, and if he should be thought sometimes rather too enthusiastic in his admiration, he hopes that some allowance may be made for the warmed fancy of a solitary being wandering amidst scenes of the most romantic beauty and sublime magnificence, at periods of the year when the one is heightened into perfect loveliness by the glowing tint of autumn, and the other magnified into terrific grandeur by the frozen garb of winter, and the whole viewed at that period of life when fancy is supposed to reign with strongest sway.

To those who take but little interest in descriptions of scenery, because never seen, or never likely to be seen by them, I can only say that I do not so far flatter myself as to suppose that they will find sufficient amusement in the following pages to repay them for the time and trouble of perusal. But to those whose fancy can take wing and fly away from life's more sober occupations, thus far will I venture to say,—that I rely much upon their indulgence for errors and imperfections, hoping and believing as I do, that I have narrated and described —faithfully.

C. T.

Russell Square,
1824.

JOURNAL.

1821. *Thursday, August* 30. Left London this morning, by the steam packet, for Margate, accompanied by one, who, to postpone the hour of separation, had determined to proceed with me to the coast.

The beauties of the Margate voyage, and the superior advantages of the steam packets, which now ply between Billingsgate stairs and Margate pier with nearly the same punctuality as the daily coaches between Brighton and the metropolis, are so well known and estimated, that on these topics nothing need be said in the way of admiration or encomium.

After the usual passage of about eight hours, we were safely landed amidst the gazing multitude upon the pier; but having no greetings to receive from expecting friends, we desired the man who had seized upon our luggage, to make the best of his way through the crowd to the hotel on the parade, and keeping close to his

heels, we escaped out of this scene of bustle and confusion, and were soon quietly seated in our own room, well satisfied to see around us a correct sum total of portmanteaus, travelling-bags, and parcels.

Amidst the motley crowd for which Margate is so justly celebrated, if there be not to be found here much gentility and fashion, the air, manner, and general appearance of the busy scene cannot fail to afford some diversion even to the more refined visitor to this place of popular resort.

Friday, *Saturday*, and *Sunday*, were spent in an excursion round this part of the coast to Kingsgate, Broadstairs, and Ramsgate. But now our little trip of pleasure was at an end, and the concluding part of Sunday evening was occupied in making those disagreeable preparations which mark the near approach of the period of departure for a long journey.

It is a painful reflection that, a few hours more, and I am separated for a distant and uncertain time from country, family, and friends. The uncertainty of life, the apprehension of calamities befalling those on whose happiness our own depends, and the fear that these may come when we are not near to assuage the grief, or mitigate the pain, are the dark forebodings which fill the mind of the departing traveller with temporary sadness, and dissipate at once all

the pleasing visions of the imagination in the anticipated novelties of foreign land.

Monday, Sept. 3. Having now parted with my brother at Ramsgate, I shortly afterwards observed a packet just getting under weigh off the pier head, bound for Calais. In another minute my luggage was on the shoulders of two sturdy porters, who setting off at a running trot towards the pier, I followed. A boat with two ready rowers was presently at hand, and although the packet was already under sail, we soon made up to her. Coming alongside under these circumstances, the tardy and eager passenger is placed rather at the captain's mercy in respect of charge. "You know the fare, Sir," said he, as advancing to assist me up the side of his vessel. "No matter," said I, "if *fair* mean *reasonable*." "Reasonable enough, Sir," was the reply; "only a guinea." This would not have struck me as unreasonable at any other time, or in another situation; but a suspicion now crossed me that this man was taking some unfair advantage of me, and to put the fairness of his dealing to a test, I loosed my hold, and shoving off the boat, told the two lads of the oar to take me back to where they found me.

To judge from the change in the captain's face, it might have been supposed that something had gone wrong on board, or that the

wind had suddenly veered round to an unfavourable quarter; for scarcely had I seated myself in the boat to return ashore, when he again cried out, but in an altered and sulky tone of voice, "Come alongside, Sir, and jump up; I see you are a gentleman." But not wishing to subject him to any disappointment on the score of my gentility, "What's your fare, man?" said I. "Half-a-guinea, Sir," was the short and grumbling reply; upon which I climbed up, and took my seat on the deck amongst the other passengers.

It was now just ten o'clock; and about five in the afternoon, after a pleasant passage, we entered the harbour of Calais. But the steam-boat, which had left Dover at two o'clock, had run in about ten minutes before us.

After passing through the vexatious ordeal of the Custom-House, I took up my quarters at the very comfortable hotel of Mons. Dessin, changed my English money into French currency, took my place in the diligence for Dunkirk for to-morrow morning at three o'clock, and then sitting down at a very well-spread dinner-table, with a bottle of good wine before me, at a moderate price, I found it was possible to make oneself very comfortable even in France.

Tuesday, Sept. 4. Having missed the diligence by the neglect of the servant, who waked

me half an hour after the time, Mons. Dessin forwarded me on to Dunkirk with post-horses. I arrived between nine and ten o'clock, A.M., and demanded how much to pay; when the driver informed me that he had received directions from his master not to take any thing for the hire of the horses. I made my acknowledgment to the man in additional drink-money.

Mons. Dessin and the captain of the packet crossed my mind at the same moment; but now, like most other Englishmen, "hating all prejudice and Frenchmen," this association was disagreeable, so I called for breakfast. After a hasty meal, I set out to take a slight survey of this town, the once fruitful subject of discord between the two great rival nations.

It is a substantial looking town, holding an important station on the coast, and still presenting a warlike front towards the sea; but the fortifications on the land side exhibit great appearance of neglect.

The quay is a large and convenient space, enclosed within high brick walls. The town is almost entirely built with a dingy brick, and the houses being large and lofty, Dunkirk on the whole presents a gloomy and monotonous appearance. The principal street, however, leading down to the quay, is long, broad, and handsome, and with the venerable old church

and some ancient buildings, produces a good effect, and shows a character of importance.

Having satisfied my curiosity by a view of this town, I hired a calêche and post-horses to Furnes.

The road to this place is remarkable, being for about twelve English miles over a very hard and perfectly level sand, along the sea-shore, which is so flat and unobstructed, that the view is bounded only by the horizon. The vastness of this dreary solitude, in which no vestige of a human being or sign of animal life was visible, (save when every now and then a flock of alarmed sea-birds took wing at our approach,) presented an appearance so very different from what I had ever seen before, that as I looked around I could not help exclaiming, "This is indeed another country."

But after first surprize was over, the long-continued sameness of the scene sunk the mind into repose, and brought reflections to remind me of the "lengthening chain" which I was now dragging over this vast pathless, sandy tract.

After pursuing for upwards of twelve miles this level course along the margin of the sea, we turned off the shore to where a range of low sand-hills marks its separation from the land, (if a continuation of sand deserves to be so called,) and here stands the miserable looking village of

Furnes, now restored to its legitimate sovereign, the King of Holland and the Netherlands, whose territory here commences.

A ragged soldier, harmonizing in his every look with the misery around him, now came forward, and in a gruff tone of voice informed me that this was the barrière du Pays Bas. Without knowing the immediate object of this communication, I thanked my informant for his information; but, as casting my eyes around, I could not bring myself to say one word of compliment upon the appearance of the Pays Bas, I therefore took what I considered to be the more polite course, of leaning back in my carriage, and remaining silent. The soldier also preserved a decent silence, but this he presently interrupted by again informing me, "Monsieur, c'est ici la barrière du Pays Bas." I bowed, and stared at this second intimation of a fact which seemed to me matter of very little importance; but I still continued silent.

This man of war had in the mean time ascended to where my luggage was secured, and now beginning to untie the cords, his next speech, uttered in a more gruff and authoritative tone, enlightened me. — "Monsieur, les clefs de votre baggage." — "Oh, monsieur le militaire," said I, now understanding well what key was wanting, "il seroit dommage de vous donner la

peine;" and dropping into his hand a two franc piece, this worthy servant of the crown descended; gave the signal for putting-to the fresh horses, and permitted me to drive off with whatever contraband goods my baggage might contain.

Immediately after passing this barrière the whole country presents the same flat unvaried surface, extending as far as the eye can carry, and apparently on a level with the sea, from which it is separated only by a range of low sand-hills; in short, it is most expressively designated by the appellation of le Pays Bas.

The next post from Furnes is Gisthelle. The country here considerably improves, and although not possessing much natural advantage in respect of quality of soil, yet exhibits an appearance of fertility which speaks very favourably of the industry of the inhabitants.

Shortly after changing horses at the last post, a ludicrous incident occurred. A huge, overfed Flemish mare, which, from first setting out, had been unruly, became soon unmanageable, and after much plunging and kicking, to the imminent danger of her companion in harness, the vehicle, the driver, and myself, she at last entangled herself very awkwardly with one leg over the splinter-bar.

The driver, with much dexterity, instantly released himself from his perilous situation, and

I, perhaps less active, but certainly in a part of the vehicle from which it was more difficult to extricate myself, made a sudden spring, which, indeed, effectually cleared all obstacles, but which brought me to the ground with a most unpleasant violence. I was not so much stunned as to be unconscious of the disagreeable effects of this shock; but it was not until I began to lend assistance in extricating the animal and rescuing the vehicle, that I discovered I had sprained my right hand; and now, thinking more of myself than the kicking jade and the lumber attached to her, I began to feel about the wrist for a fracture; but the effect of a strong bandage soon satisfied me that the mischief went no further than a sprain. In the mean time, however, I could not help being much amused by the dexterity of the driver. In the midst of the struggles of this powerful animal, he seized her by the nostrils, and with such determined force as soon brought her head to the ground, and rendered her perfectly quiet. In this situation she was held until assistance was procured, when the harness was withdrawn, and all was replaced in proper order. We now resumed our places in the carriage, but no sooner were we seated than the last act was preparing over again with all its former violence. In an instant down went the reins again, and almost at the same moment

all was quiet, for the mare's nose was again brought to the torture, and she underwent on her fat sides some as hearty *coups de pied* as were ever inflicted upon beast.

This punishment, however, seemed to make but little impression on her spirits, for when the reins were again resumed, she shewed every inclination to repeat her tricks, and would, no doubt, have amused us with another exhibition, had not the furious pace at which she was kept prevented the opportunity.

At full gallop we completed this post, and thus entered the fine old city of Bruges, and here ended a long day's journey.

Wednesday, Sept. 5. Having some business of importance at Rotterdam, the intervening space was literally run over, and little opportunity was afforded for the gratification of curiosity beyond a cursory view around me. I, however, contrived to shape my course through what I considered the most interesting route, but as this led me somewhat out of the direct road, my leisure time was necessarily still more contracted.

To make the most, however, of the short time I had to spare for Bruges, I rose with the first dawn of morning, and sallied forth into the town. Some of the principal streets are broad and handsome, and many of the houses seem to

combine comfort with grandeur, but the generality of the streets are narrow, and the height of the buildings throws around a gloom which is much increased by the forlorn appearance of the town itself. There is great neatness and cleanliness observable throughout, but this deserted air, and the silence which here reigns amidst a scanty population, forcibly remind the stranger that the glorious days of Old Bruges are gone by.

The town-hall is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, well deserving of notice. The church of Notre Dame is another venerable structure, which the stranger should not neglect to visit. Here is one of those curiously carved pulpits, so peculiar to many of the churches in the Netherlands, and which, as specimens of intricate and highly-wrought carving, are probably unrivalled in any other country of the world.

Bruges is situated in the midst of a most fertile and highly-cultivated country, which seems to produce so abundantly all the comforts and luxuries of life in eating, drinking, and clothing, that, when economical living, with comfort, is a principal object, few places, I should think, could be found to offer greater advantages for a residence than this town. As to house-rent, spacious mansions, bedecked with all the remnants of their ancient splendour, and provided with exten-

sive gardens, are to be procured here, as I learnt upon enquiry, at the rate of thirty-five and forty pounds per annum, rent and taxes included.

Between ten and eleven o'clock I quitted Bruges by the trekschuyt, or packet-boat, for Ghent by the canal. This canal is upon a noble scale, and affords to the traveller an easy and cheap opportunity for seeing this fertile part of the country to advantage. Although not a single lock occurs between Bruges and Ghent, yet the scene is so ornamented with fanciful villas, constructed and laid out in the true Flemish fashion, and the whole line is so varied with plantations of beech, willow, and poplar trees, that the disagreeable monotony of a perfectly flat country is really not observable; and the scene, if it cannot properly be called beautiful, is at least highly pleasing.

The only drawback to my pleasure was an almost intolerable stench arising from the water of the canal, which was now as black as ink, apparently with putridity, and covered with dead fish. The cause of this was attributed to the washing of flax in the neighbourhood of Lisle, in France, near the source of the river which runs into this canal at Ghent. But whatever was the cause, the pestilential effluvia, now rising more powerfully under a hot sun, was to me no slight annoyance, although to the other passengers this circum-

stance seemed to be quite a matter of indifference, for with a segar constantly in the mouth, they hung over the side of the boat in a state of the most perfect composure, and to all appearances might be supposed to be inhaling odours agreeable than otherwise. I was yet too little accustomed to the smoke of tobacco to avail myself of this advantage, but I found the advantage of a pinch of snuff occasionally, an enjoyment which no snuff-taker need ever fear the want of when in company with a Flemish gentleman.

At one o'clock was spread, in the grand cabin, an excellent dinner for those of the higher rank of passengers who chose to partake of it, and we sat down a pretty large company, exhibiting almost as much variety as the dishes. The whole fare, including the passage, dinner, dessert, and half a bottle of wine, amounted to six francs. About four we landed at Ghent.

Ghent is considerably larger than Bruges, and also rivals it in the size and general beauty of its streets, but, like Bruges, it presents another instance of the change of times, and of the depressed state of the commerce of this country.

With respect to convenience for trade, Ghent offers many advantages, being situated on the river Scheldt, at the influx of three navigable

rivers, with a fine canal communicating with the sea coast at Ostend.

But notwithstanding all these advantages its quays are now deserted, its streets are silent and neglected, and the scanty population seems only half employed.

The churches being the most interesting objects in this town, I directed my valet de place to lead me firstly to the cathedral church of St. Bouvon, the interior of which is considered one of the most beautiful specimens of rich workmanship to be met with on the continent. Rows of pillars of the purest white Italian marble form a striking contrast with the beautiful black marble with which the cathedral is lined, and the floor of black and white marble with numerous sculptured tombs and superb ornaments, produce altogether an effect which, for richness and splendour, could hardly be surpassed. The principal altar is also superbly beautiful, and the pulpit is an exquisitely fine specimen of carved work in wood.

There are also some very fine specimens of modern sculpture, and some valuable paintings by the early Flemish masters; but all these the visitor will not fail to discover and admire without notice or assistance.

The steeple of this cathedral presents the

same abrupt termination and unfinished appearance which I afterwards observed in many of the churches of the Netherlands.

I next visited the church of Saint Michael, which, in respect of exterior architecture, is more grand and imposing than that of Saint Bouvon, but my principal object was the painting of "The Crucifixion." Before this chef-dœuvre of the great Vandyke, I stood and gazed until lost in admiration.

In the mean time I had sent my attendant with the compliments of an English gentleman to Monsieur Van ——, requesting permission to inspect his valuable collection of paintings; and the permission being granted as a matter of course, I now set out to visit one of the finest private collections of pictures in this town.

In our way we took the Botanical Garden, which, although nothing extraordinary, is yet worth seeing.

As to this private collection of pictures, they are all choice, and well worthy of a visit, but so numerous, that I had only time to run my eye hastily over them; and I was also obliged to be contented with a very cursory view of the public collection of pictures in the Academy, containing several fine pieces by Rubens and Vandyke.

Evening was now far in advance, and after

proceeding to the Messagerie Royale to secure my place in the diligence to Antwerp for to-morrow morning, I returned to the inn, somewhat vexed that I should be unable to pay a visit to Brussels when within the short distance of thirty miles from that interesting capital.

Thursday, Sept. 6. The road from Ghent to Antwerp is through a highly-cultivated country, but of a variable soil, being in some places light and sandy, and in others rich and loamy.

The first village of any importance, after quitting Ghent, is Lokeren, which exhibits a very pleasing specimen of that neatness, plenty, and content, so generally found in the villages throughout the Netherlands. It is situated in the midst of water meadows, which are used for bleaching-grounds, the principal manufacture of this village being linen cloths.

The contrast of the bleached linen with the rich verdure of the surrounding meadows, produced a very pleasing effect; and the numerous persons occupied, some in laying out the pieces of cloth, which extend to an amazing length, others in fastening down these pieces, and tightly extending them with pegs, and others again engaged in watering these extended lengths from various little intersecting channels, from whence the water was dexterously thrown out to a great distance in sprinkling showers, by means of long

and narrow wooden scoops, like those used on board a ship to wet the sails, rendered the whole a busy and amusing scene.

The population of this village is very great, but every one seemed occupied, and at every cottage door were seated women and children cleaning and spinning flax, or working lace. It was an interesting sight, for all seemed as comfortable and happy as they were busy; and, indeed, whatever I have yet seen of the little country towns and villages of the Netherlands, bespeaks the industry and contentment of the inhabitants.

The next post is Saint Nicholas, another neat, pretty, and industrious village. An immense quantity of flax is grown in this part of the country; and the peasantry were now busily employed in spreading it out to dry, and in carting it home.

About three leagues from the village of Saint Nicholas, the appearance of the country undergoes a sudden and remarkable change; meadows, corn fields, &c. and trees all at once disappear, and the whole country presents the appearance of one continued marsh, as far as the eye can carry.

This marsh being of a deep rich soil, produces in the dry season of the year a short good pasture, and was now covered with herds of cattle; but

the banks and ditches shew that the whole of this extensive flat is under water during the winter season.

In the midst of this wide plain stands the noble city of Antwerp, on the bank of the majestic river Scheldt.

After rattling over numerous drawbridges, and passing under several ponderous portcullises, we reached the river side. Here we quitted the coach, and a boat was in readiness to convey us with our luggage to the opposite shore. At twelve o'clock I entered the city of Antwerp.

The general appearance of this city is magnificent and venerable, and the noble Gothic edifices and numerous stately buildings declare its antiquity and former grandeur. But the effect of the whole is much injured by the mixture of the meanest dwellings with splendid mansions; and the want of a foot-pavement tends also to detract from the handsome appearance of the buildings. The public arsenal is on a truly magnificent scale, and the quay and docks are surely unrivalled throughout the world.

The quay cannot, I should think, be less than two miles in extent; and the tide, which now

when I observed it marked eighteen feet, was twelve feet below usual high water mark, and eighteen feet below high water mark at spring tides; thus giving thirty-six feet of water, which enables men of war to navigate the river several miles above the town.

The docks consist of an inner and an outer basin, each, I should think, amply spacious for the reception of upwards of one hundred sail of the line. The harbour is also upon a prodigious scale, and is said to be capable of accommodating between two and three thousand ships. This harbour branches off into four large canals, alongside which are ranged extensive quays, warehouses, and magazines, with every other convenience for trade, to an almost unlimited extent.

The dock-gates are stupendous, and the enormous blocks of granite on which these are hung, excited my particular attention and admiration. In short, the vastness of the whole design, and the strength and neatness of the execution, must excite the admiration of every one, and the whole must be ranked amongst the most extraordinary works of the modern age.

Buonaparte's views with regard to this city are yet fresh in the recollection of Englishmen,

whose rival exertions prevented Antwerp from becoming the grand emporium for the merchandize of the world. The destruction of the commerce of Great Britain was, however, beyond the power of this arbiter of the fate of nations; and Antwerp now remains only a noble memorial of one of the great and bold, but frustrated designs of disappointed ambition.

On the opposite side of the river is seen the commencement of another of Buonaparte's great works. By his command a new city, intended to have been dignified with his name, was there preparing to rise up for the protection of Antwerp, on what is considered to be its weakest side. But with the departure of the projector the work stopped, and the workmen are still waiting for further orders.

The cathedral was the next object of my attention. This is universally admitted to be one of the noblest Gothic structures on the continent, and the tower is perhaps the most beautiful specimen of the minutely carved and ornamented Gothic in existence. It was evidently the original intention that a corresponding tower should have been built by its side, and the want of this is, to my eye, a deformity, as it seems to give to the whole building an unsuitable irregularity of

design, as also an unfinished appearance. But independently of this disadvantage, if such it be, the single tower is left perhaps a more striking object, than if the whole of the original design had been completed.

The nave is truly magnificent, and, devoid of all false ornament, exhibits a specimen of simple and solemn grandeur.

Most of the paintings which formerly enriched this cathedral have been rescued from the grasp of the French, and the traveller again gazes with admiration on the works of the early Flemish painters, in the midst of the imposing scene for which these specimens of the art were originally designed. Here the noblest works of the immortal Rubens, "The Elevation of the Cross," "The Descent," and the exquisite altar-piece, representing "The Ascension of our Saviour," by the same prince of painters, transfix with deepest interest the attention of the beholder, and with his thoughts seem to transfer his very existence to the time and place of the awful events here represented. The stranger will also dwell with delight upon several noble pictures by Vandyke; and the painting of the dome by Schultz, in the centre of the cathedral, representing the heavenly choir chaunting the praises

of the Holy Virgin, will, in its turn, fix the attention, and call forth the warmest admiration. In short, this holy edifice is filled with the noblest works of the great masters, which require the uninterrupted attention and contemplation of many hours; but Rubens, who seems to have particularly studied the fame of this his native city, has here enriched many other churches by his noble art, which therefore well deserve the attention of the traveller.

After devoting as much time as I could afford to the cathedral, I visited the church of Saint Augustin, where are to be seen several very fine pictures by Rubens and Vandyke, which lately hung upon the walls of the Louvre.

There are some other paintings in this church which cannot fail to attract the attention of the stranger, as also will the pulpit, another beautiful specimen of carving in wood.

The church of Saint Walbourg was the next object of attraction, principally on account of its celebrated altar-piece, "The Elevation of the Cross."

I afterwards proceeded to the church of the Dominicans, where are some highly and justly-

admired works by Rubens and Vandyke, particularly "The Scourging of Christ," "Bearing the Cross," and "The Crucifixion."

There is, however, near the entrance into this church, that which the inhabitants of Antwerp seem to prize as highly as any of their paintings, though exhibiting a more striking instance of religious fanaticism than good taste. This is a representation of Mount Calvary, professing to be a fac-simile of that scriptural scene, thronged with patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, almost as large as life, and all exhibiting correct likenesses of the originals!

Descending a few steps under an artificial rock, the stranger is shewn the tomb of Christ. Here, by the light of a few dim tapers, is seen the Saviour, shrouded in dusty finery; whilst near him are represented, in glaring red, all the horrors and torments of purgatory.

My guide devoutly crossed himself as he approached this part of the scene, about which were prostrated many old men and women, apparently with unfeigned devotion. Rude and bordering on the burlesque as is the whole of this representation, yet there is something serious

and solemn in the sight, and no one can gaze upon it altogether unaffected.

Antwerp boasting of the extraordinary honour of having been the birthplace of Vandyke, as well as Rubens, besides Teniers, Snyders, and many other great artists of the Flemish school, I was very desirous of getting a sight of the public exhibition of paintings belonging to this city. This I did just accomplish, but it became dark before I could examine half the riches of this splendid gallery.

There are also some noble private collections of paintings in this city, but my time and strength were now both exhausted, and when I reached the inn, I was glad of the opportunity of rest.

Friday, Sept. 7. Left Antwerp (or as it is better known to the inhabitants, Anvers) at four o'clock this morning, for Bergen-op-Zoom, which celebrated fortress I had some curiosity to visit.

About a league and a half from the city, the appearance of the country changes from low grazing land to an extensive and barren heath, producing nothing but a short purple heather, and the high road now becomes lost in a sandy

track, in which our carriage-wheels sunk nearly a foot deep in loose sand. This wide scene of sterility is bounded at a considerable distance by the sea, which presents the appearance of a great lake, intersected by various low islands, clothed with underwood, as also by vast accumulations of sand and mud, covered with reeds and rushes. Here the road continues to approach until it runs under the large dyke or sea-wall, which alone prevents the sea from overwhelming the whole country as far as the eye can reach.

From hence, amidst numerous flats, or mud deposits, the extensive sands of south Beveland are just visible above the surface of the water. The whole is a strange scene, certainly deriving any interest which it possesses from the circumstance of its novelty rather than from its natural beauty. Pursuing our course for some leagues through this extraordinary country, we at last came in sight of the fortifications of Bergen-op-Zoom, and the clanking draw-bridges announced our near approach to the town, of which no part, with the exception of the church steeple and a tower, was yet visible. Presently our carriage rattled through the dark covert-ways, and passing under several ponderous and threatening portcullises, we at length entered the town by a massy gateway.

There is something about the entrance into a regular fortress such as this, which, in the stranger's mind, gives rise to a variety of feelings of a serious and impressive nature. The numerous draw-bridges by which he passes, the dreary and swampy moats circling within circles, the mysterious darkness of the long and winding covert-ways, the ponderous engines of destruction which he sees suspended over his head, the gloomy and massy gateways, the clanking of chains, and the screeching noise of slowly-yielding grating, with the silent and surly-looking sentinels stationed at their respective posts, throw around the dismal and confined scene a sort of fearful solemnity which pervades the mind, and so distempers the imagination, that the traveller, unused to such sights, now fancies that he sees realized around him half the dark mysteries of Udolpho.

The town itself is small, and the streets are dark, narrow, and irregular. It is situated on the river Zoom, and but for the low surrounding swamps towards the sea, seems to be entirely wanting in all natural advantages for defence. As a specimen of art, however, this fortress is said to be the most perfect ever formed, and has always been considered as the *chef-d-œuvre* of the celebrated Coehorn. But possessing so little knowledge as I do upon the subject of fortifica-

tion, any attempt on my part to enter into a scientific description on the present occasion, would, in all probability, serve only to heap together a collection of misapplied terms of art, amidst which the reader would soon be utterly lost. I shall therefore content myself with observing, that upon more minute inspection, I was struck with amazement at the appearance of impenetrable strength here displayed by human ingenuity, and I will venture to say, that similar will be the feelings of every traveller, whether practised in military tactics or not, on his first visit to the fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom.

Impregnable, however, as this fortress appears to be, it has not proved strong enough to resist the force of British arms, and I know not whether the recollection of this fact, or the sight of these barriers themselves, operate most powerfully on the mind, if contemplated as instances of human ingenuity.

The next place of any importance through which I passed, was the sea-port town of Williamstadt. This is another strong fortress, and is considered to be one of the keys of Holland.

It is most unhealthily situated in the midst of mud-banks and marshes, and its streets are close

and narrow. This fortress stood out successfully a siege by General Dumourier, at the period of the French Revolution, and the inhabitants are yet proud of shewing upon their houses the marks of that tremendous assault.

Here I crossed over in a boat one of those large channels or inroads of the sea so frequently occurring on this part of the coast of Holland. I had already crossed several smaller channels, but these had been passed over in flat-bottomed boats, formed for conveying the carriage with all its incumbrances, and the traveller keeps his seat no otherwise disturbed or incommoded than by the violent and sudden contrariety of motions to which he is necessarily subjected during his descent and ascent into and out of the bark.

On the present occasion, as the channel to be crossed is above a league in breadth, the preparations were something more important, and here, quitting the carriage altogether, my luggage was conveyed into a stout sea-boat, regularly equipped with sails.

Having a fine breeze, we scudded rapidly along, passing to the right of the island called Over Flackee, and in about twenty minutes we landed at a little village on the opposite side.

I now hired a Dutch-fashioned vehicle on two wheels, (the most uneasy sort of convenience on wheels, without any exception, that I was ever seated in) and in about an hour and a half I arrived at Dort; but, being anxious to get on to Rotterdam this evening, I set out again without delay, and after passing over two large branches of the Meuse, I at length reached the place of my destination.

As other thoughts now occupied me than the novelty of the scene around, I hastened (after depositing my luggage at the hotel d'Angleterre) to seek out the parties concerned in the immediate object of my visit here. Unluckily, however, they were not now at Rotterdam, but at a place called Oerschöt, a small village in the interior of the province of Dutch Brabant. After talking the matter over with a gentleman in the house of our excellent consul, he very politely offered to accompany me to this out-of-the-way place, being well acquainted with the country and the language, two points of information now highly necessary.

During the evening I took a stroll by moonlight about the town, and by accident wandered on to the beautiful quay called the Boompjes. The bright reflection of the moon upon the

waters of the Meuse, here sweeping onward in a broad full stately course, was now contrasted with the dark shadows thrown upon the river by the long avenue of lofty trees which lines the margin of the quay; the noble houses which occupy the opposite side of the walk added grandeur to the effect; and the stillness of night heightened the interest of the whole. It was a scene of much novelty to me, but it was also majestic and impressive.

Saturday, Sept. 8. Set out early this morning on our way to Oerschot; re-passed the two great ferries, and arrived once more at Dort.

As we stopped here to take an early dinner, this second visit afforded me an opportunity of seeing something of the town. Dort, or Dordrecht, is said to be one of the most ancient towns of Holland. It stands on an island formed by the Meuse, having been separated from the opposite shore some centuries ago, by a frightful irruption of the waters, which laid waste the whole of this part of the country; sweeping away at the same time a great proportion of its population. Formerly this was the great commercial town of Holland, but its trade is now very much reduced, although its natural advantages of situation remain. It, however, still car-

ries on a considerable trade in timber, which is floated down the Rhine, in the shape of immense rafts.

Rotterdam has principally subtracted the trade of Dort, a fact which, on seeing the superior advantages of this latter town, causes some surprise. Ships of six and seven hundred tons can, as I was informed, sail with ease into the town of Dort, whereas ships of only four hundred tons with difficulty enter Rotterdam; nor could I learn that Rotterdam possesses any one advantage over Dort as a commercial port, other than what has been acquired by the expenditure of a greater capital.

The river is trained in the shape of canals of great depth, and noble width, through all the streets of Dort, but the buildings for the most part are old fashioned, and present nothing particularly interesting in exterior appearance.

After making a hasty meal we stepped into a small open boat, in readiness to convey us across the last and broadest of these ferries. This was the same channel which I had already passed over from Williamstadt, but we now crossed in a broader part.

During the passage we were overtaken by a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, but not a perceptible breath of wind moved over the surface of this vast and almost motionless expanse of water; and therefore, being entirely dependant upon the oars, we had sufficient time for the contemplation of this singular and imposing scene. The sluggish and hardly-perceptible motion of the water, the apparent deadness of the air, the tremendous peals of thunder rolling and crashing through the wide vault of heaven around us; the clattering of the close and heavy rain, and our own exposed situation, in a little open boat, raised such a variety of emotions in the mind, that I can hardly say whether the feelings of awe, astonishment, or delight, at the solemnity and novelty of the scene predominated.

By the time that we had run our boat up the little inlet to the village of Moerdyk, on the opposite side, the storm had passed over, and having, with tolerable success, by means of ample travelling cloaks, contrived to protect ourselves from the wet, we now hired another calèche, and a pair of horses, for the remainder of our journey, this being the last place on the road where such accommodations could be found.

The nature of the road to be passed required stout cattle, and the worthy host himself seemed to think that one of them was incapable of performing the journey, though when the unfortunate animal was brought out, he sought all in his power to comfort us by such consoling assurances, as that the "paard" was better to go than to look at. There seemed however to be no choice, and our steeds being harnessed, we stepped into the carriage and drove off.

We had not proceeded far when our driver's halloo announced to us that a cart-horse belonging to his master, which had been at work in the fields, was in view: presently the cumbrous trappings of the cart were transferred to our aged and discarded servant, and a sleek and bouncing mare was invested with our light rope harness. The animals themselves appeared in more appropriate character; all parties seemed better pleased, and now, all right, we again set off, but with brisker pace and lighter spirits.

We now pursued a course across the country, between Breda and Bois-le-duc, over one continued expanse of barren heath, as far as the eye could distinguish, and with no other road than a mere sandy track.

The whole of this part of the country presents a scene of as utter desolation as the imagination can picture, being a continuation of a flat sandy heath, here and there varied with a little brushwood.

Arrived in the evening at a miserable little village, about four leagues from the place of our destination, we came just in time to witness the conclusion of an afternoon's jollification amongst the Dutch boors of this sequestered spot.

But this is a scene which has been so frequently described by Teniers, and other celebrated painters, and the description is still so accurate, that it is here unnecessary for me to enter into details. I shall therefore only observe that, having laughed often and heartily at these copies from nature, on canvass, I found an infinite deal of amusement in this original.

After chatting over coffee till a late hour with my intelligent companion and fellow-traveller, from whom I received much interesting information about this country, I retired to bed, but alas! not to rest, for after much manœuvring between sheets, coverlids, and blankets, in vain attempts to escape from the host of blood-thirsty

enemies which unrelentingly pursued me through the night; I was literally, before the dawn of morning came to my relief, chased from every hiding place, and forced to seek my safety, as a last resource, in flight.

Sunday, Sept. 9. Eager to escape from this place, I proceeded to the chamber-door of my fellow-traveller, and, acquainting him with the cause of my restless state, I urged our speedy departure. Similar motives to mine brought ready acquiescence on his part; and, by the dawn of day, we were both again seated in our carriage.

Between nine and ten o'clock we reached Oerschot, and the remainder of the day was occupied in the object of my visit to this place.

The business of the day being completed, I accepted a polite invitation to join a family circle, which, besides the recommendations it possessed within itself, received a very agreeable addition in the company of an elegant and accomplished young lady, a foreigner, on a visit here; the afternoon passed so pleasantly away, that this village of Dutch boors, in the midst of these barren and sequestered wilds, was quite forgotten.

On my first entrance into our little inn parlour this morning, I was struck with the appearance of an old painting on pannel, "The Virgin and Child," by Otto Van Veen. By means of my companion, who was my interpreter, I explained to my hostess that I had taken a fancy to this picture, and that if she were inclined to part with it, I would tell her down forty guilders. The old lady asked time to consider the offer, and our treaty was accordingly postponed until to-morrow.

Monday, Sept. 10. After taking my leave of the agreeable family before mentioned, I returned to the inn, and found the old woman of the house and her husband looking out for my arrival. Though the heir-loom seemed to be much prized, yet they observed that forty guilders would purchase many comforts. In fine, the money was a strong temptation to disobey the alledged injunction of the old lady's forefathers, and the picture was handed over to me; I then made the old couple quite happy by throwing in an additional guilder for luck money. Having stripped off a black cumbrous frame (thereby reducing the picture to a convenient cabinet size), and whilst the old woman was carefully packing the treasure in brown paper, our carriage drove up to the door, and in a few minutes more my companion

and myself were on our road to Bois-le-duc. Of the village of Oerschot I have yet said nothing, and there is but little to be said, as it consists only of a few houses, built round a large open space, in the centre of which is the usual ornament of most of the Dutch villages, a fine old yew tree. Hard by is a large antiquated brick church, capable of accomodating at least three times the population of this place, and the surrounding country is the same barren sandy heath as before described.

Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, we reached Bois-le-duc, one of the principal fortified towns on the line of demarcation between Holland and the province of Dutch Brabant.

This town, which, as I was informed, owes its name to the circumstance of having been formerly surrounded by a wood, in which the Dukes of Brabant used to hunt, is situated on the Dommel, at its confluence with the Aa, and is so completely surrounded with swampy and impassable marshes, that the only access is over a high and extensive causeway.

To the force of arms, these fortifications are considered impregnable, for, besides the great natural advantages of situation, the town itself

is protected by lofty and massy walls, and the whole of this long causeway being capable of being defended inch by inch, by means of powerful bastions, enfilading batteries, &c. and the communication being liable to be cut off in all directions by numerous draw-bridges, no artillery can be brought to bear with any effect.

After spending an hour in walking about the town, the most remarkable character in the interior of which is, the great number of bridges and canals, we set out for Bommel.

The country now becomes more interesting, and the advantages of the dyke system are here strikingly apparent. Comfortable little habitations are seen around in all directions, and the country assumes the appearance of one rich meadow. Some of the dykes, on the top of which the high road generally runs, are here upon a stupendous scale, and the extraordinary sight is frequently presented to the traveller of a canal, between forty and fifty feet in breadth, the surface of the water in which is only a few inches below the level of the road on one side, when at about the same level on the opposite side of the road, are seen the chimney tops of the farm houses, which are built at the foot of these enormous mounds, apparently for shelter

and protection. Remarking that these situations are generally preferred by the farmers for erecting their habitations, I was led to suppose that this choice is not made without some good reason, and it seems that these situations are considered to be the safest in cases of sudden inundation.

Not far from the town of Bommel, I saw the effects of a recent breach in one of the minor dykes. This breach was now repaired, but a large tract of land was under water. The mode of repairing these ruptures seems to be, to carry out a new dyke in a semicular form, joining at both ends with the fractured part. In the present instance the new work embraced a very extensive sweep.

About nine o'clock we entered Bommel, another almost impregnable fortress. This town stands on a small island, formed by the separation of the river Waal into two branches.

The principal commerce of the place is in agricultural produce, but even this is very precarious, owing to the frequent inundations to which the surrounding country is subjected.

Having agreed to push on to Utrecht to-night, we now bargained for another carriage and pair

of horses, and whilst these were preparing, we sat down to tea and coffee, with excellent bread and butter, telling of the richness of the land, and the usual accompaniment of hogsvleesch, and various dried meats

In due time our vehicle was announced, and having made all necessary arrangements and having adjusted our travelling cloaks, the better to enable us to encounter the chilly air of night, we gave the order for advance; a flourishing crack of the whip was the recognizing signal and notice of departure.

At a short distance beyond the fortifications of the town, we crossed rapidly over the other branch of the Waal, by means of that simple and admirable contrivance, the flying-bridge.

The moon was now beautifully bright, and enabled me to see this interesting part of the country to advantage. Here the attention of the traveller is arrested by majestic rivers, extensive lakes, and broad canals, raised sometimes upwards of twenty feet above the level of the surrounding country, and by the luxuriant appearance of the meadows which fill up the watery landscape. The dykes also are here enormous in their construction, and form another peculiar

feature in this extraordinary scene; generally, however, as accurately as I could determine by the eye, these dykes are from fifteen to twenty feet in height, sloping at an angle of from thirty to forty-five degrees, between twenty-five and thirty-five feet wide at the top, and something more than double that width at the base. One side of the dyke frequently forms the bank of the canal, which is usually upon a large scale, and about five or six feet in depth, so that the bottom of the canal is consequently between ten and fourteen feet above the level of the surrounding country; and where the dyke forms the only embankment against a river, as is often the case, the whole work is upon a still larger scale; how great, therefore, must be the solicitude of the inhabitants for the preservation of these mighty barriers, may be imagined.

About twelve o'clock we crossed the river Leck, by another flying-bridge.

The morning air now came very cold over this wide expanse of open country, and wrapping ourselves more closely in our cloaks, by degrees our conversation flagged, until at last we pursued our course in silence. About one o'clock our meditations were disturbed by a distant sound of human voices; as we advanced

the sound approached, and our curiosity increased until we saw before us, in the road, a motley crowd of chaunting pilgrims. What with the grotesque appearance of some of these figures, their monotonous and melancholy noise, and the time and place of meeting, there was a strange mixture of solemnity and absurdity in this sight; but I fancy the latter of these opposite effects prevailed, for although now nearly overcome with drowsiness by the chilliness of the air, I could not refrain from a hearty laugh at this holy procession, even before it had fairly passed us on the road.

About three o'clock in the morning we arrived before the gates of Utrecht, but not being able to enter the town at this unseasonable hour, we stopt at the door of a small neighbouring inn, when our driver commenced vociferations in tones so audible, as quickly brought our host's head out of his little chamber window.

A Dutchman, perhaps, more readily than any other person in the world, will put himself to personal inconvenience for a con-si-de-ra-tion; and presently the outer door was unbolted, when a gigantic figure in white stood before me. This was our host, who had been so hastily disturbed as to have had little time left at his disposal for

the toilet. But it was a good-tempered giant, and he quickly set about getting things as comfortable as the short notice permitted.

A double-bedded room happened to afford the best accommodation, and, being too weary to be fastidious, in a few minutes afterwards I was sound asleep.

How long I enjoyed my refreshing slumber I can only guess; for about day-break I was awakened by tremendous vociferations in the Dutch language, and which seemed to issue from so near a quarter, that I started up in bed under the sudden impression of impending danger; but all was now silent. I remained, however, in my sitting posture, and before I had recovered from my first amazement, the same fearful and unintelligible sounds were repeated. I now discovered that these issued from the neighbouring pallet, occupied by my fellow-traveller, and the whole mystery being at once explained, I laid myself down, and all recollections were again soon lost in sleep, which, with the exception of occasional interruptions, owing to my friend's discursive fancy and stentorian lungs, continued until broad day. The cause of this uproar is probably already antici-

pated; and my fellow-traveller is discovered to be one of that race called Somnambulists.

In the course of our progress along the road during the night, my companion had prudently favoured me with the following pleasing information, together with many interesting particulars, which I need not here enumerate. He informed me that he was one of that class of Somnambulists which, for the purpose of distinction from the harmless and sentimental sleep-walkers, may be termed "the Franticks."

As far as a short acquaintance enables me to speak, this is an agreeable and intelligent gentleman, in whom mildness is apparently, when awake, a predominant trait of character. When asleep, however, he describes himself as an infuriate being; and the specimen of to-night induced me to give full credit to his claim to this title at such times. He had, it seems, already twice nearly destroyed his wife during these sleeping paroxysms. On one of these occasions, he describes that he fancied a tiger in the act of tearing his wife to pieces, and that to rescue her he seized the ferocious animal by the throat, in the hope of effecting its destruction by strangulation; but unluckily he

mistook his wife for the tiger, and had it not been for timely assistance, brought by the noise of this fearful contest, the work of destruction would probably have been effected before the mistake had been discovered. As it was, he related that he, as well as his wife, were a long time in recovering, the one from the severe shock on coming to his senses, and the other from the bruises she received. His little child, who slept in the same room with them, on another occasion, had a similar and equally narrow escape. He, however, now contrives at home to have assistance near at hand; and he gave me the comfortable assurance that whenever he sleeps away from home, he always takes the precaution of securing himself strongly to his bed. The knowledge that this precaution had been taken, accounts for my composure on the present occasion.

Tuesday, Sept. 11. Rose at seven, and rousing my still slumbering fellow-traveller, we attired ourselves and entered the celebrated town of Utrecht.

Utrecht is remarkable and pleasing in its appearance, being situated on the banks of the Rhine, and on what in Holland is a rare occurrence, a rising ground.

The canals which intersect the streets produce a singular effect, being generally twenty or thirty feet below the level of the houses, most of which communicate with the canals by means of subterraneous passages. One of the bad consequences of this, however, is, that the offal of the town is flung into the canals, which are thereby made to partake too much of the nature of common sewers.

Independently of this disagreeable feature, the town presents a pleasing appearance, and the public promenade, through numerous avenues of handsome trees, is highly ornamental.

The cathedral, which is here shewn as an admired structure, is in ruins, and from this circumstance, in my opinion, derives its principal interest. The tower is very lofty, and from the top is said to be seen the most extensive view in Europe. This, whether a fact or not, was sufficient to induce me to undergo the fatigue of ascending, a labour by no means trifling, the height being reckoned at about four hundred feet. Mid-way up to the old and ruined belfry, is a large space converted into a dwelling-place for a numerous family. The novel appearance of this elevated domicile excited my curiosity, which, a considerable degree of exhaustion from

the exertion of mounting the steep and narrow stair-case, induced me to gratify by resting here. A little furniture, and a snug chimney-corner, in which were seated a woman and several young children with their porringers, had thrown an air of comfort around this gloomy spot: so cheering, even in the most dreary solitude, are any objects associated with the habitation of a human being.

Having gained breath by this pause, we set out to accomplish the remainder of the ascent; but which, from the more confined and winding stair-case, was now still more fatiguing than before. Determined, however, to complete effectually our laborious task, we climbed to the highest accessible elevation, and were fully recompenced for all our trouble. The view, indeed, is so extensive, that how to convey any idea of it to the reader I know not, further than by telling him what the man who dwells below, and attended us up here, told me, which is, that the eye from hence can distinguish between fifty and sixty walled towns and cities. This statement I am unable to contradict, or to confirm, but the view is certainly more extensive than I could have imagined capable of being brought before the sight at once; and if not beautiful, is assuredly extraordinary and interesting.

After making as minute a survey as time would allow, we commenced our descent, both of us being highly gratified, but greatly fatigued. As to the descent, by the time that I reached the bottom, I was absolutely giddy and full of aches. I would, therefore warn those whose curiosity may lead them to the top of the cathedral tower of Utrecht, not to attempt this undertaking before breakfast, for such was now my state of exhaüstion, that when I sat down to the breakfast-table all appetite was gone.

After this meal, alike unrefreshing to my companion as to myself, we hired another carriage and pair of post-horses to Amsterdam.

The road from Utrecht to Amsterdam is considered by all Dutchmen as passing through the most beautiful and picturesque part of Holland. The whole line is over a flat and fertile country, along the banks of the great canal, which is ornamented on both sides with nearly one continued range of country-seats, belonging to the wealthy merchants.

The extremely rich appearance of this part of the country, the noble breadth of the canal, overhung with weeping willows, and the quick succession of ornamented villas passing before the

view, render this certainly a very interesting scene, and not without rural beauty.

Besides the advantage of witnessing the most admired of all Dutch scenery, the traveller during this ride is gratified with the sight of what are considered to be the best specimens of Dutch taste in architecture, and ornamental grounds. Some of these villas are built in the midst of stagnant pools, others are surrounded with stagnant canals; but all boast the ornament of a piece of water presenting a fine verdant surface.

A little above the village of Loenen, the river Vecht turns off and pursues its course into the Zuyder Zee, and soon, at a great distance, is seen Amsterdam, looking like a magnificent city rising from the waters.

I know no city, the distant view of which is so striking as that of Amsterdam. The eye travels over one vast flat meadow of the richest herbage, and at the extremity of this, the view is bounded by a thick crowd of towers, cupolas, and spires. On a nearer approach, so level is the wide expanse around, that the eye seems to embrace at once the whole of this magnificent city, and crowds of masts are seen mingling

with the houses. It is a sight truly imposing, and worthy of this great commercial nation.

After having had this noble object for at least an hour in view, we reached the river Amstel, and pursuing our course along its banks, we entered the grand commercial metropolis of *Holland*.

The effect of this entrance is very striking. The river here flows with a broad and handsome sweep between an avenue of lofty and shady trees, and on each side is a line of splendid mansions, the residences of the wealthy merchants.

Proceeding through several other streets, all of which, in respect of exterior magnificence, must realize the fullest expectations of the stranger, we entered into the bustle of the city.

Here, owing to carts, sledges, carriages, ships, and bridges, our progress was much impeded, but at last our vehicle stopped before the door of the Hotel du grand Doelen, where the host and hostess, with a collection of domestics, were presently assembled for our reception, and we now underwent all the ceremonious congratulations and obsequious attentions usually bestowed upon travellers of our appearance.

After a polite reception from the British Consul, with whom I had to dispatch some official business, I joined my companion at the inn at a late dinner.

The usual cup of coffee being concluded, we took a moonlight stroll about this part of the town. But the pleasure of an evening walk through the streets of Amsterdam, at the present period of the year is, to a stranger, almost destroyed by the pestilential stench arising from the canals. In the day time the nuisance is bad enough, but when the evening exhalations begin to rise after a hot sun, the nuisance, to one unaccustomed to a residence here, is scarcely supportable. Most of the canals of this city are of great breadth, and contain so large a body of water, as not to shew much appearance of impurity until the passing of a barge has, by means of the long poles used to impel it, disturbed some of the filthy sediment. The noxious vapour which then arises, (particularly at the close of a hot autumnal day,) is only to be imagined by those who have inhaled it.

My companion, although for some years past a resident at Rotterdam, was now equally glad with myself, and for the same reason, to return to the inn, and we each of us shortly afterwards

retired for the night to our separate apartments. But so possessed was, I with the disagreeable stench, that now, on entering my room, I could not help fancying myself pursued by the offensive vapour. At last, however, this stench seemed so fixed and substantial, that I began to think it partook more of reality than fancy, and I actually set about hunting down the scent; nor was it long before I succeeded, for, applying my nose to the crevices between the boards of the floor, all doubt, as well concerning the cause as the existence of the effect, was instantly removed.

This little room, in one corner of which stood my bed, I should observe, was upon the ground floor, which even the inhabitants themselves, as I afterwards learnt, consider very objectionable for the purposes of a sleeping room. The reason of this, to those who are acquainted with the history of the first foundation of Amsterdam, must be very apparent.

In the thirteenth century, the space where this city now stands was a deep and pestilential morass, at the mouth of the river Amstel, covered only with a few fishermens' huts.

By means of strong piles driven into the mud, houses were erected over this morass, and by

the ingenuity and perseverance of this extraordinary people, Amsterdam, to the astonishment of Europe, rose, as of a sudden, into all its present splendour.

Every building in this magnificent city stands upon enormous piles, and it was in allusion to this forest foundation, that Erasmus, when he first visited Amsterdam, observed, "that he had reached a city, the inhabitants of which lived like crows upon the tops of trees."

What, therefore, must be the underground scene in Amsterdam, may be left to the imagination.

However, to return to my little bed-room, my olfactory nerves had now convinced me with quite as much certainty as my optics could have done, that I was not very far above the water level. But weariness, I hoped, would soon overpower all the senses, — and so it did, — all but one, — for though I contrived to sleep and to forget damp sheets, which were more than sufficiently moist to have satisfied Dr. Franklin himself, I seemed never once throughout the night to have forgotton that I was sleeping a few inches above a stinking ditch.

Wednesday, Sept. 12. With the first dawn of morning, I escaped from my den of pestilence, but not without being very sensibly and most unpleasantly affected with various unfavorable symptoms.

My first measures, on leaving my room, (which of course I determined never to enter again,) were of a precautionary nature, and fortunately succeeded more effectually than I could have expected; but enough of this, if it only operate as a caution to other novices like myself, never to sleep on a ground floor in any town of Holland.

After breakfast I found myself so much recovered, that we planned, as a scheme for the day, a visit to the little village of Brock.

As this village is situated at some distance off, on the opposite side of the harbour of Amsterdam, it was necessary to pass over in a boat, which afforded me an opportunity of witnessing this busy and interesting scene to advantage.

The harbour of Amsterdam is in the channel which forms the communication between the Zuyder Zee and the Haarlem Meer. Owing to the narrowness of this strait, the current here sets

in very powerfully, and to break its effect towards the town, as also to keep off the large floats of ice which would in winter be productive of serious damage, the whole of this side of the town is protected by ranges of strong piles. These, appearing high above the water, present a curious appearance, but much more curious is the appearance on close examination. Most of these piles are more or less covered with holes of various sizes, from the smallest dots to about two-thirds of an inch in diameter. The water being now low, afforded me an opportunity of observing the singular cause of this appearance. It is all effected by a sort of grub of a greyish colour, and these creatures, continuing their operations of boring through the different periods of their growth, leave these various traces of the progressive increase of their size, nor does the work of destruction stop until the whole remaining substance presents the appearance of a honeycomb. When this state arrives, the strength of the wood can no longer be relied upon, and the diseased pile is then entirely withdrawn, to be replaced by a new one, and although cut out of the toughest heart of oak which can be procured, yet, as I was informed, so rapid are the ravages of these creatures, that in a few years the full extent of mischief is effected.

I myself saw one of the piles, which for this cause had been taken up, and what remained of the original substance, was, I should be inclined to think, even harder than when first put down. I was desirous of possessing a small piece of this wood as a specimen of this curious effect, but it was some time before a man with a heavy cleaver could make any impression, and at last, after many efforts, only a small piece flew off, like a bit of iron separated by a violent and sudden blow.

But to quit this digression: after satisfying our curiosity about the harbour, we landed on the opposite side, and here my attention was arrested by another subject of so great interest, that I cannot pass it over without mention.

This is a new grand canal, which connects the harbour of Amsterdam with the Texel, and which, for magnificence of design, and for the manner of execution, reflects high credit upon the Dutch nation.

The communication between the Texel and the port of Amsterdam has hitherto been through the Zuyder Zee, which, always a difficult and even dangerous navigation, owing to numerous sand-banks, has latterly proved almost a fatal

inconvenience to the commerce of this city. This noble canal is an effort towards restoring Amsterdam to all its former greatness, by enabling it to compete in natural advantages with the other commercial nations of Europe, and although only commenced about three years ago, is already in such a state of completion, that ships of war, as well as merchants' ships, can now, as I was informed, sail direct out of the Texel, over this inland navigation into the very town of Amsterdam. The lock into the harbour is, of course, upon an immense scale, and exhibits a beautiful specimen of workmanship, both in the masonry and the carpentry. This, and the lock into the Texel, as I was also informed, are the only two locks upon the whole line. The canal, requiring to be continued into the deep water of the harbour, was obliged to be carried out for some distance on artificial ground, supported between two large dykes or banks. But this was a difficulty to which the Dutch are accustomed, and one which they well know how to overcome. Already this part of the work, though yet unfinished, seemed to defy the utmost power of the winds and waves. The workmen being now occupied in raising these banks still higher above the water's reach, afforded me an opportunity of observing the mode of the proceeding, which is simply this: the side

next to the water presents a smooth and regular basket-work of strong oziers, strengthened at near intervals by powerful withy stakes; within this framework are laid, in a horizontal direction, large bundles of green oziers, as closely as they can be packed together, and a slight quantity of mould being thrown in, just sufficient to fill up the interstices, another range of similar bundles is placed transversely with the last, and over this is laid a thin layer of mould well trodden down, and thus the work proceeds narrowing to the top, where the whole is well secured by a strong covering of clay. Thus the bank soon becomes a mass impenetrable by air or water.

I anticipated this second digression, but perhaps the interest of the subject may be a sufficient apology. But again to proceed. After satisfying my curiosity with these observations, I mounted to the top of a high protecting bank, running parallel with the towing-path, where, pursuing my way for some distance, I enjoyed at the same time an extensive view over the surrounding country. From hence the eye ranges over a wide and swampy tract, apparently only just above the level of the surrounding water. Ships, masts, and scattered habitations are seen in all directions; and afar off, forming a curious feature in the scene, is an extraordinary con-

course of windmills, which marks the situation of the village of Saardam.

This is the village so renowned in modern history, as the place where Peter the Great, in disguise, entered into the service of a common shipwright, for the purpose of learning the art of ship-building. The little wooden hut is still shewn, where the czar of all the Russias resided during the period of his apprenticeship.

Saardam, however, now chiefly owes its importance to its numerous mills, used for various purposes, but chiefly for sawing timber. All these mills are turned by wind, and the number (said to be between two and three thousand) as may be supposed, presents a curious sight, and one which would certainly have confounded the valorous Don Quixote himself, had fate led him in quest of adventures into these distant parts.

Having arrived at a little village on the bank of the canal, we hired a strange looking sort of vehicle, but drawn by a pair of good strong horses, to convey us to Brock.

It may not be amiss to apprize the reader that this is a little village so remarkable for the neat-

ness of its appearance, as probably to be unique throughout the world.

The name, according to my companion, well skilled in the Dutch language, seems to be a corruption from Broekachtig, a Dutch word, signifying marécageux, or marshy, probably descriptive of the original appearance of the spot on which this whimsical settlement stands.

Remarkable as are the Dutch for the cleanliness of their dwellings, this village, even amongst themselves, is considered as a curiosity, and, in fact, it is nothing short of the burlesque.

On our arrival we put up our carriage at the little inn, and, after a slight refreshment, we set out to take our view.

At the entrance into the village is posted up the ancient *lex scripta*, requiring that every rider, on passing through, should dismount and lead the animal by its nose; and that no person should smoke in any part of the village without a guard over the ball of the pipe, in order to prevent the ashes from falling out, on pain of forfeiture of the pipe in question.

Such is the purport of the public notice at the entrance into this little miniature town, but being written in the Dutch language, I was indebted to my companion for the translation. These and many other similar regulations are, as I was informed, still scrupulously observed by the inhabitants. Not a cat or a dog is to be seen loose in the village; and certainly, during my visit here, I did not see one tobacco-pipe without the required guard, and I may almost venture to say, that I saw as many tobacco-pipes as male inhabitants.

With respect to the situation of this village, it is built partly round the banks of a small circular lake; but these are the residences of the wealthier inhabitants, and are ornamented in the highest Dutch fashion, with plenty of green, white, and yellow paint, the favourite colours in the exterior of all Dutch houses. The whole appearance of these buildings bespeaks the most minute attention to neatness; the windows are of unsullied brightness; every thing has a shining air of freshness; and the stranger looks in vain for a grain of dirt, or a particle of dust, for these are scarcely to be found upon the ground.

The houses which form the town are small, low, and detached buildings, in perfect Dutch

style, and the streets, (if streets they can be called, for the houses are generally built on one side of the road only,) running in serpentine lines, and being paved in mosaic work, with various-coloured bricks, small round pebbles, or pounded shells, the whole effect is the most exquisitely neat that can be imagined.

Along one side of most of these little streets runs a small stream, in a channel neatly lined with brick on both sides, and supplied with clear water from the lake. The numerous little bridges consequently required afford plenty of opportunities to these natty people for exhibiting their taste in fanciful devices, and in the intermixture of bright colours.

There is also a little spot of a few yards square, which I suppose may be called the public garden, and where the inhabitants of this little colony have exercised their taste and ingenuity over nature, by turning every small tree and shrub into some green monster of earth, air, or water.

Observing that the shutters to the front windows of most of the better sort of houses were generally closed, I endeavoured to ascertain the cause; but I could learn no other reason, than

that it was a practice in general use, for the purpose of excluding dust and dirt. These shutters, however, although in the open air, are kept in a high state of polish, and I observed, in some cases, are richly ornamented. On gay occasions they are thrown open.

But there is another custom here which, for its singularity, deserves particular notice. Almost every house in the village has two entrance doors; one is the common and usual entrance, the other is opened only on two occasions: one to let in the bride and bridegroom after the celebration of the marriage ceremony, the other to let them out on their way to their last home; a somewhat unsentimental idea for the bride, on crossing for the first time the threshold of her new residence, but quite characteristic of this phlegmatic people. This door, opening to mark the two most important incidents to which human life is subject, is generally of a black colour, suitable to the solemnity of the purpose, and from the glossy brightness which it presents, is no doubt an object of the housewife's daily and peculiar care. This door is also carved with ornamental designs, apparently according to the wealth or consequence of the owner, but it is placed high from the ground, without any step, and without

either of those usual appendages of handle or knocker.

In this village it is no easy matter for a stranger to gain admittance into any of the houses; but as I was desirous of seeing a specimen of the interior of one, I knocked at a door, and my companion was thus necessarily made the spokesman.

There was certainly no very inviting countenance in the female who came to ask our pleasure; but whilst my friend was explaining the curiosity of two strangers, I saw there was no positive refusal on the part of the woman to gratify it, and I therefore made bold to enter, a movement which had the effect only of shortening our preliminary conversation.

On entering, we found a young family seated round the dinner-table, before a large bowl of potatoes and porridge, and exhibiting all the cleanliness and comfort which might have been expected. If women in general be not susceptible of flattery, this good woman was an exception to the general rule; for taking care to manifest all the admiration which I really felt at the surprizing neatness of every thing around, and not for-

getting to admire the nice appearance of her children, (although the distressing sight of one poor little girl, far gone in a decline, drew from me unfeigned expressions of pity,) I succeeded in dispelling something like a feeling of displeasure at the abruptness of our entry, and we were now shewn about with all the readiness and good-nature which would have welcomed expected visitors.

It happened that this house was used for the double purpose of a dairy and a residence, and I had thus an opportunity of seeing the process of cheese-making in this country; but to me the most interesting part of the sight was the very great neatness and cleanliness observable throughout.

The cheeses are first squeezed in linen cloths, and then placed in wooden moulds to receive the rounded form peculiar to Dutch cheeses. After having remained a sufficient length of time in the frames to receive the rounded shape, they are arranged on little shelves, and there left to harden. The room appropriated for this purpose was now filled with carefully-arranged rows of these round cheeses, in all the different stages towards maturity, previously to being stowed away as fit for market.

It is a curious fact worth mentioning, that this cheese-room immediately adjoined the cow-house, which contained between fifteen and twenty stalls; and as better calculated to convey an idea of neatness, than any description which I could give, I will inform the reader that it was in this cow-house the family dinner-table was spread out before a comfortable looking hearth, and that here the family chiefly resided, the little adjoining parlour being preserved more for shew than use.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and whilst my fellow-traveller was interpreting our thanks to the good woman of the house, I went up to the little party still seated round the dinner-table, (though occupied more in gazing than eating,) and found means of making myself intelligible to each of them; after which we took our leave, all parties being apparently well pleased with the visit.

We now returned to the inn where we had left our vehicle, but it was too late to extend our excursion much further; and after visiting the little village of Monnikendam, for the purpose of viewing the neighbouring shores of the Zuyder Zee, and the stupendous barriers which enclose that great body of water, (but concern-

ing which I must suspend any particular notice for a more favourable opportunity,) we returned to the little village where we had first taken our carriage, and finding the trekschuyt, or (according to the Dutch spelling of this barbarous word) the trekjagt, just setting out for Amsterdam, we stepped on board. Presently a heavy rain commenced, and drove all the passengers in one large crowd into the common cabin, where I was huddled up for above an hour, amidst as great variety of company as it ever fell to my lot to be mixed up with. But the scene was quite new to me, and there was plenty of amusement in the variety; for this was now the period of the grand annual fair at Amsterdam, to which city the people were crowding from all parts of the country, decked out in their holiday dresses and gayest ornaments. Amongst our party were several inhabitants of the distant province of East Friesland, and the variety of costume, with the singularity of the ornaments of the females, were not the least amusing part of this novel and bustling scene.

It was late when we reached Amsterdam, and the rain continued to pour down in torrents. Seeing no chance of escaping a wetting, we quietly pursued our way towards the inn, where

we arrived as thoroughly drenched as if we had been dragged through the canals.

An additional glass or two of brandiwijn, followed by a good supper, prevented, probably, any ill consequences from this wetting; but, however, I could not hide from myself that my health was already sensibly affected by my residence in this city, and as I was to be deprived of my travelling companion to-morrow morning, I now came to the determination that after I had blunted the edge of curiosity, the sooner I quitted Amsterdam the better.

Thursday, Sept. 13. After taking leave of my companion early this morning, I sallied forth with a valet de place, and spent the whole of the day in traversing Amsterdam in all directions, and in viewing such of the sights of particular interest as happened to fall in my way. These, however, are too numerous to be particularized, and I shall therefore only notice a few of those which struck me as being most worthy of remark.

With respect to the situation and form of this city, towards the end of the day I had obtained a general and pretty correct notion.

Amsterdam stands on the conflux of the two fine rivers, the Y and the Amstel. The Amstel, as soon as it enters the city, separates into two streams, from which branch off innumerable canals, communicating with each other and with the Y, and intersecting almost every street.

The form of this city is semicircular, and is crossed breadth-wise by five principal canals, running nearly in parallel lines with each other. Into these run cross-canals, communicating with every part of the town.

As to the bridges, these are so numerous as to appear countless; but the principal, and the one which struck me as most deserving of notice, is the great bridge over the Amstel. The contrivance of the common bridges, however, which permits the passage of ships and barges with the masts up, much pleased me, and I am surprized that this plan is not more generally adopted in other countries.

It is simply this.—The bridge is separated across the centre. Over the entrance at each end is raised a powerful cross beam, supported on two strong uprights. On the top of these uprights is fixed a strong horizontal beam, at

one end of each of which is an iron chain fastened to each side of the bridge. These horizontal beams are strengthened by heavy woodwork, so as to give the preponderating weight at the other extremity where the power is wanted; consequently, when the bridge is down, these horizontal beams are directed upwards, but from each end hangs a small piece of iron chain, by which a man, or even a boy, by laying hold of and pulling downwards, uplifts the bridge, and this pendant chain being secured by means of an iron hook and ring at each side, the bridge remains suspended. After the vessel has passed, the chain is unhooked, but the bridge not falling into its place by its own weight, it is the amusement of the collected passengers to run up the steep declivity, and thus to give the required preponderance, which, however, a man's weight is sufficient to effect. The two halves of the bridge thus meeting, hook into each other, and an iron bar is then let down, which being fastened by a ring, the whole is tightly secured. This operation, including the time required for the passage of the barge, occupies scarcely three minutes.

If the bridge be narrow, the whole is thus lifted up at once, and the frame-work at one side only is required.

This, I am aware, is in principle the old-fashioned draw-bridge, but the simplicity of its adaptation to large bridges, to which it is evidently as well suited as to small ones, induced me thus particularly to notice it.

On the whole, the streets and houses of this city are formed more for the convenience of trade than for effect in appearance. But there are several streets extremely handsome, such as Keysers gragt, Heere gragt, Prince gragt, (Emperor street, Lord street, and Princes street,) and some others, where a fine row of stately trees lines each side of the canal, and the houses are of princely magnificence.

Amongst other sights of to-day I must mention the workhouse. This is a very extensive building, situated within the suburbs, and, with regard to the plan upon which it is conducted, it is perhaps without a parallel; for this establishment, whilst it affords a comfortable refuge for the poor, is a school of industry for the idle, and a house of correction for the vicious. But the correctional part is confined to small offences, and some of these are of a nature scarcely cognizable by other governments. In short, this institution is a receptacle for almost all classes and descriptions of persons, except-

ing only the more serious offenders. Here the infirm mendicant finds a comfortable home, and the more able-bodied vagrant is sheltered, fed, clothed, and put to work. Here the wife is placed, at the instance of the husband, for any conduct unbecoming a good housewife; and here also the husband is placed by the wife for any misconduct on his part. But, as a domestic convenience, this establishment is more used by parents who place their children here for misbehaviour, where they are kept until satisfactory symptoms are manifested of their improvement.

All those, however, who become resident members of this institution, whether high or low, are subjected to the discipline of the house, and such as are able to work are kept to some useful employment.

The first process on the entrance of a new member, is to lead him or her to a bath, where the person entering is stript, washed, and habited in costume, which, for the male part of the community, consists of a jacket, waistcoat, and trowsers, made out of a very coarse description of sackcloth, manufactured in this establishment; and, for the female, a high gown of the same coarse material. Being now duly elected, the new member is put to labour according to the

nature of the offence committed, the principal employments being those of beating hemp, picking flax, carding, spinning, weaving, &c.

The young ladies of the higher classes of society who are entered here for undutiful behaviour, or other naughtinesses, as their parents may choose to term them, are placed to lighter works in a separate part of the establishment, and are not permitted to be seen by strangers. This ward in particular I was therefore the most desirous of visiting; but no persuasion, or even bribery, could prevail. There is also another division for the better sort of young gentlemen, who here undergo temporary confinement for slight offences.

But the common herd, and the incorrigibles, are kept together at work in two immense rooms, one being for the men, and the other for the women.

Accompanied by the superintendant of the establishment, I walked through these spacious apartments. The great number of persons habited in the same singular dress, the buz and rattle of the numerous machines in motion, the sight of so many human beings reduced to a state of degradation, and the variety of coun-

tenances, in some of which grief and shame were as strongly marked, as vice and effrontery in others, formed altogether a spectacle calculated to excite in the mind of one unused to scenes like this, feelings of a very varied nature. The person who attended me was ready in answering all my enquiries, and as we passed along he pointed out to me those delinquents whose cases or histories were remarkable. Amongst these there was one young man in particular, apparently about twenty-five years of age, whom, for a few minutes, I stopped to look upon and to pity. He was occupied in manufacturing the coarse sort of cloth in which he was clothed, but, unlike those around him, who were gazing at the stranger, the head of this unfortunate was bent steadily over his work, nor did I observe that his eye was once raised towards me. Yet I could just sufficiently distinguish the down-cast face, to read in the wan cheek and sunken eye, the abject wretchedness of the mind.

My attendant informed me, that this was the son of highly respectable parents of this city, and that his friends had lately placed him here as a cure for many bad habits.

Proceeding down the room, my attendant pointed out to me, amongst others, a remarkably

fine looking lad, of a lively and intelligent countenance, who, although apparently not more than fourteen years of age, had been shut up in this receptacle of misery and vice for upwards of three years, during which time his sole employment had been that of picking and spinning flax. The parents of this unfortunate boy, who were also termed respectable persons, had insisted upon his being detained in this abode as an incorrigible thief.——Mistaken parents! and ill-judging government!

Long habit seemed to have accustomed this poor youth to his situation. He appeared to be full of fun and tricks, and as the superintendant, passing by, patted him on the head, he slyly held out his hand, (which is against rule,) and with the most arch countenance, in an under-tone of voice, and in the French language, begged a few copper coin of the kind stranger. Had Sterne happened to have been present, this was a scene to have called forth all his sympathy—with him nature would have over-ruled the rule of the establishment—how could it be otherwise with me?

I next visited the room appropriated to the females. All were engaged at their respective works; but there was more effrontery in their

looks and manners than amongst the men. Here vice appeared more disgusting, and I was glad to quit the scene.

At present the number of persons contained within these walls was considered very small, being only about five hundred, including the infirm mendicants, and the young ladies and gentlemen of respectable families placed here temporarily for their improvement!

If, however, there be much in the plan of this establishment which is objectionable, there is much also which is commendable. The principle of annexing useful occupation to the loss of liberty is highly judicious, and furnishes a good example to many countries. The whole of the interior arrangement is also admirable, and well deserving the particular notice of foreigners. The attention to the cleanliness and health of the persons under the protection of this institution may astonish even the English visitor. He may even in these respects observe many things worthy of being recollected on his return to his own country, and he may here also see practically illustrated the important fact, that workhouses need not be made the receptacles for idleness.

The day's work is distributed out to each individual in the morning, and idleness is punished by abstinence.

Two hours of the day are allotted to air and exercise in an adjoining court-yard; and this is a regulation, compliance with which is not discretionary but enforced.

Several of the private rooms of this institution are hung round with portraits of some of the early burgomasters of the city, painted by Rembrandt, in his best style, and which are particularly well deserving the attention of strangers.

The next object of my curiosity was the Palace, lately the residence of Louis Buonaparte. This was originally the Stadt-house, and it is certainly a magnificent and substantial structure, being a square stone building, upon a very large scale. With respect to elegance in exterior design, there is, in my opinion, very little pretension, but in the interior there is much to admire in the size of some of the state-rooms, the splendour of the decorations, and the profusion of fine marble. The grand saloon and the presence-chamber, for magnitude and magnificence, are perhaps unequalled in any palace

throughout Europe. The paintings are also numerous, and some of them are highly and justly esteemed. In short, the stranger will here find very many interesting objects well deserving his attention; but, as these are of a nature better fitting to be seen than described, I will avoid entering into particulars. The number of piles upon which this building is said to be erected, is calculated to excite astonishment. What this number is I will not pretend to quote accurately from memory, though, as my recollection serves me, it is nearer 14 than 13,000; nor does this sound as very improbable when the magnitude of the structure is considered. It presents nearly the figure of a square, and the measurement is stated to be, in length, between 280 and 290 feet, in depth between 250 and 260 feet, and in height about 120 feet. In the architectural design, however, there is this great prominent defect,—the want of a principal front entrance.

I next visited the museum belonging to this city, which possesses an extensive and most valuable collection of paintings. Here the connoisseurs will find gratification to their heart's content; but, however, thinking as I do, that criticisms upon pictures are generally uninteresting, out of all this valuable collection of paintings, I will

only mention two; one is, "The Night Watch," by Rembrandt, which appeared to me the happiest specimen I had ever seen of this great artist's striking and peculiar style; and the other is, "The School by Candle-light," by Gerard Douw. The effect of this picture, which is placed in a darkened corner of the room, is truly astonishing, for it seems to throw a candle-light around, and it may really be said to require the aid of another sense than that of sight to discover the deception.

Amongst the numerous public establishments in this city connected with literature and general science, there is one which struck me, as particularly liberal and extensive in its design. This is the society called "Felix Meritis;" a modern institution, having been established within the last forty or fifty years; but in which are already enrolled the names of almost all the first characters for rank and talent in the country. This society is divided into five classes: The first is directed to agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; the second to mathematics and natural philosophy; the third to painting, sculpture, and architecture; the fourth to music, and the fifth to general literature. Each class has its separate museum, library, and hall of assembly, and the rules and regulations of each

department are as liberal as the objects are enlarged. The building itself is neat and commodious, and in a central and convenient part of the town.

In the evening I went to the French theatre; but the house is gloomy and mean in its appearance; the performance was indifferent, and the company small.

Friday, Sept. 14. The whole of to-day, like yesterday, was occupied in seeing sights.

I looked into many of the churches, but the interior of most of them is rambling and shabby, possessing nothing of that neatness and appropriate elegance so generally found in the churches of the Netherlands, and the exterior has little claim to architectural beauty of design. The old church, however, is worthy of being visited by the stranger, if it be only to cast a look upon the tomb of the great De Witt. The pulpit also is worth noticing as a very delicate piece of carved work in acacia wood.

I also visited what is called the New Church, but principally to see the handsome mausoleum erected to Admiral de Ruyter.

I shall pass over the great variety of sights which I hastily inspected to-day, mentioning only one peculiar to this city, called the Rasp-house, or House of Correction; another penitential abode, well worthy of being visited by the stranger. Although crowded with prisoners, every attention is paid to their necessary comfort; and by not being permitted to be idle, they are rendered, in some degree, useful to the public, and their progress in vice is checked, at least inasmuch as the opportunity of practice is taken away. The stranger visiting this establishment, if he ask, will be told that cases are of very frequent occurrence in which the habits of orderly behaviour acquired in the Rasp-house, are retained through life, and that many who are forced within these walls as too dangerous to be left at large, are sent forth into the world qualified to become useful members of society.

The Dutch government is still, as it long has been, humanely sparing of the lives of its subjects; and to this may perhaps be attributed the cause why the prisons of most of the towns of Holland are filled, as is said to be generally the case. But be it so, and Holland has still this great boast to make, that, by milder means than perhaps any other government of

Europe, she, as effectually as any of them, and more effectually than most of them, checks the progress of crimes; for to the punishment of death, which is inflicted only upon the most atrocious criminals, she has rarely occasion to resort.

Idleness appears always to have been considered by this people as a crime, and one which was formerly rather too severely punished, if we may judge from a curious contrivance shewn in a court-yard of this establishment. It is a confined place, into which a stream of water entered on one side, with a pump on the other, so that if the culprit did not incessantly work at the pump, he must inevitably be drowned.

This device is said to have been made use of formerly, but only towards those who were incorrigibly idle. It hardly need be said, that in these days some other expedient is adopted for discouraging idleness.

In the evening I went to the Dutch theatre. The representations were a comedy and a pantomime, which last being without the aid of language, I could best comprehend. This is the principal theatre, but it is inelegant and gloomy to an English eye. The company was more numerous than at the French theatre; yet

it is evident that the drama is not a favorite amusement with the Dutch.

After this entertainment was over, I looked into several of those extraordinary establishments, called spiel-houses, or musicos, which swarm in this city as in most of the principal towns of Holland, undoubtedly to the great disgrace of the whole nation.

The spiel-house is a licensed brothel of the most vicious description. The unfortunate victims, here devoted to infamy, are seated on each side of a large room, at one end of which are some musicians, whose office it is to continue playing through the greater part of the night. Any wretch who chooses, may, by a nod, select his partner for the dance, and for the night, and the wretched girl has not even the privilege which belongs to the most abandoned of her sex,—the privilege of refusal; for the keeper of this haunt of iniquity has, by a signed agreement, and an advance of money, acquired a right of property in the person of the hapless victim, which right is recognized even by the police, until the debt be paid. But the power of discharging this debt is effectually taken away, and hope of escape is lost for ever! Here, in

this loathsome prison, repentance comes too late to bring with it earthly aid;—the wretched female, if she meditate escape, sees herself abandoned by all mankind, even by the laws of her own country;—if she look forward to remain, she anticipates the short period of her youth, her health, her beauty gone; when, no longer able to earn even the wages of sin, she sees herself stripped of her tinselled finery, and turned out into the world diseased, destitute, and despised!

Although these brothels pay a heavy contribution to the government for the protection afforded, yet nothing is demanded for admission. They are open to all who choose to enter; but the visitors to these haunts are expected to take something in the way of wine or spirits, and these being generally distributed as treats amongst the females in advance upon the usual retail price, a sufficient profit is thus derived.

Little curiosity as I have for prying into the blemishes which darken the bright picture of human life, I stepped out of my way to look into these scenes of infamy, and I paid the price in a glass of wine or spirits, or cup of coffee. But these were handed over to my valet de place, who attended me; and I returned to my inn

less inclined than ever to gratify curiosity on such occasions.

Saturday, Sept. 15. This morning was principally devoted to the inspection of the dock-yard; but there is little novelty here for the English visitor. The model-room, however, belonging to this establishment, possesses some curious and interesting objects. Here I saw a model of the machine called the cameau, or camel, which is a contrivance for lifting large ships over the shoals and sand-banks of the Zuyder Zee.

This machine is in principle very simple, and I may therefore, perhaps, be enabled to explain it.

Two large wooden vessels filled with water, and so formed as to receive the body of a ship, are connected together by strong chains. These vessels being sunk by the weight of water contained in them, the ship to be lifted over the shoal is brought between them. The water is then pumped out, and the vessels rising by degrees fit themselves to each side of the ship's body. As the water is thus drawn off, these vessels, becoming more and more buoyant, continue to rise, and consequently to lift up the ship, until the required height be gained for passing over the shoal with safety.

I was informed that the height thus capable of being gained is as much as six or seven feet. But however ingenious this simple device may be, it is evident that practically it must be very inconvenient; and soon all further occasion for this contrivance will probably cease, in consequence of the more favorable navigation now opened by the great canal already mentioned.

Before quitting Amsterdam I must offer a few remarks upon the Zuyder Zee, or, as in our English tongue it may be called, the South Sea. From the appearance of some of the islands which almost shut up its entrance, these, in all probability, were separated from the continent at the same time when this great body of water rushed in and overwhelmed the neighbouring country; and there is also every reason to believe that at that time the whole of this part of Holland was nothing better than a morass.

This inland sea is satisfactorily ascertained to have extended its limits very considerably since the time of the Romans, and it now, as is well known, covers an immense tract of country between the provinces of Friesland, Overyssel, Guelderland, and North Holland. What, therefore, must have been the difficulties in opposing the still further progress of this enormous body

of water might be imagined, even if the history of this extraordinary country did not sufficiently bear record.

This slight introduction may serve to lead the mind of the reader to the contemplation of the difficulties which must have been encountered and overcome before the accomplishment of this stupendous undertaking. As the work of human beings, the dykes which pen up this inland sea must fill the mind of the beholder with wonder approaching to incredulity.

Tracing with the eye this large expanse of water, it seems as if the ships were sailing high above the level of the surrounding land, and as if the whole neighbouring country were dependant for its safety upon this artificial barrier, in which if a breach were made in the direction of Amsterdam, in a few minutes no vestige would remain of that great city, except perhaps its steeples and its towers.

A great part of Holland, as it is calculated, is between twenty and forty feet below high water mark on the surrounding coast; but astonishing and fearful as this fact may appear, the natives seem to live in perfect confidence of their security.

The care and management of the dykes being a subject of the first moment to the country, are therefore under the immediate protection of government; and of all the servants of the state, *le ministre des digues* is undoubtedly the most responsible. From him issue all orders and directions respecting the management and superintendance of the main dykes, and him the nation holds accountable for any disastrous consequences attending a breach in these bulwarks of the country.

Rescued from the waters, as Holland may be said to have been, by the laborious perseverance of Dutchmen, (and as is even expressed by the derivation of the word "hol," signifying, in the Dutch language, a hole), to retain what has been thus recovered, seems to require all that steady industry which forms one of the strongest characteristics of this people. It seems as if nature had adapted the character and constitution of Hollanders to the peculiar situation of their country, and as if they alone were fit to be its masters.

Talking upon this subject with a very intelligent gentleman of Amsterdam, he informed me, that during the time this country was in the hands of the French, the inundations throughout Holland were more frequent and more disastrous

than had been recorded since the difficulties of the early times; and he assured me, that it was not only his opinion, but an opinion very general in the country, that had the French continued many years longer in the occupation of Holland, a great part of the kingdom would have been lost. The expence of supporting the dykes, as may be supposed, forms one of the heaviest items in the expenditure of the nation. The sum annually raised for this purpose is enormous; but it is a tax which seems to be paid with the least unwillingness by the people.

With respect to the formation of the dykes, it is similar to the process already described in the formation of the banks of the great canal into the harbour of Amsterdam; the dimensions of the work, of course, varying according to the strength required.

In situations where great precautions are necessary, there is usually a second dyke, leaving a space or channel between the two, so that if the water should burst or overflow the outer embankment, the inner one may stop for a time an extension of the mischief. Withys, and a very strong species of reed, are generally encouraged on the side of the dyke towards the sea or river, and these, catching the sand or mud, soon accu-

mulate a mass which adds much to the stability of the whole.

I had now pretty well satisfied my curiosity, and although I could have wished to have spent another day or two in Amsterdam, yet the noisome vapour from the canals had already so disagreeably affected me, that I thought it prudent to take my immediate departure. I therefore returned to the inn, strapped up my portmanteaus, and set out in a nondescript sort of vehicle to join the trekschuyt which starts for Haarlem at mid-day. In the mean time, whilst on my way, it may not be amiss to give a short description of my vehicle, for it is apt to strike the stranger as something unusual and ludicrous in its appearance.

It is a machine between a traîneau and a fiacre, or a sledge and a hackney-coach, and partaking of both, being in precise resemblance with the body of one of our hackney-coaches, suspended by leathern straps, upon one of those simple little contrivances of our London brewers for conveying a single cask or two of beer to some pressing customer, who cannot wait for the periodical visit of the slow and ponderous dray. This Amsterdam contrivance is also

drawn by one horse; but the driver does not himself enjoy the luxury of riding. With the reins in one hand, and in the other a piece of thick rope attached to a cord, (the thick part of which is every now and then thrown into the canal, and afterwards dexterously brought under the sledge to cool the heated iron), this humble Jarvie trots alongside his steed, and apparently with the same indifference to wet and dirt.

Ridiculous as is the appearance of this vehicle, it is said to be encouraged by the magistrates in preference to wheel-carriages, as being less likely to shake the pile foundation of the city. Wheel-carriages, however, are inuse here, but these are not numerous.

At twelve o'clock I was seated in the passage-boat for Haarlem, and as the clock ceased striking we were in motion, so habitual is punctuality with these people in all the ordinary transactions of their lives.

The country through which the canal runs, is very low and flat, and resembles a rich water meadow; but on approaching the large lake, called the Meer of Haarlem, the whole face of

the country presents one extensive sheet of water.

The appearance of the canal here is very remarkable, for close on one side stretches the arm of the Zuyder Zee, or, more correctly called, the River Y; and on the other side is the vast expansive meer of Haarlem; so that the canal itself looks as if supported between two banks rising from the sea, and the road on the top of the dyke looks like a path amidst the ocean.

This meer or lake covers a great tract of country between Leyden, Haarlem, and Amsterdam. From my own observation, with such vague information as I could collect, the greatest breadth is about fourteen English miles, and the length about seventeen miles. It is navigable over its whole extent but owing to its exposed situation, it is so liable to sudden squalls, that for the purpose of navigation it is little used, and vessels from Leyden to Amsterdam generally prefer the much longer but safer course by the canal.

In one part of the line the river Y approaches so nearly to this meer, that the junction is pre-

vented only by a single dyke and a sluice. This sluice, however, is upon a stupendous scale, and of prodigious strength, as may be supposed from its successful resistance against the boisterous element which lashes it on both sides.

I was informed here, though I know not whether upon good authority, that the idea has long been entertained by the persevering natives, of reclaiming the vast tract of land now covered by Haarlem meer, and that probably their operations would before long commence.

From what I could learn, it is proposed to accomplish this extraordinary undertaking gradually, by the usual mode of erecting dykes, and of throwing the water over these, by means of windmills, until the whole of the water be thus drawn off.

I reached Haarlem sufficiently early in the afternoon to have at my disposal a few hours for looking about. This, like most of the Dutch towns, is remarkably neat, and possesses several handsome streets and canals, ornamented on each side, after the usual fashion, with rows of trees. In the principal square or place, is a colossal statue of Koster, erected by his towns-

people, to commemorate the inventor of the art of printing, which, like many other useful inventions, has several claimants for the honor.

The trade of Haarlem was formerly very considerable, but it is now much reduced; and its population is reckoned at less than one-half of what it was one hundred and fifty years ago. The trade then consisted, as it now does, principally in the manufacture and bleaching of linen, the water of the meer of Haarlem being supposed to possess some peculiar bleaching property.

Flowers, and tulips in particular, when in former days these articles were in great request, were also a considerable source of trade and profit to this town, which always stood in high repute for these productions. But the *floramania* has now so much subsided, that the trade in tulips is at present too inconsiderable to deserve mention.

The cathedral is, in my opinion, more remarkable for its size than for its beauty; and it probably derives its celebrity chiefly from its organ, which is universally admitted to be the finest in the world.

To hear this organ played upon is, of course, one of the principal objects of curiosity for every visitor to Haarlem; yet, strange to say, I heard it not. The price asked by the organist for gratifying my curiosity in this respect, was fourteen florins; and, piqued at the exorbitance of the demand, I made an offer of the moiety, as the uttermost extent of my extravagance. But the answer was, that this was the established charge, and that nothing less would be taken; and as I had declared *par mille diables*, that I would not encourage such an imposition, we separated mutually dissatisfied.

A walk, however, in the beautiful wood adjoining the town, restored me to better temper, and returning to my inn to supper, I retired to bed in good time, and in very good humour, excepting when the organ occasionally crossed my recollection, which induced me to determine upon quitting Haarlem to-morrow morning. Soon after this consoling determination was made, I fell into a comfortable sleep, which continued without interruption until

Sunday, Sept. 16, five o'clock in the morning. In another hour I was seated in the trek-schuyt, for Leyden. When arrived within a short distance of the town, I was reminded by

the sound of the church bells, that this was Sunday; and it now for the first time occurred to me, that had I waited a few hours longer at Haarlem, my curiosity would have been gratified, free of cost.—It was a painful recollection, but there was no remedy, and to curse the organ of Haarlem, and my own stupidity, was the only consolation left.

After breakfast, I walked through the streets of Leyden. It is the boast of the inhabitants that their principal street, called the Rapenburgh, is unrivalled throughout Europe; but, although I cannot agree to this extent, yet I must admit, that the effect is very fine. Indeed, the whole appearance of this town is very pleasing; for almost all the streets are intersected by canals, ornamented with rows of trees, and many handsome houses and venerable looking buildings give to Leyden an air of superior importance.

But, like most of the towns of Holland, not immediately dependent upon commerce or manufactories, Leyden presents that gloomy appearance of desertion, arising from a scanty population, and the absence of any thing like the bustle of trade. A lifeless quiet reigns through all the spacious streets, and a person

ignorant that this is the chief university town of Holland, and was once the far celebrated seat of learning, might be very likely to pay a visit here, and to depart as ignorant of these facts as when he came.

The university building is a large old-fashioned structure, but being Sunday it was not open to strangers.

The public museum, which is considered to be of great value, was also shut. I obtained admission, however, into the botanical garden. This has lately been much enlarged, and re-arranged, and affords now an admirable school for the student in botany.

By a mode of application, generally successful, I also obtained admission into the ancient stadt-house, an uncouth looking building, deriving its principal interest from some old paintings which it contains. But that which most arrested my attention, was a picture of a more modern character, upon a large scale, though who the artist was I could not learn. Here, however, my gaze was for a long time riveted, and I noted down this picture as the sight which most interested me in Leyden.

The subject is the famous siege of Leyden by the Spaniards, in the year 1575, under Requesenes, who, in the preceding year, had succeeded the infamous Duke of Alva in the government of the Low Countries, and who now continued the work which his atrocious predecessor had unsuccessfully commenced.

The horrors of the siege, the determined resistance of the besieged, and the extraordinary means by which the town was preserved from its ferocious invaders, are well known; and as one of the finest instances of heroic devotion to a country's cause to be met with in the annals of history, the siege of Leyden will never be forgotten, though such a picture as this might have assisted to hand down to posterity a less memorable subject.

It represents this town in nearly its last state of deprivation, when pestilence and famine had left scarcely a sufficient number of survivors to perform the mournful office of burying the dead. The artist has seized upon the moment when these wretched few, driven to despair by long protracted suffering, and the horrors of the scene around them, assembled before their governor, and tumultuously demanded food, or that the keys of the town should be surrendered to the

enemy. The governor, well knowing the merciless ferocity of the Spaniards, and the sad fate of Haarlem, five years preceding, being yet fresh in recollection, is represented standing on the ramparts of the castle, with the keys of the town in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, whilst in the act of addressing the imploring multitude in these memorable words: "Food I have none, or I would give it to you: if my death can serve you, take me, tear me into pieces, and devour me: I shall die with satisfaction if I know that my death will benefit you by protracting your defence; but I have sworn never to surrender my fellow-citizens to the cruel and perfidious Spaniards, and I will die rather than violate that oath."

The effect of this address is so forcibly depicted upon the different countenances of the auditors, that the beholder whilst gazing on the canvass, although inspired with a sort of heroic fervor, drops the involuntary tear of sympathy, and seems to partake of the painful emotions of a spectator of the real scene of misery.

He sees the emaciated countenances of the soldiers fixed upon their heroic governor, and expressing stern defiance to their enemies; and of the assembled wives and mothers, some are

expiring over the dead bodies of their husbands, others, as if under the stupefaction of excessive grief at hearing these last words of the governor, are still fixing upon him the vacant gaze of unconscious wretchedness, or wild despair, whilst their famine-stricken children lie dead and dying at their feet; and other poor mothers are seen clasping their withered infants to their breasts as if bereft of every ray of hope.

It is well known how the determined spirit of the inhabitants protracted this siege, until, at last, the elements themselves, as if providentially, interfered in their behalf.

The States General, filled with admiration at the heroic conduct of the burghers of Leyden, but unable to bring into the field a force sufficient to attack the Spaniards, came to the desperate resolution of laying the province under water. The dykes were torn down, and the ocean rushing violently in, the whole of the surrounding country was soon overwhelmed. Numerous flat-bottomed boats were in readiness to afford succour to the famished inhabitants of the town. But what must have been their consternation on seeing the water rise only a few feet, so as to incommode, but not to endanger the situation of the besiegers, who now continuing their

blockade still more closely than before, rendered the approach of the succour which was in sight, impracticable.

For three sad weeks were the vessels, destined for the relief of these wretched sufferers, hovering around the town, but unable to approach, until pestilence had nearly carried off all those whom famine and the sword had spared.

At last the equinox arrived, and one of those storms arose, which even the natives themselves had been used to contemplate with terror. Active hostility now ceased; every thing was hushed in silence, as if the contending parties were waiting the approach of something, which all expected would be unusual and terrible.

The besieged watched the progress of the wizard of the storm, as a guardian angel coming to their protection, when every hope of earthly aid was gone; and the besiegers were seized with consternation at a sight to which they were unaccustomed, and which forboded some calamity to them unknown. To seek escape in flight was the first impulse of alarm, but it was too late. Flight, already impeded by the inundation, was soon rendered impracticable; for the sea, no longer restrained by those stu-

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pendous mounds which had before held it in subjection, now rushed over the land, and swept away to death or to destruction every thing within its mighty course. The forts of the besiegers were covered with water, and the furious element continuing to rise, every Spaniard, who had not saved himself by timely flight, now found a watery grave.

In the mean time the little fleet of flat-bottomed boats advanced undauntedly and triumphantly amidst the storm, and reached the city gates in safety, just time enough to save some of the remaining few of the famished inhabitants, and amongst these the heroic governor, Adrian de Verf, a name still justly dear to Holland, and handed down by history to the admiration of all nations.

Such is the interesting subject of this picture; and the feelings of every one who looks upon it, will testify sufficiently to the artist's skill.

In commemoration of this event, and as a reward to the brave defenders, the prince of Orange gave to the inhabitants of Leyden the choice of exemption from taxes for a certain period, or the foundation of a university in their town. They nobly chose the latter — and

never did a seat of learning spring from a nobler cause.

Near this interesting picture is an appropriate accompaniment in the portrait of the heroine Kennava, who, at the head of a regiment of females, assisted in protracting to the last extremity, the fatal siege of Haarlem, in the year 1570, conducted by a son of the duke of Alva, a blood-thirsty and cruel wretch, worthy of his sanguinary and ferocious father.

From the stadt-house I proceeded to visit the ruin of a Roman castle, situated on a high, but apparently artificial, mound, now enclosed in a garden belonging to a little inn. These were the first Roman remains which I had met with in Holland, and I broke off, though not without some difficulty, a small piece of one of the bricks as a reminiscence.

These bricks seem to be in colour nearly that of the clay in its original state, and do not appear to have been baked, but merely dried. They are, however, of an almost impenetrable hardness, and the mortar in which they are set seems to be of equal durability.

The view from the top of this ruined tower is remarkably fine. Leyden stands in the midst

of a tract of country known by the appellation of the Rhynland, which is justly denominated the garden of Holland.

The view, however, is thoroughly Dutch, and therefore without any pretensions to be called picturesque and beautiful out of Holland, for although the Rhynland presents one uninterrupted scene of the richest cultivation; yet, from this very circumstance, and the great extent of level surface, the prospect partakes rather too much of the monotonous to be long pleasing to any but a Dutchman's eye.

A branch of the Rhine, which still retains this name, passes through the middle of the town, and supplies water to such an infinite number of canals, that it is doubtful whether the water or the land occupy the greater space. The town is defended by a broad and deep canal, and surrounded by a rampart, which, being laid out in handsome shady walks, forms a very agreeable promenade for the towns-people.

Having made my hasty survey of Leyden, I returned to the inn, hired a calèche and post-horses, and set out for a small fishing village on the sea-coast, called Katwyk-op-Zee, or Sur Mer, to distinguish it from a small neighbouring village, called Katwyk-sur-Rhin.

Katwyk-op-Zee, which is distant from Leyden only a few leagues, is the scene of, perhaps, one of the most gigantic works of the kind in modern days.

On arriving at the village of Katwyk-sur-Rhin, I quitted my vehicle, and proceeded on foot towards the coast,

> "Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
> In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep
> By diligence amazing."

It is well known that one of the main outlets of this majestic river formerly lost itself in an extensive sandy flat, and that the whole country, for a considerable extent around, was an unproductive and unhealthy swamp. The idea had long been entertained of draining this morass by cutting a channel for the purpose of conducting this branch of the mighty river into the sea; but the difficulties proved so overwhelming, that, although the work was many times undertaken, it was always abandoned.

To have even contemplated such a scheme as this, after having seen the country, would probably have been considered, by any other people in

the world than Dutchmen, as a delusion of the wildest of speculators; and any attempt towards carrying such scheme into execution, as nothing short of an act of madness. No soil was then here visible. The country around was one wide waste of sand, fathomless in depth, and so much below the level of the sea, that the whole would have been overwhelmed, but for a range of sand-hills along the shore;—yet, notwithstanding all apparent impossibilities, this gigantic project was, in the year 1804, again undertaken, and, in 1810, was successfully completed: such being the dates given to me on the spot.

The mode by which this work has been accomplished is well deserving of a particular description; and this explanation may serve also to give a more definite idea of the magnitude of the design.

The channel through which this branch of the Rhine is now conducted, extends through between three and four miles of country, and the breadth of the cut, as I could judge by the eye, may be about thirty yards. The depth of water was now about fourteen feet, but as this was considered low, the depth, in time of floods, must be considerably greater.

The bottom of this channel being several feet below high-water mark, the waters of the Rhine are pent up by means of sluices or flood-gates, and these being raised at low tide, as occasion requires, the Rhine then disgorges its accumulated waters into the sea.

The first range of sluices immediately fronting this exposed coast, are necessarily of prodigious strength, and as the span across would have been far too great for a single gate, the space is secured by five gates of convenient size and more secure dimensions. To relieve the pressure upon these, two other ranges of sluices, of three gates and two gates each, are placed in different positions higher up the channel.

The little fishing village of Katwyk is situated amongst the low sand hills which bound the flat-sea shore. In the immediate vicinity there is little or no appearance of vegetation; for nature has destined this to be ever what it now is, a tract of loose and barren sand. But the surrounding country has already assumed a cultivated and comfortable aspect, and instead of being a swamp, is now much drier than most parts of Holland.

At a short distance above the great sluices of Katwyk, and on the bank of this artificial channel of the Rhine, is a curious manufactory of salt from sea-water.

The contrivance appeared to be so simple and ingenious, that it drew down my particular attention, and as it was new to me, it may here, therefore, be thought not unworthy of remark. By means of a pipe let through the sluice-gate fronting the sea, the sea-water at high tide is conveyed into a boat, stationed under this pipe upon the river. The boat, when thus filled, is brought alongside the works, and the water is then raised out of this receptacle by means of a pump worked by a windmill, to a height of about forty feet from the ground.

The water is here received into a trough of about one hundred feet in length, which is raised upon a scaffolding, and the intervening space from this elevation to the ground, is filled up with small and closely-packed faggots. Along the bottom of this trough, which is between six and seven inches in breadth, and the same in depth, are numerous round holes, about one inch in diameter, through which the water flows into another trough immediately beneath. Here

the water is let out in numerous little trickling streams, which, falling into the great body of faggots, filter consequently in small drops from the top to the bottom, where the water is again received by another trough, and thus conveyed into a sort of well, from whence it is again raised by the same power to the former height, when the same process is repeated through a similar erection on the other side of the wind-mill, this moving power being between these two filterers.

A narrow passage, defended by a railing, is continued along the side of the upper trough, and the supply of water passing through this is regulated by means of the holes at the bottom, which are plugged up, or opened as required, the object being to expose the falling water, as much as possible, to the wind. If the wind blow from the opposite quarter, the holes in this trough are all plugged up, and the water is turned into a similar trough along the opposite front, where it undergoes the same process as already mentioned.

The effect of this mode of evaporation is greater than perhaps may be imagined. I tasted the water as it came from the sea, and it was like other sea-water. I tasted it after it had

passed through the first filtering process, and it had become very much salter; and I tasted it after passing through the second filtering process, but it had then become so briny as to blister the mouth.

The superintendant of the work informed me, that this was a modern experiment, and that it was considered to be a great improvement upon the common process of evaporation by boiling, the salt by this mode being produced much more expeditiously, of a better quality, and at a less expence, one boiling after the second filtering being now found to be sufficient. From the same person I also received the following average results, viz.: that two hundred cubic feet of water could be passed through the two filterers in the course of twenty-four hours; that five pounds of sea-water, after passing through the second filtering process, were reduced to one pound; and that from one hundred pounds of sea-water were procured about two pounds of pure salt.

Having satisfied my curiosity here, I walked back to the village of Katwyk-sur-Rhin, where I had left my horses to be refreshed; and after taking care of myself, I resumed my seat in the carriage for the Hague.

The country through which I now passed is extremely rich and pretty, being the only part of Holland which I had yet seen with a tendency towards undulation, and on a nearer approach to the Hague, the road becomes even beautiful, being for several miles through an avenue of lofty trees meeting at their tops, so as to form an harbour over head. Entered the Hague between six and seven o'clock, and after a hasty dinner, spent the remainder of the evening in looking about the town.

Monday, Sept. 17. The whole of this morning occupied in inspecting the principal public buildings of the Hague, and in walking about the beautiful environs. The principal street, called the Voorhout, presents a magnificent appearance, the houses being upon a splendid scale, and the centre of the road being occupied by several rows of noble trees, with a carriage-way on either side. The handsomest part of the town, however, is the Vyverburg, a large oblong square adjoining the palace, with a spacious walk and several fine avenues of trees on one side, and a large basin of water under the windows of the palace on the other side.

The large square, formed by the red brick buildings of the old palace, presents a curious

appearance from the strange intermixture of various nondescript styles of architecture, yet there is some interest even in the antiquated singularity of the whole. One side of this square is appropriated to the meetings of the chamber of peers and deputies, another to the drawing of the state lotteries, and the rest of the building to other state purposes.

The appearance of the Hague altogether is striking and handsome, and worthy of the seat of government; but the stagnant and filthy state of the canals must be a great drawback to the comfort of a residence here, particularly in the summer months. It is probably owing to this circumstance, that the court fixes itself during the six summer months at Brussels; a period of extreme dullness consequently for the Hague, which is entirely dependent for its existence upon the royal residence.

The Museum contains a small but valuable collection of paintings. Amongst these is the famous "Heifer," the *chef-d'œuvre* of Paul Potter. This picture, which is upon a large scale, struck me as being, without any exception, the most wonderful imitation of nature that I had ever seen.

After looking over this collection of paintings, I spent the remainder of the day in walking about the beautiful wood adjoining the town. This wood I should judge to be about three miles in length, and about a mile and a half in breadth. The trees, which are principally oak, are of magnificent growth, and the effect of the whole is grand and beautiful. Here is to be found almost every variety of walk which a level country can afford; sequestered and lofty avenues, through foliage so thickly interwoven at the top, as almost to obscure even the sun's rays. In another part is the appearance at a distance of an impenetrable forest of gigantic trees, but on a nearer approach, little walks are discovered, which, after leading through a thick labyrinth of wood, conduct to beautifully undulating lawns, laid out in the English fashion, and bordering an elegantly-formed and extensive piece of water, which is generally varied with little islands covered with verdure, or ornamented with shrubs, and affording safe retreats to numerous swans.

The palace is beautifully situated at the extremity of this wood, but I was too much occupied by the beauties here displayed by nature, to find any time to spare for those of art.

Tuesday, Sept. 18. Left the Hague early this morning by the trekschuyt for Delft. This is an ancient and gloomy town, built on each side of the canal; and the deserted streets too plainly declare that the best days of Delft (once so celebrated throughout Europe for its pottery ware) are past away. Every thing about the streets and houses shews remarkable attention to neatness; and Delft, although deprived of all the interest attending the bustle of trade, remains a true specimen of an old Dutch town.

A heavy rain setting in without any prospect of cessation for the next twelve hours, I curtailed my visit here, and proceeded by another boat to Rotterdam, where I arrived between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, and shortly afterwards, in a dripping state, I reached my old quarters at the Hotel d'Angleterre.

Wednesday, Sept. 19. The rain continued without intermission until after breakfast this morning, when, the clouds dispersing, the sun came out, and made ample compensation for the wet and gloominess of yesterday.

Joined again by my former travelling companion, I had all the advantages of an excellent

guide about Rotterdam, and we spent the greater part of the day together in visiting the principal objects of interest in this town.

Rotterdam is situated at the influx of a small river called the Rotte with the Meuse, from which circumstance this town derives its name, or rather from the dyke or dam against the river Rotte, as Amsterdam takes its name from the dyke or dam against the Amstel.

Of all the towns of Holland, this, in respect of size, commerce, and wealth, is inferior only to Amsterdam; but for pleasantness as a place of residence, it is superior to Amsterdam beyond all comparison.

The canals here are upon a splendid scale, and the river Meuse flowing into them, they have the advantage over most other towns of Holland of being much less stagnant. The advantages of situation are also great at Rotterdam. Ships of three hundred tons can discharge their cargoes at the merchant's door, and from the other side of his house he can lower his goods into a barge for any part of the kingdom.

In respect of public buildings, Rotterdam cannot boast of any thing remarkable; but the quay called the Boompjes, already mentioned, presents a long line of handsome mansions, the residences of the wealthy merchants.

There is in this town a peculiarity in most of the buildings, which, being contrary to the usual rule of architecture in other countries, arrested my attention, and excited my curiosity to learn the cause. The peculiarity is in erecting the buildings so much out of the perpendicular, that to a stranger, at first sight, they seem to be in imminent danger of falling; but on further observation it is evident that this is not matter of accident, but of design. On inquiry I was informed that this departure from usual rule is, in fact, intentional, under the idea that the building is preserved from damp by thus more effectually throwing off the water from the foundation, and that it is only the front of the building which is out of the perpendicular; the front being here the last part of the work, and in little or no degree contributing to the support of the fabrick.

Thursday, Sept. 20. Spent the whole of this morning in visiting the dock-yard, the exchange,

the stadt-house, and other public establishments, but needing no particular notice.

The principal public ornament is in the market-place. It is a colossal figure of Erasmus, a native of this city. The figure is in bronze, about nine feet high, and stands upon a pedestal of six feet.

Rotterdam contains no public collection of pictures of any importance, but here are several valuable private collections, to one of which I obtained admission, where I found much amusement for the remainder of the day till dinner-time. In the evening I joined a party to a concert given by four mendicant singers, calling themselves "Les Quatres Chanteurs de Vienne." The principal novelty in the evening's entertainment was several Tyrolese airs, sung in imitation of the native mountain notes. These are in a curious falsetto voice, but the effect is wild and pleasing.

My apprehensions had lately been daily increasing, lest I should quit Holland without being able to say that I had met with one instance of what I could call native female beauty. This evening, however, I was relieved from all further apprehension on the subject, by sitting

near a young lady, apparently about twenty years of age, of beauty dazzling and dangerous to the eye of man. The bright black hair, the sparkling eye, the fair yet expressive features of this lovely figure—but no more. Like a delusive phantom, which sometimes flits before the imagination and then is lost for ever, so this fair creature came and past away, and like the phantom let her be forgotten. My curiosity, however, led me to enquire the name of this young lady, and I learnt thus much, that she is the daughter of a general officer in the Dutch service.

Friday, Sept. 21. The period for my departure from Rotterdam had now arrived, and having visited the most interesting parts of this extraordinary country, I this morning came to the determination of pursuing a direct route into Germany; for notwithstanding the numerous little potations of brandiwijn, and the frequent use of cegars, which I contrived to adopt in compliance with the practice of the natives, yet the extreme dampness of the atmosphere, and the noxious exhalations from the canals, began now sensibly to affect my health.

This determination made, the necessary arrangements for my departure were soon completed, and whilst the church clock was striking

for the second time the eleventh hour of day, I stepped into my carriage, and took my final leave of Rotterdam.

As well for the purpose of explanation as for noticing a strange peculiarity, I should here inform the reader, that the public clocks in most of the towns of Holland strike the hour twice,—once half an hour before, and again at the correct time. Custom renders this less inconvenient than might have been supposed. But I have heard even the natives admit, when approving of the practice, that they themselves are sometimes deceived, though to be half an hour out in the calculation of time is considered by them as an instance of great heedlessness.

Nearly the whole line of my road was now on the top of the great dyke, which protects this part of the country from the waters of the Meuse and the Waal.

Crossed several ferries over the Leck, the Meuse, and the Waal, which last is only a branch of the Rhine. But here is such confusion of rivers, lakes, canals, and swamps, that, even with my map in hand, I could scarcely distinguish one river from another. I must therefore leave those who wish for closer information

on the geography of this part of the country to consult the map themselves.

Perhaps in no part of Holland is the interior dyke system to be seen on a greater scale, nor can the advantages of this system be more strikingly manifested than here.

Most of the land which here meets the eye, is upon an average at least twenty feet below the surface of the waters of the Meuse, the Leck, and the Waal; and here is seen the same extraordinary sight which I have before mentioned of the cottage chimney-tops upon a level with the surface of the road.

In various situations where these mighty rivers, coming round with a sweep, present a greater and a stronger body of water, the dykes are upon a scale so enormous, that the stranger can hardly bring himself to believe that he is looking upon the works of human hands.

But, intersected and overhung with water as this part of the country is in all directions, yet, by the industry and ingenuity of the inhabitants, the rescued land is rich and abundantly fertile. Great quantities of hemp, flax, and tobacco are

here raised, and large tracts of swampy land, fit for no other purposes, are converted into ozier beds, or abandoned to natural crops of a very tall and strong species of reed, which is applied to various useful purposes, such as the making of baskets, mats, &c., and which serve also to thatch the farmer's house and rick.

Reached Gorcum about eight o'clock in the evening. This is an inconsiderable but fortified town, situated on the bank of the Waal, near its confluence with the Meuse; after these two rivers have formed the little island of Bommel, from whence they flow together into the sea of Dortrecht. Being thoroughly wet with the penetrating mist which had fallen during the whole of the day, a short walk through this town sufficed to gratify my curiosity; and after supper I enjoyed the comfort of a well-aired bed.

Saturday, Sept. 22. Left Gorcum at five o'clock this morning, and at ten arrived at Thiel, a small town on the Waal.

The road still continues on the top of the great dyke, and the country is similar to that through which I passed yesterday, still affording a succession of objects interesting and as-

tonishing. The water, however, seems here to have gained more upon the land, and the efforts of the natives to keep out this powerful enemy appear to be greater. Numbers of little windmills are seen scattered about in every direction, for the purpose of throwing the water over the small dykes, with which the parcels of land are divided.

Thiel is a better sort of town, very pleasantly situated, close upon the bank of the river, which is here of great expanse.

After breakfast I had some little difficulty in bargaining for a vehicle and post-horses to Nimeguen. The bargain was, however, at length concluded, by means of an interpreter, and about mid-day I was again upon my road.

Leaving Thiel, the country displays some beautiful specimens of Dutch scenery, and the land, hereabouts, being better protected against the water, presents a scene of the highest luxuriance and cultivation. Every thing around bespeaks forcibly the industry and ingenuity of these extraordinary people; and it may here be truly said in the expressive words of the poet, that the traveller

"Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile."

Here, from this elevated road, the dyke is seen intersecting in all directions the wide expanse around,

> "The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
> The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail."

In short, every object which meets the eye bespeaks the industry of man, and possesses something to interest and occupy the mind. The thickly studded villages, and the little windmills working at their never-ending work; the mighty river at one side, bearing on its widely-sweeping course the deeply laden barges; with other rivers and canals in view, all bearing their respective burdens, give continued life and activity to the scene; whilst the stupendous artificial barriers against the waters, stretching in various directions, as far as the eye can carry, with the numerous other devices of this ingenious and laborious people for protecting themselves and their country against a powerful element, threatening to overwhelm them from every quarter, afford to the mind a variety of subjects, surprising, amusing, and instructive.

The whole line of road, almost without interruption from Rotterdam to Nimeguen, is on the top of the great dyke against the Meuse

and the Waal, and the width of the road along nearly the whole of this distance is sufficient to permit two carriages to drive abreast with ease; and in many parts this width is more than doubled.

These roads, considering the materials with which they are constructed, are generally in very good condition. They are, however, kept up at great expence, and the tolls consequently are heavy, owing to which, and the facility of water carriage, the public roads in Holland, comparatively with other countries, are little used.

As far as my own observation went, the public roads throughout Holland are of two kinds only: one is paved with small hard bricks, called clinkers, and which are fitted so closely together that scarcely a crevice can be discovered; and the other appears to be made with the common soil, mixed with shells and sea-sand. The former, when once done, is little liable to be deranged; but then the first expence is very great, and to this may be added, what may, perhaps, be considered another objection, that of impenetrable hardness, which cannot but be injurious to the horses' feet. The latter being made with materials much less durable, of course requires much more at-

tention; but, however, this sort of road, slight as the materials are of which it is composed, is not only very agreeable, but substantial; for the surface water, one of the great causes of destruction to roads in most other countries, is, on these elevated roads, it is hardly necessary to remark, an evil easily got rid of.

Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon I came before the town of Nimeguen, and here I quitted my carriage to pass the river by the flying-bridge. Some slight derangement having occurred to part of the apparatus, I was detained for about half an hour before I could cross over; and I will, therefore, make this delay an occasion for entering into a short description of this ingenious contrivance, called the flying-bridge.

The Rhine being here extremely wide and rapid, the swing, by means of a line of boats in the usual way, would be subjected to many inconveniences; to remedy which, a strong wooden pier is carried out to some distance from each side of the river. The passage being thus narrowed, two large decked barges, attached together by chains, swing between these two projecting piers, from a line of eleven boats, (the first of which is tightly fixed in the

centre of the current); and thus the sweeping force of this broad and rapid stream, which, perhaps, no human ingenuity could resist, is converted into a never-failing power, which affords a quick and convenient communication with either side.

The object in having two vessels instead of one of larger size, seems to be in the greater facility of guiding two bodies thus attached by chains; for these two barges having a little play, one yields rather more to the current than the other, and thus acts in some respects like a rudder in forming the required sweep, which is always effected with the nicest accuracy. Having safely lodged my baggage at the inn, at a little after four o'clock I set out to make the most of the short time which I intended to bestow upon this town.

Nimeguen, or Nimwegen, as it is here pronounced, is the capital of Guelderland, and appears to be an ancient, populous, and wealthy town.

It is built upon a steep elevation, reaching down to the water's edge, and the precipitancy of the descent is such, that many of the streets are scarcely passable for wheel carriages; added

to this inconvenience, most of the streets are dark and narrow. There are, however, two or three tolerably broad and well-formed streets, and the one leading into the open market-place presents a sufficiently good appearance.

The principal church is a handsome structure, and the town-hall, by the antiquity of its exterior, also arrests the attention of the stranger. This building is said to contain some interesting specimens of ancient architecture and sculpture; but I had too little time at my disposal to be able to devote any portion of it to interior inspections.

What most gratified me during my visit here was the view from the top of an ancient tower, called the Belvidere, situated on the highest elevation just above the town; and I noted this down as the most extensive and the most extraordinary view that I had ever beheld.

The evening was beautifully calm and clear, and the setting sun had thrown around the far-distant horizon the appearance of one continued sheet of fire. All Holland seemed to lie like a map before me, presenting a flat of such extent, that the eye is almost wearied with wandering over the boundless space, and which is so intersected in every direction with rivers, canals, and swamps, that the whole country looks as if but

yet half recovered from the mighty universal flood. From Arnheim in the north, to Gueldres in the south, and from Utrecht in the west, to the forests of Guelderland, and even of Westphalia in the east, the whole country here lies open to the view; and at a fearful depth below is traced the broad majestic Rhine, sweeping onward in its full and steady course through this wide favouring land, to where the horizon, sinking into earth and water, terminates the scene.

From the situation of this ancient tower, and the town itself, it seems evident that Nimeguen was formerly one of Holland's strongest bulwarks against Germany; and no where has nature, perhaps, more strongly marked the boundary line between two countries.

The elevation on which this town is built is a range of high land stretching round like the side of a great basin, with a large sweep towards the north as far as the eye can carry. In another respect also, the basin is not an inappropriate comparison, for it seems as if Nature had here kindly interposed a barrier against the further progress of the waters, and as if, tired with her monotonous labours, she had said, 'Here will I 'finish Holland;' and raising herself high out of the reach of Holland's swampy flats, had commenced another work called 'Germany.'

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS UPON THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE HOLLANDERS.

In passing through Holland, my remarks have chiefly been directed to the peculiarities in the appearance of the country; but I cannot now quit it without making a few remarks upon the character, as also upon the customs of its no less singular inhabitants, although in so doing I am aware of the risk which I incur of saying what may often have been said before. My opportunities for observation in these respects have necessarily been few, and even these are almost entirely confined to the middling and lower classes of society.

But here, perhaps, should traits of national character be looked for. The higher ranks of society throughout Europe are now so much associated together, that, as may be supposed, their habits and manners have very much assimilated. But the middling and lower orders of society being kept more distinct, with less opportunity of intercourse with foreigners, are more likely to retain any customs or habits peculiar to their own nation, and to preserve these in a

state nearer approaching to original purity. No country of Europe, perhaps, affords a stronger proof of this than Holland.

The national characteristic of this people, which most forcibly strikes the attention of the stranger, is industry. But this, however, is a sort of industry which may almost be said to be peculiar to Dutchmen,—persevering application without energy.

Numerous and great as are here the monuments of human labour, I never happened to meet with an instance amongst these people of violent and strenuous exertion. All seems here to be effected by slow and steady perseverance. Though eminently gifted with bodily strength, a Dutchman rarely calls it into full action; and so well does he understand how to profit by the advantages which his flat country affords him in the way of rivers and canals, that he but seldom indeed has even occasion for the exercise of great muscular power.

> "Thus, while around, the wave-subjected soil
> Impels the native to repeated toil;
> Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
> And industry begets a love of gain."—

So said, and truly said, that observant traveller, our favourite poet, Goldsmith; for, with steady

and persevering industry, frugality is certainly another characteristic of this people; and so strongly are both these features marked in the Dutch character, that a very short residence in Holland is sufficient to enable a stranger to determine that these are the prominent features throughout all classes, from the highest to the lowest, in this land of merchants; as also that these are effects from one cause, and which, it has been often said, will discover a Dutchman in any quarter of the globe, viz. the inordinate desire of accumulating wealth. This is evidently a feeling paramount in the Dutchman's mind. It seems as if it were the first feeling inculcated in infancy, and the only one which did not weaken with old age. But eager as is the pursuit of these people after gain, seldom or never does it happen that caution is outrun. In every speculation in which a Dutchman is concerned there must be a certainty of *some* profit. A sure basis must be seen for protection against loss, before any calculation of profit is commenced; and as you hear it in the mouth of the highest merchant, down to the lowest pedlar, this may be called the Dutchman's creed,—"Small gains, and little risk."

But whilst on the subject of the commercial character of this people, let it be remembered, that although it be universally admitted that they

yield to none in the art of making money, yet that, in the estimation of the world, the Dutch merchants yield not to those of any other nation in honest and honourable dealing.

The natural consequence of persevering industry, with the habit of frugality, is, that individual comfort should be generally extended throughout the country; and from my own observation, I feel strongly impressed with the belief that there is less misery, and more individual comfort in Holland, in proportion to the extent of its population, than, I had even almost said, in England, but certainly than in any other country which I have ever visited.

Cleanliness, and an extraordinary love of neatness, is also another characteristic of these people, and is exemplified no less in their personal appearance than in the exterior of their habitations, which, however humble, are generally as bright and gay as white-wash or yellow ochre, and gaudy-coloured paints can make them.

Nor are these attentions to their habitations confined to exterior shew. The inside of every cottage, generally speaking, indicates the most minute attention to nicety and cleanliness; and

the chief delight of the cottage wife is in exhibiting a little room, into which the entrance of almost every particle of dust seems to be prohibited. Here a table and chairs, shining as if through a coat of varnish, are orderly arranged; and generally, in one corner of the room, is a little collection of china, fancifully disposed in a small glass cupboard. In short, this may be called the little *sanctuarium*, which, though kept with all its contents only to be looked at, seems to afford to the Dutch housewife a never-failing source of pride and pleasure. I, however, feel myself obliged to admit, that there are many practices still in vogue in this country amongst the lower and middling classes of society, and even amongst the higher classes, which cannot fail to shock and disgust the English stranger. But, generally speaking, as far as my observation went, all ranks of society throughout Holland shew great attention to personal cleanliness; and in this respect the females of the middle class struck me as being scrupulously nice. They are also very fond of ornaments for the person; but some of these are so extraordinary in appearance, that one might have expected to have met with them amongst the females of Otaheite rather than of civilized Europe.

In some of the provinces, what are called ear-rings, are large gilded protuberances very much resembling twisted rams'-horns. In other parts, and particularly the country about Amsterdam, the favourite ornament is a bandeau of silver gilt, encircling the forehead, with large plates of silver, or silver gilt, at each side of the head over the ear.

The less fortunate *belles*, who cannot afford to decorate with the precious metal, content themselves with imitations in copper and tin. But so much are the silver ornaments coveted by all ranks, that these are frequently found upon females in almost the humblest stations of life, having been handed down to them through several generations, or purchased by themselves with the savings out of their own hard-earned wages; a fact which carries with it a proof of more importance than that these women, like most others, are fond of ornaments. The effect thus produced about the head of the fair damsel is in appearance not very much unlike that of a cuirassier's helmet, excepting that the Dutch beauty is anxious about the display of a great number of little distinct curls, which are carefully arranged over the forehead, and there secured in the most perfect

order by the metal bandeau. Whether or not this be a becoming ornament is a question which I gladly leave to be determined, by the best judges in the world of true taste in the female dress,—our English ladies.

I am now about to observe upon another characteristic of this people, one which is considered to be so strongly marked, that it has become proverbial against the whole nation,—I mean apathy, or a sort of indifference to those pursuits and occurrences in life which occupy and interest the generality of mankind.

I must confess that this common charge seems to me to be much exaggerated, or I found less ground for it than I had expected.

The Hollander is certainly more phlegmatic than his neighbours; but this, in some degree, may be the effect of his more industrious habits and persevering application in the pursuit of gain. His hours of relaxation from the cares of business are therefore fewer, and the tobacco-pipe, being his greatest solace, is generally resorted to. This practice is not favourable to conversation, and the frequent use of tobacco probably does not enliven the imagination; add to which a very dense and humid atmosphere; and to these

causes may perhaps be attributed much of that insensibility and phlegm of character which has been so often, and, as I think, somewhat harshly charged against this people.

Having ventured to express thus much against the commonly-received opinion, and against that of the before-quoted 'observant traveller, our favourite poet, Goldsmith,' who charges the Hollanders with being

"Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm;"

I must go a little further, and say, that I think this is as illiberal as several of the preceding lines are opprobrious and unjust.

A Dutchman, retired to his country residence, and with his pipe in mouth, seated in his little summer-house, surrounded by a green and stagnant ditch, if not a romantic object, is at least one of much tranquil enjoyment; and so thoroughly am I impressed with the complacency and happy state of that Dutchman's mind, (particularly if he closed his books for the day with a favourable entry,) that I do verily believe, if I were asked, into which amongst all the civilized nations of the earth I should go to seek out the most placid and contented mind, Holland would be my country, and this my man.

There is much meaning in an observation of Sir William Temple's, whose long residence in Holland gave him sufficient opportunity for becoming well acquainted with the character of the people, "that a Dutchman is always well when he is not ill, always pleased when he is not angry."

The soil, climate, and occupations of these people are, I do believe, less favourable to the growth and cultivation of the more refined feelings of the mind than in most other countries; but, however, if fancy has never yet, in any of her flights, alighted upon the marshy flats of Holland, nature has endowed the inhabitants. and perhaps more liberally than some of their neighbours, with many of those amiable and useful qualities which contribute essentially to the tranquillity and happiness of society.

With all the peculiar local disadvantages of Holland, the Dutch seem to prefer it to any other country of the world; and though with less enthusiasm of character, they possess, perhaps, as much love of country as the people of any other nation.

Contentment, also, is another prominent feature in the character of Dutchmen, and I know

no country where this valuable quality is more generally manifested than in Holland.

Amongst the lower classes, whenever I spoke to any of them about the depression of trade, none were so desponding but that they could draw consolation from the relative state of their own nation with that of others, and from the hope of better times. Such were the answers of those engaged in commerce, and similar were the answers of the farmers, who, in many districts, were the most suffering part of the community. Amongst the higher ranks I had fewer opportunities for observation, and I am less able to offer even a vague opinion; but here contentment seems to be proverbial, for over almost every *maison de plaisance* of the wealthy is a board, upon which is written some motto, signifying the happiness and contentment of the owner, such as, "Peaceful is my garden,"—"Contentment is my lot,"—and so forth.

Amongst these and other good qualities of the Hollanders, I myself feel strongly disposed, even after my short acquaintance with them, to include mildness and docility of character, notwithstanding that an enraged Dutchman, particularly amongst the lower classes, is proverbially as dangerous as a wild beast.

There is, I think, observable, not only towards strangers, but amongst themselves, an unaffected courtesy and gentleness of manner: but what inclines me more to rank this quality amongst the national characteristics of these people is, that universally throughout the country I observed benevolence extended towards the animal creation, a circumstance to which I own I attach much consequence, feeling as I do, that a person who can wantonly ill-treat "*a dumb animal,*" will be more apt than another person to ill-treat any of his own race when he dare, with impunity.

I was much struck with the kind treatment and careful attention which horses in particular meet with throughout Holland. Whenever I travelled with the same horses over more than the usual distance, the brown loaf of coarse bread for their refreshment was never forgotten, and this was always an additional feeding.

There is also another general practice in most parts of Holland, which shews attention to the comfort of these animals, and this is, the practice of building large sheds on the road side, into which the horses are driven, vehicle and all, when the doors are immediately closed. Here the poor animal is sheltered from the weather

whilst eating its feed of corn, or brown loaf, which is cut up into small pieces; and when this is finished, two opposite folding-doors are thrown open, and the coachman, seated on his box, drives out, and is upon the road again.

Such are the traits which struck me as being most prominent in the national character of these people. I am aware, that observations upon the character of a nation carry with them but little weight, unless coming as results from long experience; and I am, therefore, aware how very slight are my pretensions for entering upon such a subject. Short, however, as was my stay in Holland, yet, being desirous of forming opinions for myself, my attention was minutely directed to the country and to the people, and therefore in offering these "Observations," which I do with all proper deference, I must at the same time say, that I offer them with the confidence of self-conviction.

And now to proceed with my intention of remarking upon some of the peculiar customs of this country, many of which are curious and characteristic of the people, though partaking, as it may be considered, rather too much of the Dutch taste to please our fancy.

One of these, perhaps more convenient than sentimental, is the mode adopted in most of the towns of Holland for advertising deaths. I had often observed men parading through the streets in a black gown, with long streamers of black crape flying behind, and with a three-cornered hat, to which is attached another long pendant piece of crape; and seeing these personages knock at different houses as they passed along, I was induced to enquire into their profession, and the nature of their employment. To my surprize, I was informed that, instead of being members of some college, as I had supposed, from their academical looking costume, they were public officers, called Aanspreckers, whose duty it is to go about to the different houses of the relations and friends of the deceased, for the purpose of communicating the melancholy tidings of his death. There was, to me, I must admit, (however little creditable such an admission may be,) something ludicrous in the contrast between the two figures at the first opening of the door. The actor in this melancholy scene goes through his sad part with an air more obsequious than solemn; and, bending forward with his hat in one hand, and a list of his daily round in the other, in an acquired voice of sorrow and condolence, he announces the painful subject of his visit. The part of the

other actor in this scene is, in general, perhaps, less artificially performed; but the various modes of expressing surprize and consternation at the very sight of this unwelcome visitor, although naturally expressed, and arising from an affecting cause, are, nevertheless, to a stranger looking on, and prepared for the effect of the shock about to be communicated, much less affecting than the occasion might seem calculated to inspire.

In cases of births, the pendent crape and black streamers are, as I was informed, exchanged for a long white neck-kerchief, reaching down to the middle, and a pair of white gloves is substituted for black.

In their funerals I saw no instances of ostentation; and, as I could learn, pomp in the ceremony of conducting to the grave is not the practice of the country; but, that respect is shewn to the rank of the deceased, according to the time of day at which the funeral takes place, and which regulates the price. Every funeral procession passing through the streets of a town, is subjected to a certain tax or toll, which, early in the day, is very trifling, but as the day advances, the price increases, and in the evening and towards night rises to a considerable sum. On this subject, however, I only write after the

information which I received, and whether this practice extend over all the towns of Holland; or whether this is a law which is strictly enforced, I am unable to say; though I have no reason to doubt that such is the law, and that it is in force throughout the country. I saw several funerals, but these were all in the day-time, and conducted without pomp; the coffin being exposed in an open hearse, similar to the practice in France.

There is a custom in many of the towns of Holland, when any individual of a family is ill, which, to a stranger, appears rather singular, but which has something like convenience to recommend it. This is the practice of hanging out upon the front door of the house a daily bulletin of the health of the invalid; and if it be a case of *accouchement*, a board, tastefully ornamented with a fringe of lace or plaited linen, describes the state of health of mamma and the little one.

The ceremony of a Dutch marriage I had not an opportunity of witnessing, and as this varies very much in different parts of Holland, I shall not therefore go into any hearsay description upon the subject, but merely remark that from all accounts, marriages are here, as in

other countries, occasions for much rejoicing amongst the friends and acquaintances of the bride and bridegroom, and that, amongst the lower classes, the scenes of merriment are still the same as represented in the pictures of the old Dutch artists.

There is also a custom on these occasions which is observed by all classes from the highest to the lowest, and which seems to be similar with the old custom still existing in the northern parts of England, viz. that every bidden friend is expected to contribute something to the wedding feast.

Of those extraordinary establishments called the spiel-houses, which are licensed by the government, and are so numerous in all the principal Dutch towns, I have already made some mention; and as the subject is little pleasing, I shall here pass it over without further observation, only remarking that it excited in me some surprize to hear these establishments spoken of as places of public resort for the better sort of tradespeople with their wives and daughters, as well as for thieves, vagabonds, and prostitutes.

This may be considered as another specimen of Dutch taste, or may be justified upon the

principle which induced the ancient Romans to exhibit their slaves in a state of intoxication to their youths. But without approving of any such mode of education, I will however most unreservedly declare, that as far as I had opportunity of forming an opinion, the females of this country seemed to me to preserve in a very high degree that decorum in their manners of which an Englishman so proudly and so justly boasts as the peculiar characteristic of his countrywomen.

I can truly say, that in passing through this country, I do not recollect to have met with one instance of the want of due decorum, which would make me think more lightly of the female character in Holland than in England.

There are, however, many fashions prevalent amongst the Dutch females of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, which would be intolerable if adopted by our English females.

Amongst other practices, I allude particularly to that of keeping up the animal heat by the introduction under the petticoats of either the little box filled with hot charcoal embers, or the small pot of burning turf, according to the rank in life. It seems that no lady ever thinks of

moving during cold or damp weather, without this accompaniment, called the *chauffe-pied.* If she be walking, it is carried behind her by her servant; but as soon as she is seated, this little article resumes its usual situation, and the process of warming and smoking again goes on. I once took the liberty of rallying a Dutch lady on this practice, but she answered, that custom had sanctioned it, and that in point of fact it was extremely comfortable.

The mode of warming a bed in some parts of the country is also rather peculiar, and struck me as being not a little uncouth. A large basket, containing a pan of burning turf, is thrust between the sheets, and thus the bed is aired and fumigated, or smoked. A similar practice, however, I have heard is adopted in some of the marshy districts of Italy, it being there considered as conducive to health.

During my sojourn in Holland, the weather for the greater part of the time was so extremely damp, that dry sheets were luxuries seldom to be met with without this process, so that I readily overlooked the trifling inconvenience of smoke. The same machine is also used for the purpose of airing linen, which is hung over and round the basket.

The general practice of warming the houses is by means of the stove usually dignified with the name of its inventors. The consequence is, that the atmosphere of the Dutch rooms is generally unpleasantly close. There is, however, a good notion of comfort about a Dutch house, to which the habitual neatness and cleanliness of the inhabitants much contribute.

In the interior fitting-up, particularly in the great commercial towns, I was much surprized at seeing the profusion of beautiful Italian marble, used sometimes for the commonest purposes. Nor is this apparent extravagance confined to the splendid mansions of the wealthy merchants, for frequently I found the same sort of material forming the floor of the rooms and passages of the very inferior description of houses.

It is highly probable that this costly material was brought over by the Dutch ships, chiefly for the purpose of ballast, when Holland, in the zenith of her glory, nearly monopolized the trade of Venice.

Whilst upon the subject of the houses, I should not omit to notice, in most of the Dutch towns, certain curious little appendages to the front windows, for these struck me as being rather cha-

racteristic of that tranquil sort of enjoyment in which the Hollanders seem so peculiarly to delight. These are two little mirrors, so fixed on each side of the window, as to reflect every passing object; and here the Dutchman, with his pipe in mouth, sits and gazes away his hour of relaxation from the cares of business, or the housewife, here seated with her needle-work, varies the monotony of her employment by every now and then casting a glance upon the silent figures passing and repassing close beside her elbow.

With respect to the exterior appearance of Dutchmen, I should say that they are rather below the usual standard height in England, and, in general, of thicker make. As to the personal appearance of the females, I will venture to say but little; for, if grace of figure there be any, it is effectually concealed under cumbrous and mis-shapen petticoats, which give an unusual appearance of rotundity to the female form.

Upon the question, however, of the female beauty of a whole nation, it perhaps hardly becomes any one to offer an opinion, much less one so young and inexperienced as myself; but yet if I were to venture upon so delicate a subject, I incline to think that I should agree with

the celebrated female writer who said, that she could never find any thing to admire in "the fat white fishy flesh of Holland."

But as I do not wish, after the fashion of many travellers, that my last observation on quitting Holland should savour of ill-nature, I will conclude with saying, that I universally found throughout this country great courtesy and kindness; and although I can laugh at the farewell sentences of many celebrated writers, such as that of the cynic of Ferney,—

> "Adieu! bâteaux, batards, bétail;
> Adieu! canaux, canards, canaille!"

or that of our surly countryman, Smollett,—

> "Amphibious wretches! sudden be your fall,
> May man un-dam you, and G—d d—n you all!"

and such like; yet I have seen enough to make me look upon all this as harsh and unmeaning censure, applying, but for the pun, as well to one country and people as to another.

Travelling in Holland will be found to be, on the whole, dear to those whose time and patience will not permit them to adopt the cheap and slow conveyance of the trekschuyt.

The charges at the inns are in general high, and the expence of horses, with the heavy tolls at the turnpike-gates, render the price of posting here perhaps higher than the present price in England. The traveller will, however, throughout Holland, or at least as far as my experience enables me to say, meet with civil and attentive treatment, excellent provisions, and the beds, if not generally so dry as an Englishman likes them, will always have the great recommendation of being clean.

ENTRANCE INTO GERMANY.

Sunday, Sept. 23. Left Nimeguen at four o'clock this morning by the diligence, for Cleves.

To the traveller coming out of Holland the change in the appearance of the country is here very remarkable. Our heavy vehicle, or post-waggon, misnamed the diligence, continued for a long time slowly mounting the high range of land already mentioned; and, at last, having reached what may be called the top of this natural barrier between the two kingdoms, instead of the flat and fertile meadows of Holland, are seen the monotonous and sandy plains of Germany.

Large forests here and there help to break the dull uniformity of the scene, but the view is very extensive over a wretched-looking country, indicating the barrenness of the soil no less by the appearance of the country itself, than by the poverty and misery of its inhabitants. For every forlorn and comfortless habitation which here

meets the eye, in Holland might be seen a snug and cheerful village. Here every thing around declares a change of country; and as, walking behind our slowly-moving vehicle, I surveyed the enormous and useless width of road, and watched the clumsy wheels ploughing through the deep sandy tracks, trifling as these circumstances may appear, yet to me they seemed to mark no less the change of people than of country.

At nine o'clock we reached, through a wide avenue of lofty oaks, the suburbs of the ancient town of Cleves. Here, opposite to the post-house of the messagerie royale, our vehicle stopped, and I was not sorry to be released from this ponderous machine.

Cleves, the ancient capital of the duchy, stands upon a declivity, in the midst of an extensive plain, through which the Rhine pursues its course, half a league distant from the town. The streets are irregular and ill-formed, and, as far as I could discover, possess no buildings worthy of remark. Upon the summit of a steep hill, rising in the midst of the town, stands an ancient castle, from the terrace of which is a fine and extensive prospect. The steep sides of this hill are tastefully laid out in groves and gardens, for the benefit of the towns-people.

After surveying this extensive prospect from the castle terrace, and musing for a short time over the town which was the birth-place of an unhappy queen of England, I found little further to interest me in Cleves; and, therefore, changing my determination of remaining here for the day, I hastened back to the post-house to prepare for my departure by the first conveyance.

On enquiry I found that a diligence would set out from thence at twelve o'clock for Cologne. I had, therefore, about half an hour to spare for breaking my fast with a *déjeùner à la fouchette.* Being quite prepared for this meal, a sort of convenient substitute for breakfast and dinner, I adjourned to a neighbouring auberge, and a piece of bouilli, (in English, boiled beef, or beef boiled to rags,) with a loaf of black bread, were soon spread upon the board.

Behold me now seated at the table, not nice, but eager, and satisfied to see before me wherewithal to pacify a craving appetite; then may be fancied my state of vexation and disappointment at seeing my food about to be carried away, or defiled, by a nasty and ignoble race of enemies. These were nothing more than flies; and it may seem fastidious in a traveller to mention such a

circumstance as a special grievance. The reader therefore should be apprized, that I complain not of flies such as are seen in England, nor of what in England are called swarms, but of large black German flies, and of swarms such as are found in Germany. Seeing every part of the kitchen thickly covered, and the room for the reception of travellers absolutely black with these horrid insects, I petitioned my hostess for some chamber wherein I might have a chance of eating my meal in peace. In compliance with this request, the cloth was removed to a chamber apparently but seldom visited, though a bed in one corner denoted it to be occasionally used as a sleeping-room. The bed, one old chair, and a small deal table, were the only articles of furniture, and the air of desolation which filled this apartment was now to me its chief recommendation.

Here, at least, I hoped to escape from the ravenous and pursuing crew; and to ensure a safe retreat, no sooner was my humble fare served up, than I hastened to shut the door and window, hoping thus to cut off all communication from without. But, unluckily, the door and window when shut were far from being closed, and before I had taken many mouthfulls, these loathsome insects were crawling in swarms over

my plate and dish, in all the filthiness and infirmity of old age. The smell of prey soon multiplied these carnivorous swarms to myriads, and being as yet only filled with disgust and vexation, I snatched up a handful of bread and meat, and yielding the remainder to my insatiate enemies, I rushed out to finish my breakfast in the open air.

Happiness, in the common acceptation, is only a term of comparison with reference to some state of misery. I was now, therefore, happy, and I felt thankful.

At twelve o'clock our five cart-horses were yoked to, and in a few seconds afterwards our postilion, (in the uniform of his Prussian monarch, bearing the royal eagle, and that necessary appendage the bugle-horn slung round his shoulder,) scrambled upon his saddle, and with much adroitness succeeded in dragging after him his pair of monstrous boots. The usual cracking with the whip now proclaimed that all was ready, and the machine moved forward.

A slight survey around was sufficient to discover that my *compagnons de voyage* were not of the choicest sort, and the day being insufferably hot, my prospects in this part of the journey

were far from agreeable. Commodiously large as these vehicles are built, yet we were all very closely packed, and the best places being taken according to the order in which the persons apply, the last applicant has consequently the worst choice, which was now my lot. Unluckily, also, the covered seat in front, called the cabriolet, was occupied, and I was therefore obliged to content myself with the space left for the eighth inside passenger, and to comfort myself with the hope, that when the chill of night should set in, my fellow-traveller in the cabriolet might be glad to exchange places with me.

Of all our party, one man only could understand or answer me in French, and he being better calculated to amuse the rest of the company than me, I was left to my own meditations in the midst of the high and low jargon of the two countries; and so closely was I packed between two Dutch squabs, (either of whom on a cold day might have made one hot to look upon,) that the effect, in the present sultry state of the weather, kept me in continual remembrance of what I had once suffered between two featherbeds in Holland. In this situation, my meditations through the remainder of the day were so varied, so broken, and so much about myself, that even if it were possible to recollect and to

arrange them, I can hardly flatter myself that they would be acceptable to any one.

As to the face of the country, from what I could see of it, nature has been more bountiful in the wild beauties of barren heaths and extensive forests, than in beauties of the milder sort. The principal towns through which we passed on this line of road were Guelders, Creveld, and Neuss.

My comrade in the cabriolet, as I had calculated, found his birth becoming less agreeable with the decline of day, and towards dusk an exchange of places was effected, to the satisfaction of both parties. There is, however, one inconvenience to which the traveller in this part of the vehicle is subjected; and, speaking from my own feelings, this is an inconvenience which only habit and a choice of disagreeables can render tolerable. I allude to the close companionship which must unavoidably exist in the cabriolet between the traveller and that important appendage to the machinery of the diligence, the *conducteur*. This is a personage often as little agreeable in manners as nice or prepossessing in appearance, but he not only takes his place alongside the traveller in this part of the vehicle, but

quite as a matter of course he takes his seat beside you at breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Holding it to be the duty of every traveller to accommodate himself to the customs and manners (as far as he morally may and ought) of the people amongst whom he has intruded himself, I now endeavoured to console myself under many annoyances, by the reflection that these being incurred by my own voluntary act, it became me to bear with them patiently. These wise reflections, however, appear to convey so little immediate relief, that practically the beneficial results, if any, are not always perceptible. Such partly was the real state of the case in my present situation.

My companion in the leathern conveniency being very much addicted to the smoke of tobacco, had no notion that it could be otherwise than agreeable to me, and he therefore passed it on into my face in abundant and never-ceasing whiffs. Initiated as I had lately been in the art of inhaling in large quantities these stupefying fumes without any very unpleasant consequences, I was for a long time smoke-proof even in this close conflict, but at last I became enveloped in a cloud so dense and pungent in its nature, that

tears started in my eyes, and giddiness, with other symptoms of intoxication, began to manifest themselves. The power of reflection, however, had not quite deserted me, and I meditated what was to be done in this dilemma. Many, thought I, would have said, 'Friend, smoke no more; this is a nasty practice, and to me most disagreeable:' but then it occurred to me, that had I been born and bred in Germany, I should have said no such thing; and that having voluntarily placed myself in this situation, I ought to submit to the inconveniences attending it, and to consider myself to all intents and purposes a native. So I said nothing, thereby at least in one essential point, resembling a true German.

Relief, however, came at last with night, for at a little village (the name of which, my ear, not yet sufficiently germanized, was unable to catch,) where we stopped to change horses, it was signified to me that here we also stopped "*trois quarts d'heure pour souper.*" This meal, according to the custom of the country, was a second dinner, consisting of a variety of dishes to suit all tastes. But for myself, I was better pleased with the smiling face of the good-humoured and active German lass who waited at the table, than with these various specimens of German cookery. Her long dark hair thrown back from her broad

forehead, and fastened up with a fanciful device in one large smooth fold behind, displayed the broad German countenance, which, if not beautiful, is often strongly marked by those two interesting and important features in female beauty, simplicity, and good-nature. Here was nothing of the pert forwardness of a French waiting girl, but unobtrusive readiness; and as I looked upon this open countenance of mildness and good-humour in the midst of all the clamour of hungry travellers, I could not help thinking, that had it been the lot of this poor girl to occupy a higher rank in life, how much might her personal appearance, now unobserved, have been noticed and admired.

Hearing some neighbouring sounds of mirth and music, I enquired the cause, and learnt that some of the peasantry were celebrating a village *fête* in an adjoining room, and I soon afterwards discovered, that our young female attendant was anxiously looking forward to the time when the duties of her office would permit her to join the merry meeting.

I so far entered into the same feeling, that having quickly satisfied my appetite at the supper table, I hastened to gratify my curiosity in the scene of merriment.

If I were to dwell on the subject of this village-dance so long as it might please my fancy, I doubt not it would become tiresome to the reader. But, notwithstanding the risk, which I know is great, of proving tedious, yet, as I proposed at setting out, to notice such incidents as interested me on the road, I cannot let this, which was to me a very pleasing incident, pass without remark.

At the upper part of the room sat three itinerant musicians playing upon a violin, a violoncello, and a guitar. The whole party appeared to be composed of peasantry, or persons in that situation of life. The young men were all dressed in their best suits, and, in their tight little jackets, blue stockings, and coloured garters, shewed many dapper, and not ungraceful figures. But with the dresses and appearance of the young Paysannes I was much interested. To the account of novelty, no doubt, may be attributed a great portion of my admiration on the present occasion; and now, when I am in my sober senses, I do believe that there may not have been sufficient in reality to have fairly warranted all the Arcadian notions which were then presented to my imagination. But, however, as my original notes are made, so let them stand; they

explain my real feelings at the time, and these it is my object to convey.

The dresses of these young lasses were so varied, according to the fancy of the wearer, that I will not here attempt any thing beyond this general description—that the exterior garment of most was of lily whiteness, bordered with fancy colours, with a boddice of party-coloured works. The mode of dressing the hair also presented many appropriate and pleasing specimens of fanciful arrangement, being generally thrown back from the forehead and gathered into one large smooth fold, hanging partly down the neck, — a fashion which seems to be generally adopted in this part of the country.

Thus arranged, the hair is then turned up and tastefully fastened on the top of the head, and generally, I observed, just behind this top-knot was fixed, with some fanciful device, a small round piece of lace or worked muslin.

The dance was that in universal favour throughout Germany, the waltz; and not the least remarkable and pleasing part of this exhibition was the perfect decorum and propriety of manner observed by all parties.

The young peasant bowed as he held out his proffered hand to his rustic partner; he then encircled his arm around her waist, and she slightly inclining her head towards his shoulder, rested on this support, and thus they spun round together in the whirling dance. After making a few circuits, he then handed her to a seat, and again bowing, placed himself beside her, or led out another fair one to the giddy round. No instance could I observe of the slightest attempt at an improper liberty, nor could I discover one look or action indicating an immodest thought.

On expressing my surprize at this propriety of manner, I was told that so habitual is its observance, even amongst the lowest class of people, on these occasions, that no one ever thinks of committing the slightest breach of decorum; and that any offender against the rules of propriety would instantly be expelled from further participation in the evening's amusement.

The countenances of many of these young German girls, if not beautiful, were animated, expressive, and interesting. But there was one *brunette* with bright black eyes, who was certainly the queen of beauty here; and, without paying a bad compliment to our English ladies, might perhaps have had fair claim to the same title if

transferred, even in her present fancy dress, to the more splendid rooms of Almacks. Her countenance was mild, and expressive of reserve and shyness, but her deep hazel eye seemed to be brightened into more than usual brilliancy by the vivacity of the dance.

The small round piece of lace, the substitute for the cap, was elegantly fixed with a gilded dart to her dark-brown hair, and as hanging on her partner's arm she whirled in the dizzy round, I gazed upon this figure of rustic beauty, simplicity, and innocence, until I thought I saw realized before me——but I guess it will be thought that my imagination was now some little bewildered,—perhaps such was the fact; and upon this part of the subject, therefore, I had better say no more.

There was one circumstance which struck me as a peculiarly pleasing trait in the character of the scene before me.

Among these young and buxom lasses in the dance were several females so very matronly in appearance, that, in most other countries, and especially in ours, it would have been said, their prime of life and dancing days had long gone by, and that the poor old women had forgotten

this unlucky circumstance; but here they found youthful partners, and apparently received all the same attentions as the fairest female rustic in the room.

Whether or not it be quite in character with old age to join in the fantastic dance, I offer no opinion; but it must be admitted, that the feelings which can prevail upon a young peasant to lead out an ancient sybil to the softly-gliding and voluptuous waltz, whilst a fair young damsel is sitting by her side, are, at least, in principle, pleasing and very praise-worthy; for the sole object, one would think, must be to show respect, and contribute to the few amusements of old age.

But among the dancers there were no old men. These were disposed of at the lower end of the room, and over their *choppins* they seemed well contented to be quiet spectators of the merry scene.

The appearance of a stranger and a foreigner excited a little temporary commotion in this humble party, but nothing like impertinent observation or vulgar curiosity was manifested. My host, seeing me much interested with the scene before me, had, as it seemed, whispered about the room that the

young stranger would probably, if invited, lead out some fair one to the dance; at least so I guessed, for when my host came up to signify to me how much pleasure and honor I should confer upon the whole party if I would condescend to select a partner for the waltz, I observed every eye directed towards me, as if eager to recognize some token of compliance. Dancing was never one of my favorite amusements. The crowded and heated ball-room, where every thing bespeaks formal preparation, studied effect, nature in disguise, and ill-disguised art, never had charms for me, and seldom can I recollect to have felt any inclination to be other than a looker-on.

But here the case was different. Here was the pretty artless rustic standing near me,—her bright expressive eyes looking ready to receive my answer, and declaring all her hopes and wishes. The invitation which this look of unaffected simplicity conveyed, cost me a wish and a regret; I would have accepted the invitation, but I dared not. Our language could only have been the language of the eyes, and that was dangerous; and the consciousness of my own inferiority to all the present company in the graceful movements of the waltz, filled me with apprehensions. I declined, for the first time in my life,

I believe, with any feeling of regret. I, however, requested that I might be permitted to continue in the character of spectator, and I desired my interpreter to explain to the party, that the English stranger would gladly have accepted the invitation to join in their national dance, could he have hoped to execute it with a due portion of that grace and elegance which universally characterized it throughout Germany.

Smiles and whispers informed me that my polite answer was circulating about the room, and I continued in the quiet character of spectator for some short time longer, until it was at length announced by the appearance of my companion of the cabriolet, (though not until after a considerable extension of the original "*trois quarts d'heure*") that all was again in readiness. Many nods and tokens of farewell, not without some smiles, were now passed and repassed about the room, and in a few minutes more I was again seated cheek by jowl with my greasy, tobacco-smoked companion, in the aforesaid leathern conveniency.

I now considered myself disposed of for the night, with so many hours before me for sleep

or meditation, and with little prospect of being disturbed in either, for my companion, as uninclined to be communicative as he was unable, had already resumed his tobacco-pipe; and if not likely to verify the old Latin adage, *Comes jucundus in viâ pro vehiculo est;* or as the old English proverb goes, "Good company upon the road is the shortest cut," was at least likely enough to prove a very peaceable companion.

The night was mild and beautiful, and the surrounding country, although not presenting any picturesque scenery, yet spread before the view over a wide extent of space, shewing many towns, villages, and forests, and occasionally the course of the full-flowing and majestic Rhine, is not altogether an uninteresting flat. The bright full moon, "shedding soft influence" over this wide expanse of country, and the dead silence of "the witching time," interrupted only by the monotonous rumbling of our slow and heavy vehicle, or by the occasionally ungovernable and snorting notes from our postboy's bugle, or from the nasal organs of my snoozing comrade at my side, rendered this altogether somewhat of a contemplative scene, which helped "to wile the tedious hours of night away," until, "deep in meditation wrapped," and watch-

ing "; the grey dawn and the Pleiades," I—I fell asleep!

Monday, Sept. 24. It was broad day when the tinkling sound of my neighbour's little pocket flint and steel brought me back again into a state of consciousness of life's realities, and gave me notice of the one in preparation.

The white and thickly curling smoke which now began to fill our small leathern inclosure, induced me to seek some more agreeable situation; and not thinking it necessary to consult the convenience of a comrade who so little consulted mine, without any ceremony I threw back our heavy covering in front, and standing up, I enjoyed the great blessings of the fresh morning air, and the sight of a brilliant sun-spreading its cheering rays over an extent of country open to an unbroken horizon, or bounded by far distant and widely stretching forests. Here and there are now caught more frequent glimpses of the approaching Rhine; and far over the wide plain through which this noble river sweeps its course, is seen the town of Neuss. But many a long mile the traveller is dragged before this distant object seems to approach much nearer to his view, and before he reaches it, expectation will probably, as it did with me, quite

weary him: so far are the travellers' wishes in Germany apt to outrun his vehicle.

We stopped only to change horses at Neuss, and the time being barely sufficient to allow me to take a cup of coffee, I have nothing more to say about this town than can be learnt on passing through it.

It seems to consist of a great collection of old houses, and as if it had been once of more importance than at the present day. It is built on a river, navigable by small craft, called the Erfft, which, at a short distance below the town, falls into the Rhine.

Almost opposite to Neuss on the other bank of the Rhine, is the beautifully situated town of Dusseldorff. Before the treaty of Luneville in 1801, this was considered to be one of the strong towns of the Rhine, but the castle and fortifications were then destroyed by the French; and now, instead of a turreted castle, an elegant church spire, being the most prominent object, first attracts the eye; and the whole, instead of a fortified town, presents the appearance of a quiet and pleasant village.

The face of the country, during the remainder of my route to Cologne, presents so much simi-

larity of appearance with that already described, as to need no further description; therefore, reader, to save your patience and my trouble, suppose me passing under the dark and heavy portals of the ancient and fortified town of Cologne, and after rattling through the dark mazy streets, which seemed to have no end, be thankful, as I was, for being at last released from a German diligence.

After the many musing hours lately passed, I was little prepared for the change of scene which was now presented.

Oh ye! whose lot it has ever been to be turned out of a Margate-hoy upon Billingsgate-stairs, imagine me now turning out of my leathern dormitory into the streets of Cologne, going I knew not whither, and assailed by a crowd of harpies, all fighting for their prey, and uttering sounds to me as unintelligible as strange. Patient submission, to the strongest of these invaders upon my liberty and property, seemed to me my safest course, and keeping as closely as I was able to my portmanteau and effects, I stood a silent spectator until all these were singled out and seized by a hardy ruffian-like fellow, who told me that he would conduct me to the best accommodation in Cologne. He then led the

way, and I followed for at least half an hour, when we stopped at the Hotel du Saint Esprit, situated on the bank of the Rhine, and for a one-franc pièce I now purchased the title of *un grand seigneur*.

After a hasty alteration in my dress, I found that it was four o'clock, and that an hour had already passed away since my arrival within the walls of Cologne. To make the most, therefore, of the time which remained, as I intended to set off early the next morning for Aix-la-Chapelle, I now requested the attendance of that useful personage called "le commissionaire." This to an English ear is a high-sounding title, and may be apt to convey a more lofty notion of rank than the duties of the office warrant. What these duties are it is rather difficult to define; but they certainly embrace all those of valet de chambre, valet de place, laquais, and errand-boy. In short, "le commissionaire" is always in attendance, always ready to make himself useful, always the humble servant of his employer, and generally a great rogue. But in the character of valet de place he now appeared before me. It is well known that there are tricks in most trades, and as this is a trade embracing many callings, so does it include many tricks. However, I was now not quite a novice in the tricks

practised upon travellers on the continent; and in giving this obsequious attendant to understand that I engaged his services as a guide about the town, I also gave him to understand that, as I should quit Cologne early to-morrow morning, it would be unnecessary for him to reserve the best sights for a future day, and that accordingly as I was pleased so he would be remunerated.

In reply, he admitted the candour of this explanation, but that the time allotted was too short to enable him to do his duty to his satisfaction. He, however, congratulated me on my good luck in meeting with him, as there was not an object of interest in this town with which he was not acquainted, nor one ancient inscription within its walls which he could not repeat by heart. These preliminaries closed, I set out upon my survey.

The appearance of Cologne, viewed from without its fortifications, is that of an immense crowd of houses encircled by a high and massy wall, within which rise towers and steeples innumerable. From hence the whole is a striking and imposing object; and the broad majestic Rhine, sweeping beneath the dark stone wall, imparts to this once "Holy City" a character of

romantic interest. But viewed from the interior, its grandeur and nearly all its interest disappears. The houses are lofty, mishapen, and dirty; the streets are long, gloomy, irregular, and dirty; and as to the inhabitants, they seem as dirty as the town they live in.

Proceeding through such a maze of narrow streets as would baffle the closest observation of the stranger, and render it no easy matter for him to retrace his steps without the assistance of a guide, we came at last into the area where stands the cathedral, a noble and imposing Gothic structure, but surrounded with the clumsy buildings of the after, or, as it is termed, the more enlightened age.

The interior of this cathedral is not less imposing than the exterior. That "heavenly pensive contemplation" which the Gothic style of architecture is so well calculated to inspire, and which has so strong a tendency to fill the mind with solemn and religious sentiments, is here powerfully incited by the long and gloomy aisles; and the softly mild and melancholy light admitted through the richly painted windows, throws over the lofty arches and numerous gigantic columns of this holy edifice a solemnity so deep and so impressive, that the beholder

gazes, around him until he almost fancies the period of his existence transferred back to the dark monastic age.

I next visited the church of Saint Peter. The interior of this church is also striking, for although it does not possess the stern solemnity of true Gothic architecture, yet it derives much interest from the stamp of antiquity observable throughout. Perhaps one of the principal causes of the celebrity of this church in the present day, is the possession of an altar-piece representing "The Crucifixion of Saint Peter," by Rubens. But noble as is the whole of this composition, it struck me as being inferior both in design and colouring to any of his altar-pieces which I had seen, and I incline to think that this must be one of the great artist's early productions. Rubens is said to have been christened in this church, and it seems to me not improbable that this picture was in consequence one of his earliest presents after his name had attained celebrity.

I next proceeded to the church formerly belonging to the Jesuits. This is worth visiting, if it be only for the beauty and richness of the interior decorations. In short, the stranger should recollect that Cologne was once "the holy city," and that as the numerous

churches were then its chief pride and boast, so they are now its principal objects of interest.

My guide, of course, thought it his duty to introduce me to the ancient convent of the ladies of St. Ursula, rendered so famous by the devotion of that saint, and her eleven thousand virgins, whose skulls are there still carefully preserved. These, some hundreds of years ago, when set upon the shoulders of their fair owners, might have been a goodly sight; but now, however fantastically arranged, I felt so little interest in these remnants of a barbarous superstition, that I declined an introduction to them. But enough of churches and old bones. I now only desired to see as much of the town as I could, and I therefore wandered through its mazy streets as long as there was light. Nevertheless I discovered in this walk so little to repay me for my trouble, that I am here not inclined to impose further trouble upon the reader. Recollecting that I had not yet dined, I requested my guide to conduct me by the shortest way to the inn, with the blaspheming sign.

N. B. Mine host of the Saint Esprit proved to be the most arrant and unblushing cheat that I had yet met with on the continent.

Tuesday, Sept. 25. At six o'clock I was rattling through the gloomy and now deserted

streets of Cologne on my way to Aix-la-Chapelle; and after passing under many dark and massy gateways, over which hung the ponderous and threatening portcullis, I beheld, before me the more pleasing sight of cheerful morning breaking over a vast expanse of fertile country, whilst the mists of night seemed yet to overhang the high and distant hills in the horizon.

For some miles round Cologne the country presents rather the appearance of a large kitchen-garden than of farming land; and the strong luxuriancy of the cabbages and various other vegetables here cultivated, indicates a better soil than I had yet noticed since quitting Holland.

About half a league from the city, close by the road side, is a spot which I cannot here pass by without remark. It is the Père la Chaise of Cologne, comprising several acres within an enclosure, shaded by various sorts of funereal trees and shrubs; and the spots where lie the mortal remains of the departed, are marked out by crosses and other symbols and devices of catholic worship.

This mode of disposing of the dead, I must confess, always appeared to me, to say the least

of it, more pleasing to the fancy than the practice with us of entombing the dead beneath the feet of the living in crowded cities. The space set apart by the road side, open to the free winds from heaven, and shaded with the dark and melancholy cypress tree, the weeping willow, the laurel, myrtle, and other evergreens, is a *memento mori* to the passing traveller; and instead of exciting in his mind horror and disgust, is calculated to inspire feelings congenial with those reflections, which are naturally suggested in the contemplation of that awful change which awaits him, and of which he is here reminded.

Such, at least, is my feeling on the subject, and, with the minstrel of the North, say I,

" Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeons of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave,
And many an ev'ning sun shine sweetly on my grave."

About two o'clock we entered the strongly fortified town of Juilliers, formerly the capital of the duchy of the same name.

As it was here necessary that our horses should take a full hour's rest, I had some time at my disposal after dinner, for walking round the town and fortifications. These were once considered almost impregnable; but although this is a term perhaps, in the present state of the science of war, scarcely applicable to any fortress fortified by art only, yet, these broad and numerous ditches, these high mounds and masked batteries might still prove formidable impediments in the way of an invading army. This fortress now belongs to Prussia, and is garrisoned by Prussian troops.

Between three and four o'clock, I was once more seated in my carriage, and after passing all the gloomy contrivances of war, I found myself again in the open and proverbially fertile country of the duchy of Juilliers.

The same rich and champagne country continues to Aix-la-Chapelle, but becomes more wooded and picturesque as the traveller advances; and at last, after gaining the summit of a long and tedious ascent, he looks down upon a beautiful and fertile country, enclosed as if in a bowl, formed by high surrounding hills; and at the bottom of this natural basin, his eye first

rests upon the domes and spires of the old imperial city.

By the time of our arrival the gates were shut, and the darkness of night had obscured all distant view. But the entrance was striking, and the lamps fixed upon the iron gates, which extend across the spacious road, threw around light sufficient to give a very handsome effect, and to favor first impressions.

My carriage stopped, and presently the door opening, in popped the head of a grim looking, mustachoed militaire, who, according to usual form, but in no friendly greeting voice, demanded, 'votre passeport,' 'votre qualité,' 'quel âge avez vous,' 'd'où venez vous,' 'où allez vous,' 'où logez vous:' all which impertinent questions being satisfactorily answered, the gates were thrown open, and I was presently set down 'au dragon d'or.'

Wednesday Sept. 26. The whole of this day was devoted to the inspection of this ancient city, so full of antiquated buildings and sacred relics.

As to the city itself, it has no particular claim to notice, either in respect of size, or general ap-

pearance; and probably the interest which it excites in the stranger, is more attributable to historical recollections, and to the fact that it was the birth-place and favourite residence of the great conqueror, and first emperor of Germany, who here closed his earthly career, and whose mortal remains are here deposited. There is also a certain gloomy air throughout this city, which tends rather to heighten its interest to the stranger, perhaps, by rendering his mind more susceptible of those impressions, which the sight of places memorable in history is calculated to excite.

From the appearance of the fortifications, now far gone into decay, it is evident that this was once a place of great strength, and from the many vestiges of Roman castles which still remain, it was probably a strong-hold even in the time of the early conquerors of the world. Its history, however, I leave to the research of those who desire such information. It is for me only to attempt to convey some idea of the present state of things, and to notice those objects which struck me as worthy of remark.

The hôtel de ville, which is one of the most striking buildings of this city, is an ancient edifice, facing the market-place, or as it is called, *la Grande Place*. But how to convey any idea of

this antique structure, I really know not; for with its large slated roof, its minarets and towers, it comprises so many styles of architecture as scarcely to be reducible to any. The whole, however, presents a venerable appearance, and derives some interest from the recollection that this was the palace, or, more probably, the scite of the palace, wherein Charlemagne was born, and in which he chiefly resided; and that this very building contains the room in which so many German sovereigns have been crowned, and in which the peace of Europe was confirmed after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748.

In the front of this building is a large bronze basin and fountain, with a figure of Charlemagne in armour, between two black eagles, all of the same metal.

The cathedral is a venerable specimen of the early Saxon architecture, said to have been built by Charlemagne, and consecrated by Pope Leo III. in 804. The original structure, however, bears so many evident marks of comparatively modern workmanship, that probably a small portion of the great founder's work is left. Under the dome in the centre of the church, are preserved the ashes of this renowned monarch, who died at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 814. The spot

is marked by this simple inscription on the pavement, 'Carolo Magno.'

Among the numerous relics which this church contains, and which for a trifling gratuity are shown to the curious stranger, are the scull and arm-bones of Charlemagne. Although we all know that these are in appearance very like the bones of the most ignoble of the human race who ever trod the earth, yet, in the contemplation of any thing which once appertained to greatness, whether good or bad, we are all more or less acquainted with certain feelings which make us regard these objects with attentive interest, and, on such occasions, credulity is apt to be strained. But in this rich treasury of relics, all of which are here preserved with the most holy care, the demands on our credulity are unusually large.

For my own part, after examining with due respect and attention a piece of the wood which composed our blessed Saviour's cross, the girdles of Jesus and the Virgin, the napkin in which John the Baptist's head was placed, a piece of Aaron's rod, and some of the original manna from the wilderness, my stock of credulity was over-drawn, and my patience was exhausted.

No where have I witnessed superstition so general, so egregious, and so shocking as at Aix-la-Chapelle; and no where have I seen the sad consequences so prominently marked.

It is melancholy to see the miserable beings who, sunk to the lowest ebb of human wretchedness and degradation, are crowded, for want of other shelter, into the holes and corners of the open churches of this city, and prostrated day after day before some disgusting symbol of Catholic superstition, to extort by the abject wretchedness of their appearance, some pittance from the stranger, or credulous devotee. It is indeed a melancholy and loathsome sight; exhibiting human beings in a state so little differing from that of non-existence, that they seem, as lying along the cold damp pavement of these gloomy ailes, like so many of the dead given up from the tombs beneath. What a contrast between these sights of woe, and the pompous ceremonies of Catholic worship! and, if the natural sentiments were not extinguished by gloomy mystery, how varied must be the feelings of those who come to adore the providence of God in the midst of all this gloomy grandeur, splendid pageantry, and human degradation! But these are contrasts and feelings, observed and felt perhaps only by those who can contemplate

such scenes unshrouded by the dark veil of bigotry and fanaticism.

Having satisfied my curiosity in the cathedral, I next proceeded to another and a different sight, calculated to raise feelings so little in unison with the last, that this change may appear somewhat too abrupt. However, by the time that I had walked through some of the principal streets, and reached the colonnade which directs the stranger to the far-famed redoubt, or public gaming house, my feelings had so far recovered their natural tone, and so expert had I now become in the convenient art of transition from one subject to another, however opposite, that from holy ground, and scenes of human suffering, I now, quite unconcerned, stept upon unholy ground, and into scenes of vice.

This building, called the Redoutensaal, arrests attention, not by the beauty of its structure, but by an open colonnade in front, where prints of all sorts and subjects are exposed to sale. Adjoining is a large shop, or sort of bazaar, for the sale of books, toys, and trinkets, with other articles manufactured in this town or neighbourhood. But I would warn the stranger against including books in any of his purchases here, as these are

articles which bear an advance of about one-third upon the Paris prices; an instance, amongst many others, explanatory of the principles of government in this city.

But to proceed to the grand saloon, or rendezvous of vice. This is a splendid room, lined with mirrors, with a ceiling beautifully and richly carved. In festive times this room is applied to the purposes of balls and concerts, and then glitters with the stars of royalty; but now it exhibited a motley crew, crowding around the well-baited trap, which, when it catches one, is sure to entice another miscalculating victim, like the deceitful birdcage-trap, which, having inveigled, closes upon the little flutterer; with this difference, however, that the man-trap is always baited, always set.

Escaping from this scene as soon as I had satisfied my curiosity, I next visited some of the principal baths. The springs of mineral water here are very numerous, and various in quality and temperature. I pretend not to give the result of any analysis of these waters, but the taste indicates them to be strongly impregnated with sulphurous and saline matter, and the olfactory nerves are sensibly affected by a considerable portion of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. Some

of these springs are cold, and some rise to the extraordinary temperature of 150° of Fahrenheit.

The medicinal properties of these springs have, from time immemorial, rendered them famous throughout Europe, and all ages have considered them as blessings sent by a beneficent Being for the benefit of man.

It is, however, amusing to see to what various purposes these blessings are applied in the different parts of this town. In some of the streets through which the hot stream pursues its course, are ranges of washerwomen busily employed in their vocation, and in other places, where a large commodious tank affords a greater depth of water, are seen in the midst of the sulphureous steam, a crowd of people engaged in pursuits too various to be described, though the process of scalding a fresh-slain porker, struck me as singular, even in the variety. This tank, however, soon relieves itself from the numerous and gross impurities with which it is defiled, and the water resumes its natural clearness.

With respect to the appearance of the streets, these are for the most part gloomy and irregular, and the principal one, called la Rue Comphausbad,

cuts but a sorry figure as the chief of this once imperial city.

Whilst gazing about in idle curiosity, I met with a gentleman apparently occupied in a similar way, except that he seemed to be looking for something, and I for nothing. I felt an inclination to offer my assistance, and I thought that he seemed half inclined to ask it; but unfortunately we were both English, and we had never been introduced. However, I hate ceremony; and therefore, in defiance of the rule of English good breeding, I went up and asked the stranger if he were looking for any thing to which a stranger like himself might perchance assist him.

This difficulty being removed, the stranger courteously thanked me, adding that he had just then arrived in the town, and that he was looking about for the post-office. As it happened, this was a place which I had already had occasion to seek out; but as I should have had some difficulty in describing the road, I proposed to accompany him there, which offer was with many thanks accepted.

On arriving at the bureau, he enquired if there were any letters for Sir James de B——. With much surprise I exclaimed; "Do you know that

name?" "I ought to know it," replied he, "for it belongs to me." "Then," said I, "you should know mine also; for although it seems that a few years have made some alteration in our appearances, yet our names are the same as when we were schoolfellows at Harrow." A mutual recognition of person as well as name now took place, and on a sudden we became, I may say, better acquainted than we had ever been before, even in our school-boy days. We both looked upon this incident as *une heureuse aventure*, and agreed that, as the objects of our visit to Aix-la-Chapelle were very similar, we would proceed in concert upon further schemes, during the remainder of our stay. But as I had to avail myself of the post, we now parted for our separate hotels, having settled to meet again in the evening for the play.

Upon the subject of this amusement I have nothing to say, excepting that the dialogue was conducted in the broad German tongue, which was to me unintelligible; and, as far as I could judge of the dumb show, it was a continuation of very bad buffoonery.

As to the house itself,—O, all ye lovers of the drama, how great will be your surprise and disappointment on entering the *salle de spectacle*

of this imperial city!—a long, dark and dusty passage, formed simply by a covering over mother earth, is the principal entrance into a spacious oblong—what shall I call it?—for take away the benches, and, in plain English, little better than a barn remains!

Thursday, Sept. 27. The day was beautiful and highly favourable to an arrangement which had been made with my newly-discovered acquaintance for visiting the delightful environs of this town. The favourite promenade is a neighbouring hill called Louisberg, and this was to be our first object.

It seems that until the late inroads of the French, this was a naked hill; but as these invaders generally thought it necessary to leave behind them some memorials of their taste, as well as of their skill in war, after they had taken possession of this city, they obligingly set about forming an agreeable promenade for the inhabitants, by covering the naked sides of Mount Louisberg with ornamental shrubs and trees, and by cutting easy and commodious walks. All this appears to be tastefully arranged, and the inhabitants, no doubt, feel as thankful as they ought. But these obliging guests seem to have been desirous of leaving behind them some fur-

ther memorial of their visit, by erecting a high obelisk of imperishable stone on the summit of this hill. Their sudden departure, however, and the indifference of the natives to the existence of so durable and prominent a memento of this visit, may perhaps account for the fact of this obelisk being left in its present unfinished state. However, before the stranger quits Aix-la-Chapelle, I would recommend him to take the trouble of ascending to the spot where stands this unfinished obelisk. From hence he will survey a beautiful panoramic scene, shewing the ancient city in its best point of view, as also a fertile and well-wooded country for many miles around. The hill itself seems to be principally composed of a very light sandy soil, containing loose and faulty strata of argillaceous and calcareous stones, mixed with petrifactions and marine productions. In the course of this walk I picked up several small sea-shells.

Our next visit was to the ancient town of Burscheid, in the vicinity of Aix-la-Chapelle, also famous for its hot-baths. On this account it principally deserves the stranger's notice, for the town itself is without interest, consisting of ancient and dilapidated buildings, and presenting no very pleasing picture of cleanliness or comfort. The situation, however, is very pretty,

being partly in a valley, and partly on the declivity of a hill.

In this valley rise several hot-springs which flow through some of the streets, and are traced far away by the low cloud of steam which follows, but which leaves behind a fragrance more powerful than the rincings of ten thousand gun-barrels.

Near the entrance of the lower part of the town is a deep and spacious basin, into which is seen bubbling up at almost boiling heat, one of these sulphureous springs. The water, although of a green and yellow tinge, shews the transparency of crystal. Whilst we were admiring the curious and beautiful appearance of this water, a poor woman came out from a neighbouring cottage, with a glass, which, dipping into the basin, she presented to my companion brim full, and smoking hot. He, however, declined the compliment, and but for a sort of wish that the poor woman might feel she had done something to entitle her to a small gratuity, I probably should have done the same; but under this feeling I received the crystal vessel, with its equally transparent contents, which holding until I thought it sufficiently cool, I quaffed down as nauseous and scalding a draught as I

had ever swallowed in my life. However, putting the glass and a franc piece into the poor woman's hand, I received in return a short prayer, that her offering might prove as great a blessing to me as mine would be to her. She gave us much information about the different springs, and expatiated upon their salutary effects. She also informed us, and I have no doubt correctly, that the temperature of these springs is the same in the hottest as in the coldest weather.

The country, hereabouts, is very uneven, and bears evident marks of subterraneous fires. At the distance of about a league below Burscheid, is a small lake of tepid water, supplied by two rivulets from the hot-springs of the neighbouring mountains. This small lake is said to contain a great number of pike, carp, tench, and other fish, which grow to an unusual size. Over the surface of the water, as I was informed, may frequently be seen hovering a thick and steamy vapour. These two rivulets, afterwards uniting with other streams, form a small river called the Worm, which passes by Aix-la-Chapelle.

The day was now far advanced, and we returned to the city, where we arrived just in time

for the *table d'hôte;* and after dinner, having, in compliance with the general custom, adjourned to the comfortless *kaffe-haus* to sip coffee, and loiter over a dull and newsless newspaper; my friend and I passed the remainder of the evening in walking about the public promenades. But the gay season had gone by, and the groves of linden trees, and all the shady walks were tenantless and deserted.

Here, with many and mutual expressions of satisfaction at the fortunate circumstance of our meeting, my friend and I parted, and I returned to the inn to make the necessary preparations for my departure.

Friday, Sept. 28. Before day-light I was seated in my carriage, on the road to Spaa. For some distance around Aix-la-Chapelle, the appearance of the country is highly picturesque and beautiful, presenting a varied scene of mountains and vallies, with comfortable farm-houses, scattered amidst rich pastures and corn-fields. The soil of the higher land, however, is light and sandy; and after a long and toilsome ascent through a deep sandy road, the traveller sees before him a wide extent of elevated and less fertile country.

Here he should be warned that he is entering upon the territory of another sovereign, in order to be prepared for the inconvenience which attends this change. Presently, at a wretched looking village, called, if I recollect rightly, Herrenhausen, I was informed that I had now entered "*le royaume des pays-bas*," that I must descend from my carriage, produce my passport, and deliver up the keys of all my luggage. As I had nothing to apprehend from this investigation but the inconvenience of delay, I immediately alighted, and proceeded to the bureau, to request the favour that the inspection of my baggage might be commenced and concluded as quickly as suited the convenience of *messieurs les douaniers*. But unfortunately, upon entering, I forgot the ceremony of taking off my hat, of which neglect I was soon, though in no very polite manner, reminded; and at the same time I was given to understand by these worthy officers of the crown, that my luggage would be inspected at their pleasure.

I had already learnt that on these occasions compliance is discretion; and I therefore thought this a good opportunity of looking out for breakfast; and so it proved in point of time, though not of place, for I was detained here upwards of an hour, but could not procure a cup

of coffee that was even tolerable. Heartily glad was I, when once more seated in my carriage, and fairly out of this accursed village of insolence and filth, and roguery to boot; for upon the only article in my possession liable to duty, viz. a small carriage blunderbuss, these licensed rogues, as I afterwards discovered, charged me six times the tariff rate. Thus much to remind the traveller, to let his hat be in his hand, not upon his head.

At the small town of Batice, about three leagues from Liege, the road turns off suddenly to the left, and descends through some very interesting scenery into a rich and fertile valley, at the bottom of which stands the populous town of Verviers, famous for its extensive and excellent manufactories of woollen cloth.

There being in this town much to interest the stranger, I stopped here to dine, and thus gained a little time for looking about.

I was fortunate in meeting with an intelligent and communicative person, engaged in one of these works, from whom I received much interesting information. From this informant I learnt that the cloth made here is that which is held in such general and high estimation throughout Eu-

rope, under the name of French cloth, and that from hence France is principally supplied. In some of these works, he also informed me, that between 4 and 500 men are kept in constant employment, and that the largest of these was conducted by an Englishman. The number of inhabitants is reckoned at about 13,000.

Having attained the summit of the long and steep ascent above this town, the traveller should alight from his carriage to survey the beautifully picturesque and varied scene around him.

At the bottom of the deep valley from which he has just emerged, his eye will first catch the holy spire rising from amidst the innumerable houses of the populous and industrious town of Verviers; and around him he will see other vallies, encircled with bold and cultivated hills, and little hamlets, or small groups of houses scattered about the numerous fertile hollows, which now lie open to his view. The whole forms a delightful and varied panoramic scene, and the flocks and herds of grazing cattle here, declare the comfort and prosperity of the farmer's state.

Another long and steep ascent, however, changes this scene of fertility and cultivation,

and the traveller sees before him only a vast extent of heathy country, bounded by lofty mountains. After traversing for some leagues this bleak and barren tract, he is apprized of his approach to Spaa by a long and rapid descent into a narrow valley or ravine between the mountains, the lower parts of which are clothed with the most luxuriant woods, whilst above are seen projecting the high fantastic rocks in rugged nakedness.

The suddenness of the change, from an exposed and barren heath into this fertile crevice of the mountains, furnishes a contrast which cannot fail to astonish and delight; and for myself I can truly say, that this struck me as the most romantic and picturesque scene which I had hitherto witnessed on the continent, or perhaps elsewhere.

After winding for some distance between these lofty mountains, where space is left but just sufficient for a narrow road, and for the course of a deep transparent stream, a sudden turn presents to view a beautifully situated château, belonging to an English gentleman, named Cockerell; and presently, turning a projecting corner of a mountain, the traveller on a sudden finds himself in a spacious level road, leading through avenues of

linden trees, at the extremity of which is seen the small, but celebrated town of Spaa, overhung by bold and lofty mountains, which so effectually close in the scene, as apparently to forbid all further progress.

On first entering this town, the stranger is struck by the contrast of the numerous and handsome hotels mixed up with a collection of shabby houses, and mean little cottages, scattered about with scarcely any distinguishable claim to the form of a street, or the least regularity of design. Whilst reflecting on the waywardness of mankind, (for I was just then thinking of the many lords and ladies who quit their gay towns and splendid mansions for the attractions of this place,) my carriage stopped at the hotel door, and I descended in the midst of a numerous collection of very obsequious humble servants, all eager to pay their respects, and to offer their services to the newly arrived stranger. My host, however, foremost in the crowd, soon cleared the way, and ushered me into a room with as much form and ceremony as if I had really been milord Anglais, thus bewailing as we went, "*Ah, milord! c'est dommage que vous ne soyez pas arrivé plutôt! en verité tout le monde est parti! il ne reste personne dans la ville!*"

In due time I succeeded in stopping the good man's lamentations on this account, by assuring him that I came *pour voir la ville, et pas pour voir le monde;* that I was not *milord*, but *gentilhomme Anglais;* and that if he would give me good accommodation for a day or two on reasonable terms, I should be very well contented. After which, ordering a supper '*comme il faut*,' with a bottle of '*vin ordinaire*,' and another *de meilleure qualité*, I found that I had about two hours at my disposal before dark.

The principal, and, I believe, I may say, the only public building likely to attract the stranger's notice, with the exception of an old church, remarkable for its ugliness, is a neat stone edifice erected over one of the four medicinal springs, called Pouhon, which rises in the interior of the town. This is a plain square building, with a large open vestibule, supported by handsome stone pillars; and from the whole appearance, and the inscription, '*Pierre le Grand*,' over the entrance, it is, I presume, intended to represent a temple dedicated to the great Czar, who is said to have been benefited by the waters of this spring.

The Pouhon spring seems to be the one most in repute. It is a chalybeate, containing a con-

siderable quantity of carbonic acid gas, and when drawn from the bottle effervesces, and very much resembles Celtzer water, like which it is exported in stone bottles in large quantities. The taste of this water, however, as taken from the spring, is nauseous enough.

The three other principal springs are called Geronstère, Sauvenière, and Tonnelet, all of which are said to possess certain differences of quality; and the nature of the complaint must be quite new, if one of these mineral springs be not recommended as particularly efficacious. However, not having had occasion to practice any experiments with these waters upon myself, and sincerely hoping that I never may, I dismiss the subject by referring those whom it may concern to the little printed account which every visitor to Spaa will easily procure, and where will be found a full description of these several springs, their properties and wonderful effects; and now I hasten back to my hotel, with an appetite, thank God, not requiring such, or any other artificial aid.

As the conversation with my host during dinner caused a change in my plans, which led to an incident forming a feature in my subsequent narrative, I must here give the result of

this conversation by way of explanation. In the first place, then, I should state, that when I left Cologne, for the purpose of visiting Aix-la-Chapelle and Spaa, it was with the intention of returning to the Rhine across the country from Spaá to Bonn.

As this line seemed very convenient on the map, I never doubted that it would be equally convenient in reality; and it was therefore with some surprize I now learnt that no such road existed; or, rather, no practicable road for a carriage, and that my nearest route would be to return to Cologne by the same road by which I had left it. This being the case, I came to the determination of abridging the intended length of my visit here, and of making the best of my way back to Cologne. The loss of time was vexatious and disappointing to me, but there seemed to be no remedy, and so I retired to bed.

Saturday, Sept. 29. Rose with the first dawn of morning, to make the most of the short time which remained to me for viewing the beautiful environs of Spaa.

Most of the neighbouring hills and mountains are clothed with native wood and heath, and

many of them are rendered accessible by winding paths, which, ornamented by the hand of art, are converted into shady and agreeable promenades. But amidst these are seen other mountains so abrupt and rugged, that nature seems to have consigned them to a state of nakedness everlasting; and thus the whole scene is one of boldness, variety, and picturesque effect.

After enjoying for some time from these mountain tops a view over the surrounding country, now brightened by the cheering rays of morning sun, the pure air at length reminded me of breakfast, and, descending, I returned to the inn.

I now learnt that a diligence would set out from Verviers to Aix-la-Chapelle to-day at two o'clock; and accordingly deciding to take the benefit of this public conveyance, I gave orders, though to the evident discomposure of my host, that a carriage might be in readiness at eleven o'clock to convey me and my baggage back to Verviers.

This arrangement made, I had two hours at my further disposal, which I occupied in visiting the various promenades at the outskirts of the town, and other places of fashionable resort.

Amongst these was, of course, included the celebrated Salon de Jeu; but it was now quite deserted, except by the persons to whom the table belonged, and two or three hired decoys. Immediately upon my entrance I observed an appearance of play commenced; but on stating that I was a stranger, who came merely to look round the room, at the same time begging that I might not put them to any unnecessary trouble, even this pretence was discontinued, and the men resumed their conversation with the most perfect indifference. This room is very spacious and elegant, far too much so for the purposes to which it is applied.

The mineral springs seem to be the only sources of wealth and importance to this town, for besides a few trifling manufactories of work-boxes, snuff-boxes, toys, and various other little articles of varnished wood, known by the name of Spaa ware, there appears to be nothing in the way of trade.

Having now made my few cursory observations upon this celebrated place of resort to the fashionables of Europe, it is time to hasten away.

On returning to the inn, I found my carriage at the door, and all my luggage stowed, so that

it only remained to settle the reckoning with my host, and to say '*bon jour.*' This being done, I was just about to step into the carriage, when I saw from my coachman's manner that he had some request to make, which he was half afraid would not be granted. Slight encouragement, however, emboldened the man to speak, and it at last came out, that he wanted my permission to accommodate a lady with a seat in my carriage as far as Verviers.

It happened that compliance with this request was particularly inconvenient, for the vehicle was a calèche, made for the accommodation only of two persons, and the place of one was already occupied by part of my baggage.

However, a lady being in the case, I felt inclined to put myself to some inconvenience, and enquiring whether, in point of fact, this were such a lady as an English gentleman would like for a companion in a crowded carriage, I received in reply, "*Ah! ma foi, monsieur, c'est une bien brave femme*—." This decided me—I stepped in, and signifying my consent, we drove off. Presently the carriage stopped, and it was not without some alarm I saw that this was before the door of a little *cabaret à bièrre*, corresponding with our hedge alehouse. After a few

minutes of painful anxiety, all my apprehensions were confirmed, for from under this humble roof came stepping out, with many signs and tokens of farewell to those she left behind, a little old woman, with a reticule in one hand, and a small bundle tied up in a pocket handkerchief, in the other.

This was sufficient to declare the rank in life of my travelling companion, and needed not the further evidence of a gown of russet black, nor under garments peeping forth to shew their thread-bare faces.

One other fact remained to be ascertained, — one hope alone existed! But alas! one glance at her wrinkled face, declared her age, and left me hopeless.

So violent and sudden was my chagrin and disappointment at the sight of this "*brave femme*," that I had all but pronounced a reversal of my decree in her favour, on the ground that it had been obtained from me by surprise and fraud. But when the poor old woman came tripping forward, and, with an air so humble and yet so earnest, thanked me for this act of kindness and condescension, had she poisoned the very air around with garlic fumes, I could not

have found heart to have retracted. The carriage door opened, and with a sigh I handed the fair one in, but with as stern a countenance as I could put on, I tried to catch my coachman's eye; but it was in vain, the rogue hung down his head, and never once looked up until fairly seated on his box, and we were again *en route.*

After proceeding for a short distance my situation became so irksome, that whilst the carriage was crawling up a steep hill, I took this opportunity of calling to the coachman to alight and let me out; at the same time explaining to my female companion, that as there was rather a want of accommodation for two persons, and as the weather and the face of the country were so charming, I should proceed the rest of the way on foot. So wishing the old lady a pleasant ride, and directing the driver where to put up, accompanied with a look, which his half-grinning countenance plainly explained was understood, I set out, and soon from afar off, I saw the carriage still slowly winding up the hill.

The walk proved very agreeable, and the hills enabled me to keep so well up with the vehicle, that about ten minutes after it, I entered once more the town of Verviers.

In about half an hour after my arrival I was seated in the diligence for Aix-la-Chapelle; but, as I have already described this route, I shall hasten to set myself down again in the imperial city.

This part of the day's journey, if it furnished me with but few incidents, afforded me ample leisure for my own reflections; for although there were two other travellers in the diligence besides myself, yet these were two English gentlemen, and I was a stranger to them. From the circumstance of occasional remarks passing between themselves, it was pretty evident that they were friends, or acquaintances, or at least that they had been *introduced* to each other. But as I had no such claim to notice from either of them, and as I was evidently by many years the youngest of the party, it seemed to me that I had only to preserve respectful silence. Hour after hour had passed away, and I had neither spoken nor been spoken to, when one of the gentlemen observing to the other, that he wondered which was the best inn at Aix-la-Chapelle, it occurred to me that they might be thinking as I was, what great simpletons we all were, and therefore, taking this as an invitation to speak, I accordingly ventured to recommend the "Golden Dragon," as an hotel where, I could say,

from experience, they would find very comfortable accommodation. A recognizing bend forward, and a "thank-ye," which may have been intended to convey either the interrogatory of "Who spoke to you?" or the complimentary return of "I am much obliged," was the reply. Which of these two senses was really intended, I never knew, for this was the commencement and conclusion of our conversation.

About ten o'clock the diligence stopped at the place of its destination, and after having been shut up in close companionship with my two fellow-travellers for nearly eight hours, we now stepped out and separated without another word.

Well, "*chacun a son goût*," though this is not according to my notion of agreeable; and travelling on the continent, I must confess, would indeed be irksome, at least to me, if all my companions on the road were like these two; for I can say with the good old Vicar of Wakefield, "It has been my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it."

Sunday, Sept. 30. Rose at four o'clock, and saw my luggage safely stowed in the huge

vehicle in which, an hour afterwards, I took my seat with five others, as yet strangers to me, under the veil of night. As morning advanced, and the light of day increased, I became better acquainted with the exterior appearance of my fellow-travellers; and as two of these will appear in many of the subsequent pages of my Journal, I must here beg leave to introduce them to the reader with a few personal remarks. These were two young military-looking men, with large mustachios, and altogether presenting a very martial appearance. The elder, apparently about two or three and thirty years of age, bore evident marks of having been in the wars, and although somewhat disfigured by the loss of part of his left cheek, yet there was a bright and lively eye; and notwithstanding the formidable mustachios, a mild expression of countenance, which goes far to conciliate even at first sight. The younger, about five and twenty in appearance, carried more of the fierce and martial air of the German soldier, and more of the German taciturnity and reserve.

There are so many thousand ways of shewing an inclination to good fellowship, that in all situations, when there is the will, opportunities are never wanting.

Scarcely had the light of day made us acquainted with each other's appearance, before the eldest of these my two fellow-travellers found opportunities for shewing such inclination, by various little courteous attentions, but free from the slightest obtrusiveness of manner; and by the time that we had breakfasted, and were re-seated in the diligence, we seemed to have become acquainted, and the younger companion had laid aside much of what appeared to be a natural reserve of manner. I will not attempt to enumerate our various topics of conversation through the day; it will be sufficient here to say, that I found in these two young officers very agreeable companions, and in the elder in particular, who had seen much of the continent, a well-informed and observant man. I also learnt in the course of the day's journey that these were two brothers, who had obtained leave of absence from their regiments, and were now on their way home to Croire in the grisons of Switzerland. This was a joyous occasion, and likely to call forth the good qualities of the heart to those around; for besides parents and snowy mountains, so dear to every true Swiss, the elder of these two brothers was returning, not only to parents and native mountains, but, as he himself described, to an anxiously expecting wife and child, whom he had not seen for three long years. He informed

me, that he had been bred up to war from early youth; that he now held the rank of captain in the service of the King of Bavaria; and that his title was the Chevalier de Salis Soglio, a branch of the celebrated and ancient family of the Counts de Salis. He had served in many of Buonaparte's campaigns; and it was in the battle of Hanau that a musket-ball carried away part of his cheek.

All this communication required something in return from me; and as it appeared that for some distance we should be pursuing the same route, it was proposed and agreed that as long as it might be mutually convenient, we should all three proceed together.

Much of our conversation now turned upon the beauties of the country of the Rhine, up which we were soon to navigate; and the eldest of these two brothers being, as he informed me, well acquainted with every bend, and with all the legendary lore of this bright full-flowing magic river, with the name of every mountain which rises from its enchanted banks, and with the history of every ancient château in the sheltered valley, and of every ruined tower on the gloomy heights above, he hoped, if such sights, with tales of other times, had ought of interest for me,

that I. might find him not without some recommendations as a *compagnon de voyage*, at least as far as we, probably, should proceed together.

Such was my introduction and first acquaintance with these two young officers, in whose company I passed an agreeable day, and who afterwards proved themselves to me useful and interesting companions; and such was the contrast with my travelling companions of yesterday.

Between five and six o'clock I again entered the town of Cologne, and putting myself under the guidance of my new acquaintances, we proceeded with our baggage to an inn where, with respect to accommodation, I had no reason to repent of my submission; and with respect to charge, I learnt the advantage of being in the company of persons who talked the German language, and were acquainted with German prices.

After dinner we proceeded to make enquiries about the packet-boat up the Rhine to Mayence; and learning that one started the next morning at six o'clock, we sallied forth to procure an interview with the master of the boat, and, finally, arranged for embarking with him at the hour appointed.

The remainder of the evening was spent in walking about Cologne, and on our way back to the inn we looked in at a bookseller's shop, where we lounged away some time over an immense collection of books, in almost all the written languages of the earth. A little book of poems, in the German language, happening to lie before us, my friend the captain put it into my hand as the production of his father-in-law, J. G. Von Salis.

I shall never forget the surprize and pleasure depicted in the bookseller's face at seeing before him so near a connection of, to use his own words, "*un homme le plus renommé de tous les poëtes modernes de l'Allemagne.*—" I, of course, could not do less than lay down the price of the book; and although I may never be able to read it, yet I shall always be well pleased to have in my possession this memento of a person from whom I afterwards parted with more regret than I have felt on parting with an older acquaintance.

THE RHINE VOYAGE.

Monday, Oct. 1. At six o'clock this morning we were in the bark, which was stoutly moored in the strong current just under the walls of Cologne. Presently two horses were attached by a long rope, and then commenced the bustle of launching out into the wide and rapid stream.*

The bark is a long and narrow vessel, containing two cabins; one being for those who can afford twelve francs for their passage; the other, for those whose poverty forces them to put up with less accommodation, and to construct tables and chairs out of the boxes and baggage of their more fortunate fellow-passengers. Beyond this is a sort of recess where the cooking operations are carried on. The accommodation for all, however, is bad enough.

* Since these notes were written, I accidentally met with a series of twenty-four views on the Rhine, lately published by Mr. Ackermann, and I had the curiosity to compare them with my description of the scenery which they are intended to represent. If any one should find sufficient interest in tracing the similarity of the images created in the mind by the pencil and the pen, he will have no difficulty in assigning to each view the position it would take if introduced in its proper place in this volume. I should consider it as a poor compliment to myself, to point out by more particular reference these positions.

Having introduced the reader to our bark, I must now introduce him to the company in which he is likely to continue for some few days.

To begin, then, I must first mention a lady, of respectable and rather pretty appearance, with her two little children; next, a quiet sort of gentleman, of mercantile demeanour, with his little boy; and, next in order, a young woman, entrusted with the care of herself; then follow, a lean and sallow-faced man, but who appeared to be a very good sort of person, and, as I afterwards learnt, a comedian, about to join his company at Basle, from whom he had been separated by bad health; lastly, and certainly the least agreeable, a vulgar, bawling Englishman, who soon informed me that he was engaged very extensively in the bookselling line, that the way of his trade kept him much on the continent, and that he had now been absent a long time from dear old England. Would that you had been there now, thought I to myself, or any where but here.

Such, with the exception of a few others in the second cabin, or baggage-room, was our party on quitting Cologne. Some few additions to our number occurred in the course of the passage; but of these hereafter.

Now fairly launched upon the broad deep stream, and cutting through the strong opposing current of its bright blue waters, I watched the receding steeples of Cologne, glittering under a brilliant morning sun, until a bend in the river's course shut out this city and its steeples from my view.

All the party were now variously occupied in the cabin below. The lady was engaged with her two children; the young woman with a German book, no doubt, a novel; the Englishman had spread his length along a bench, and, under the cover of a Scotch plaid travelling-cloak, was trying to compose himself to sleep (for frequent twists and turns shewed that he had not yet succeeded); all the other male part of this little community, including my two acquaintances, were quietly engaged in puffing into each other's faces such copious streams of tobacco-smoke, as soon filled this small apartment with a dense white cloud, and drove me upon deck, where, alone and unobserved, I took my seat.

There was something so conducive to contemplation in every object in this placid scene, that to be alone just now produced a charm which, whilst it seemed to heighten in effect all

Nature's works around, seemed yet as if dependent for its existence upon being enjoyed alone.

The boatmen, now relieved from work, were reclining with folded arms below; whilst the steersman, resting on his helm, with pipe in mouth, seemed to be performing a routine of duty, in which frequent use supplied the want of thought.

There is nothing, however, particularly striking in the appearance of the country here, which is rather level, and the high sandy banks on either side the river bespeak no great fertility of soil. But the Rhine itself, sweeping along in its broad clear course, is a noble sight, well calculated to prepare the mind of the stranger for the wonders of the scenery to come.

After turning another sudden bend in the Rhine, the striking objects which arrest the attention are the tops of seven high mountains, marking afar off the river's course. The first town of any importance is Bonn, which is built on a declivity, down to the water's edge. The crowd of blueish slated roofs, contrasted with the clean white appearance of the houses, form an interesting object in the distance; and, owing

to the river's widened course in the front of the town, the whole view improves on a nearer approach. The effect produced by the glowing rays of an unclouded sun upon the wide expanse of blue transparent water, as we stemmed its sweeping current, to bring-to alongside the town, was brilliant, soft, and beautiful in the extreme. The appearance of the country is no longer poor and naked. Fertile meadows, interspersed with shady trees, and numerous villages, with detached habitations scattered along the banks, give an air of cheerfulness and comfort to the scene.

Having fastened our bark along side the little quay of Bonn, we now all stepped on shore to dine. The way being led to a neighbouring *auberge*, I followed, and we came in for the last course of a *table d'hôte*. The table was occupied principally by young men in strange fantastic dresses, who, as I afterwards learned, were students of the university here. The dishes were now quickly reproduced, but as our boatman had informed us that the utmost law he could afford, would be *trois quarts d'heure*, I made short work of this meal, and sallied forth to catch such a glimpse of the town and its environs as time permitted.

The streets are dark, narrow, and irregular, and the houses, however respectable for age, are for the most part sufficiently mean in exterior appearance. They tell you, here, of many handsome buildings, and various other objects of attraction, but I found them not,—to be sure, I had little opportunity. The university is the principal building; but I was chiefly struck with the ancient castle, the view from the ramparts of which is remarkably fine.

At the expiration of the time allotted I was at the river side. Some of the party had already resumed their places in the bark, and the remainder presently coming up, in a few minutes we had slipped our moorings, and were again stemming the rapid current.

Here may be considered as commencing the beauties of the Rhine; and my two military companions took their seats beside me on the deck to enjoy these beauties (for which frequent repetition had not yet destroyed their relish) and to point them out to me.

The river still continues of a noble width, and numerous villages are thickly dotted along the bright water's edge on either side. The country here presents a more hilly appearance; and

at a short distance above Bonn, near the little village of Godesburg, is a mountain, on which are seen the ruins of an ancient castle, supposed to be, as my elder friend informed me, of Roman origin. About a league higher up, on the opposite side of the river, is the small town of Königswinter, where commences what is called the Valley of the Rhine. Here the undulating hills assume the bolder shape of mountains, which, gradually approaching, contract the river's course. The green meadows now give way to the brown mountain pastures, and the rugged summits of the *seven mountains* throw around an air of grandeur, which prepares the mind of the traveller for the change of scenery at hand.

Königswinter is situated at the foot of lofty hills, covered with vineyards. Just above this town begins the range of mountains, visible so far off by their seven lofty tops; and the effect, as we stemmed the rushing current under the gloom of these stupendous objects, was most impressive.

My companion, who had already proved himself no less friendly than useful, now distinguished these seven peaks by their respective names, and pointed out many interesting par-

ticulars, which probably would otherwise have escaped my notice. The most remarkable of these seven heights is called the Drachenfels, on the lofty summit of which is a ruin so corresponding with the grey appearance and shapeless ruggedness of the rock itself, as scarcely to be distinguished from it.

To this grey ruin is attached a legend which, at a more convenient opportunity for listening, my friend promised to relate. Adjoining the height of Drachenfels is that of Wolkenbourg, signifying "the castle of the clouds," from the circumstance of a castle formerly standing on this lofty summit. On the right of the Drachenfels, and inclining towards the Rhine, is the rounded head of Stromberg, on which is just visible a little grey stone building, being, as I was informed, formerly a chapel, dedicated some hundreds of years ago to St. Peter, by certain hermits of the Augustine order. Behind these three mountains rise four others, and highest of all the seven is that called Lowenberg, or Lions' Mountain. Each of these seems formerly to have boasted of its strong castle; but the grey ruins, naked to the storm, or sheltered in thick brushwood, now serve only to carry back the recollection of the traveller to the ages past, and to remind him of the change of times.

Our bark was cutting lightly through the opposing current, but the gloomy peak of Drachenfels, with its grey mouldering ruin, was yet in view; and as I thought the sight would aid the story, for "fictions to please should wear the face of truth," I gave my companion to understand that I was now quite ready for his traditionary lore. Those who feel otherwise inclined may therefore turn over the two following pages together, for being pleased with the tradition, I took the first opportunity, whilst the story was in recollection, of recording it in my mother tongue, and here it is:

LE DRACHENFELS.

In olden times, according to ancient tradition, the cavern which is seen on the top of this mountain served for a retreat to a monstrous dragon, to which the inhabitants of the neighbourhood rendered divine honours, and offered human victims, who were generally the prisoners taken in war. These, according to the opinion of the inhabitants, were the most acceptable offerings to their horrible divinity.

One day they found amongst their captives a young female, the daughter of a neighbouring

chief, and brought up in the Christian worship. After much dissension amongst the young warriors as to whom the right of property in this prize should belong, it was decided by the elders, in order to prevent further discord, that the young virgin should be offered to the dragon.

Clothed in white, and crowned with flowers, the beautiful captive was conducted to the top of the mountain, and there bound to a tree near the entrance of the monster's cave. At the foot of this tree was a large stone, which served for an altar. Numbers of people had assembled at a distance to witness the frightful spectacle, and there were few hearts so insensible to pity as not to deplore the unhappy fate of this lovely victim. But she was calm, and in pious attitude her eyes were fixed on heaven.

In the mean time the first rays of the sun began to dart upon the summits of the mountains to the east, and to pierce the obscure entrance of the frightful cavern. Soon the monster, with glaring eyes, saw the expected offering, and, with hastened pace and extended jaws, advanced. The lovely and pious maid now drew from her breast an image of the Saviour, and at the last moment, in firm reliance, placed the holy figure before the scaly beast. The

dragon started back, terrified, and, raising the most horrible hissing, precipitated itself into a neighbouring and profound abyss, never more to be seen or heard.

The people, stupified at the sight of this miraculous deliverance, hastened to unbind the young Christian, and beheld with astonishment the little crucifix. But the captive instructed them in the subject of her faith, and in the power of Him whom she adored, when the multitude, falling at her feet, supplicated for instruction in this new belief.

In the place where the stone had stood, which served as an altar to the dragon, a small chapel was soon afterwards erected, and the ruins now mark the spot where Christianity was first established in these districts.

At a small village, about half a league from Königswinter, the seven mountains terminate; but these only give place to the gloomy heights of Honnef. Here the Rhine, dividing into two streams, forms the beautiful little island of Nonnenworth, where, peeping between the trees, is seen the dark slated roof of a decaying convent, yet inhabited by a few of the remaining sister-

hood, who, deprived of their right of property in the rich little territory around them, are graciously permitted to enjoy it unmolested during the continuance of their penance here on earth.

Above this island rises the lofty and gloomy mountain of Rolandseck; and upon its dark and dizzy height are seen, looking down upon the convent, a few grey mouldering walls, all that now remains of Roland's castle. The whole scene is so full of striking contrasts and romantic effect, that it could not be without its traditionary interest. This is, in fact, the scene of one of the most popular and pleasing traditions of the Rhine, and one which even the poetic genius of Schiller thought not undeserving his attention.

My companion had excited my curiosity. I felt as if living in the early age of chivalry, as if lost in the delusions of romance; and whilst yet passing through the gloom which this lofty mountain throws around, I was all attention to the following tradition, which is handed down concerning the ancient castle of Roland, called

LE ROLANDSECK.

The valiant chevalier Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, wearied with the long repose of peace, sought to pass away his time in visiting the beautiful country of the Rhine. Surprised

by night at the entrance of a burg, he demanded hospitality, and was received with that noble frankness, which, in those days of chivalry, every gallant knight was sure to find. The master of the château shook him heartily by the hand, as if he had found a friend of his younger days, and Hildegonde, his daughter, in all the grace and elegance of lovely youth, served him with bread and wine,—the first offering of hospitality. With a modesty which heightened the carnation of her unfolding charms, the fair Hildegonde presented the cup of wine, and Roland accepted it, strange to say, with a trembling hand, and countenance abashed. "What!" said he to himself, "is this the hand which has so often wielded the firm cymeter? Is this the countenance which has viewed so many hordes of Saracens unmoved?" Thus he recovered his wonted character, and passed the remainder of the evening with the hospitable master in talking over feats of war, and the grand objects of the noble Charlemagne.

They retired for the night, but Roland closed not his eyes; the image of the lovely Hildegonde was ever before him. On the following morning he prepared to take his leave, and wishing to avoid the honors which would be showered down upon him if recognized in these countries, he with difficulty declared his name. The

old master, transported at possessing in his house the flower of chivalry, pressed him, and obtained his promise to remain another day. Hildegonde, with downcast eyes, said not a word; but it was easy to see that the stranger's stay did not displease her. Roland most willingly acquiesced; his passion had now increased so high as to carry him over first timidity. He only waited a favorable opportunity to declare himself a lover; and a favorable opportunity occurred. Walking in the garden, he found the fair Hildegonde seated under a shady tree, her eyes fixed upon heaven, and her hands joined in the attitude of prayer. Roland approached her, but he knew not how to commence the conversation. Hildegonde saw a rose upon a neighbouring bush, and advanced to pluck it: Roland begged it. "Until now," said he, "no sign or token of remembrance decorates my helmet plume, and when the knights vaunt the graces and virtues of their chosen fair, with downcast eyes my empty heart replies not." The lovely and blushing Hildegonde hung her head. One movement of the hand seemed to *give* the rose, and another modestly *withdrew* it; but raising her eyes upon the expressive countenance of Roland, she yielded the valued present. Roland, emboldened, spoke of love; and Hildegonde with a look, told him he was repaid. The two lovers now swore eternal fidelity; and

Roland obtained her promise, that after his return from the campaign against the Infidels, their nuptials should be celebrated. Their farewell was a calm, but mournful scene; a simple pressure of the hand was all that passed, but their eyes spoke eloquently what it was impossible to express.

Hildegonde passed the time of absence in profound retirement. She lived only to think every day of the news she expected of her lover. The news at last arrived — sanguinary conflicts, perilous encounters, traits of heroic valour, and always the name of Roland in every mouth; his exploits were the burden of every boatman's song upon the Rhine.

In the mean time months rolled on, and after a long year of absence, the happy news arrived of a glorious peace, which was to bring back the hero crowned with laurels.

One evening there arrived at the burg a knight covered with dust, who demanded hospitality. This was one of the companions in arms of the brave Roland. Anxious, and agitated with a sad foreboding, Hildegonde ventured to speak of Roland. Alas! the stranger knight had seen him fall at his side covered with wounds

and glory. Hildegonde spoke not, — shed not a tear. Motionless, as if under the sudden stroke of death, she sat like one of those marble images which guard the silent tomb. Eight days afterwards she obtained the permission of her father to enter the cloister, and to take the veil in the neighbouring convent of Frauenworth. The superior, related to the family, permitted Hildegonde to abridge the term of her noviciate, and three months had scarcely elapsed before she had pronounced her vows, which hid her from the world for ever. Lamentable precipitation, which caused the misery of two faithful lovers!

Roland arrived suddenly at the burg which his faithful Hildegonde had just abandoned. He came now to conduct her to the altar. He had fallen exhausted under his wounds: a state of lethargy arising from extreme weakness, had occasioned the report of his death, but the assiduous cares bestowed upon the much-cherished hero, had restored him to life.

He learnt that indissoluble bonds had separated him for ever from his beloved Hildegonde. The trophies which he had brought with him from the field of glory to place at the feet of her whom he was never more to see, he now hurled into the Rhine; and no hope, no wish remaining

for him in the world, upon the lofty summit of a gloomy rock, since called Rolandseck, at the foot of which is the convent of Frauenworth, he built a castle, where he determined to pass the remainder of his life.

Day after day were the eyes of Roland directed from his solitary mansion towards the convent beneath. At morning dawn he rose to catch the angelic sounds ascending from the vaulted choir below, and all that now remained to Roland of life's enjoyment, was the pleasing fancy which distinguished amongst the voices, that of Hildegonde.

Two years had thus passed away, when one morning Roland, directing his eyes as usual upon the convent, saw the preparation for a tomb. A secret voice seemed to whisper — it is for Hildegonde: he sent to enquire, and received the news of her death.

For the first time, Roland now descended upon the holy spot, which hitherto he had feared to profane by the presence of a heart, agitated with an earthly passion. He joined in the procession, and assisted in the last duties to the remains of his lost Hildegonde. He united his fervent prayers to those of the nuns, for the

eternal repose of their departed sister; and on the following morning he was found seated, as usual, at the casement towards the convent: but grief had composed to rest the earthly man, and his bursting soul had fled away in search of the pure spirit which had already taken its flight to happier realms.

The channel of the Rhine is here still more contracted by the approaching mountains; and a little higher up, at a place called by the boatmen, Gotteshülfe, (God's assistance), the current is extremely rapid. Presently, however, the scenery undergoes another change: the mountains retire a short distance from the bank on either side to make room for little villages and fertile vallies; and the river's widened course presents the appearance of a placid lake, on the bright transparent face of which was seen reflected the houses of the little village of Oberwinter. Every object now partook of the mellowed glow of parting day, which heightening the deep autumnal tint around, produced an effect upon this lovely scene so — so far beyond the painter's art, and my prosaic pen, that I must leave the rest to be supplied by the imagination of

those who have witnessed the sight of the setting sun in these more favoured regions.

There is a peculiarity in the appearance of all the towns and villages of the Rhine which must strike the mind of every traveller with the same pleasing effect. This is produced by the light and shade of the houses, all of which are white or grey, with dark blueish slated roofs. These throw a mild and sober hue around the little clustered habitations, which is in unison either with the green meadow or the shady valley, the brown mountain, or the dark craggy rock, and which harmonizes well with all the varying shades of the full-flowing and transparent waters of the Rhine.

Evening was now fast drawing to a close, but lingering twilight still befriended us. Passing Oberwinter, the broad appearance of a lake gradually disappears, and the river, making a sweeping bend, soon brought us before the little town of Unkel on our left. Here, owing to a group of basaltic rocks, which project into the river, and are in some places scarcely covered by the water, the navigation is impeded, and safety requires an expert and experienced boatman. On the left bank numerous little villages

are seen dispersed about, and the neighbouring hills present a more fertile appearance; some of them being covered even to their steep summits with the clinging vineyards.

With another bend in an opposite direction, we passed before the small and beautifully situated little town of Rheinmagen. But night had now begun to draw around her darkening veil, and even near objects were but indistinctly visible.

At a short distance below Rheinmagen, on the same side of the river, and nearly opposite to the small town of Linz, is the little village of Krippe. Here running up our bark alongside the bank, she was safely moored for the night, and we now all quitted her to seek for beds and refreshment, at the village inn.

On arriving at the inn, which had as little to boast of in internal accommodation, as in exterior appearance, I found that the party had been beforehand with me, and that I, with one or two others, had come too late in an application for a bed. My two military companions had been lucky enough to secure one bed between them, but finding that I had been less fortunate, they pressed me much to accept it in their stead, and

so forcibly did they urge their offer, on the ground that habit had rendered them less liable to be inconvenienced by soldiers' fare than I should be, that to support my first denial was no easy duty, and I was at last obliged to assure them that as the boatman had fixed the hour of departure to-morrow morning at four o'clock, I should prefer rolling myself up in my cloak and lying down in the cabin of the bark. Upon hearing this, the discussion ended, and they determined to keep me company through the night, and accordingly resigned their bed to the other Englishman, who, surprised at my refusal, made no ceremony himself in accepting the good offer.

By the time all these arrangements were concluded, a supper consisting of numerous dishes smoked upon the board. But I, keeping in recollection the old proverb, "that a light supper at night, makes a clear head in the morning," now surprised my hostess and companions not a little, by calling for some tea. After long search for such an article, a small quantity (and, as I suppose, from the total loss of its native fragrance, an ancient remnant), was at last discovered in an old broken cup; but I was loath to be disappointed, and I therefore ordered the boiling water to be brought. The length of time which now elapsed seemed to shew that I was putting

the good people of the house out of their usual way, and at last the arrival of some hot water in a jug, made manifest that the process of tea-making was here not well understood. After some further time passed in endeavouring to make the good woman of the house understand that it was the fashion in England to use boiling water on these occasions, I put the tea into the pot, and requested her to fill it from the kettle. After another tedious time had elapsed in came the teapot, when, seizing it with eagerness, I poured out a cupfull. The fine deep colour of this decoction a little surprized me, as I recollected that the tea itself was green; however, full of thirst and confidence, I quaffed down the greater part of a copious cup, before I discovered the nauseous qualities of this black dose. The first impulse was to satisfy myself that it was nothing worse than nauseous. Having set at rest all fears by discovering the principal ingredients to be cinnamon, the hostess was again called in, but our mutual attempts at explanation were equally in vain. She looked like one who had failed in all her attempts to please; and I, no doubt, looked as ungracious as I felt disappointed.

But supper in the adjoining room was now finished, and as it was pretty clear that I should

lie down supperless to-night, I joined my two companions; and this little adventure furnished the subject for some laughter until we reached the bark. We stepped in, and each making his own nest upon the cabin bench, prepared himself for courting "gentle sleep." I was soon informed that the suit of the two soldiers had been accepted; and I, wrapped up in my ample travelling-cloak, was not long after them in success, for

> " ——————— Weariness
> Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
> Finds the down pillow hard."

Tuesday, Oct. 2. At a little after four o'clock in the morning we were awakened by the bustle of the out-lodgers resuming their places in the bark, and before I was aware of it, we had slipped our moorings, and were again stemming the river's rapid course.

A candle now burnt upon our cabin table, and gave light just sufficient to enable me to take a survey of the group around. We all looked as if too soon taken from the arms of "our foster nurse of nature," or in other words, yet scarcely wide awake. No one seemed inclined to give, or ready to receive the morning salutation, but

each slunk in silence to a seat, whilst the dim taper shewed faces

> " ——— unlustrous as the smoky light
> That's fed with stinking tallow."

The two little girls were already making a continuation of their night's rest in their mother's lap, and but for an occasional sigh and yawn, and every now and then a half audible execration in good plain English, proceeding from a muffled figure in one corner, it might have been supposed that all were again hushed in sleep. As for myself, I confess I felt very much as the others appeared, fitter for sleep than aught else, and I do believe, I had soon so far yielded to the influence of a doze, as to be not quite sure that I was not again asleep; however, be this as it may, I became conscious, that somebody, not very far from me, was " taking his quiet pipe," and this put the question of asleep or awake beyond further doubt, for, wrapping my cloak around me, I stepped out of the cabin, and resumed my seat upon the deck.

It was now the time of morning just before " night's candles are burnt out," and their diminished lustre is supplied by " jocund day," from the " misty mountain top," and the chilly

air told of autumn far advanced; or, in a few plain words, it was now rather dark and cold.

Although the view was limited to a small circle around our little boat, yet, even this dark, unseasonable hour was not without its charms; and muffled up as I was in my warm cloak, I would not have resigned my place for the best featherbed in England.

The low and mournful noise of the river's sweeping current, the rippling of the parted stream against our opposing bark, or the hollow whistling of a neighbouring eddy disturbing "the stillness of the quiet time," were sounds to me as full of harmony as the Eolian harp's soft notes floating in a summer's evening on the gentle gale. And where vision could not pierce the gloom around,

> "There was bright Fancy near at hand,
> To picture scenes of fairy land."

Soon the lights of night had entirely disappeared, and now succeeded an interval of more gloomy darkness than before. But this was of short duration, for presently

> "The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,"

who thereupon began to draw aside her darkening mantle, and next

> " —— in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
> Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
> Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
> His longitude thro' heav'n's high road:——"

There is something in the opening of the dawn, and first appearance of the orb of day at every season of the year, which, when the mind is well at ease, fills the breast with thankfulness and joy.

In the cold, dark wintry season, the heart of man is warmed and comforted. In the opening of the verdant spring, nature, in her bright new dress, appears to smile on every thing around, and all mankind, and the whole brute creation, seem enlivened at the change. In the sultry summer months the feverish air of night is chased away, and all the animal, and even the vegetable world shews a refreshened face; and in the season of the falling leaf, the mind seems filled with a sort of cheerful seriousness brought on by the recollection, that like the revolving year hastening to its winter season, so are we hastening to ours, when even those, who, like the strong and healthy leaf, have weathered through the blights of early

spring, and withstood the parching heats of summer, are yet as sure "to fall into the sear," and like the yellow leaf, first drooping, then to drop!

But away with moody musings in such a scene as this, where bright reality engrosses all the thoughts, and calls forth the warmest admiration.

We were now before the little village of Rheineck, with its ancient castle, on the summit of a steep mountain, nearly opposite to which, on the northern bank, is the small town of Höningen, surrounded by hills covered with the vine. The appearance of some of these elevated vineyards is remarkable. In many parts of the steep acclivities, where nature has intended no covering to the rude rock, man has profited of the favourable aspect by building up little walls one above the other, and thus made resting places for the soil afterwards brought hither to form the sloping bed in which the vine is planted. In other parts, too steep for the stone wall, and in the clefts amongst the rocks, the vines are seen rising from wicker baskets filled with earth, exhibiting not only pleasing instances of industry and ingenuity in the native peasantry, but the most beautiful patches of luxuriant vegetation in the midst of barren ruggedness.

Passing Höningen, the ruins of the ancient castle of Argenfels, overlooking the river from a neighbouring hill, next arrest the attention. This, once the strong fortress of one of the petty tyrants of the country of the Rhine, is now but a mouldering fragment, serving only as a picturesque object for the pencil of the sketching tourist, or as a subject for the musings of a solitary wanderer, and to the country people as a sort of peg whereon to hang traditions.

A little higher up, on the summit of an enormous rock, are seen the ruins of the castle of Hammerstein, covered with the creeping ivy, and more than half concealed by brambles. From hence has originated many a tradition and tale of terror; and, as the history goes, the last possessor of this castle was one Count Otto, in the tenth century, whose desperate robberies and cruelties obliged the neighbouring lords to coalesce, and drive the common enemy from his fortress, in which they succeeded, and then the castle was demolished.

The country on either side now exhibits scenery of the most romantic interest, and the little valley of the Brol, through which runs a small river of that name, looks as if formed

within a mountain rent asunder. Here are quarries of cement stone, in which the inhabitants carry on some trade. But objects of interest now crowd so closely in every direction, that the attention becomes distracted, and the impressions carried away are but imperfect and confused. Fertile vallies, and steep vineyards, with their transparent and purple fruit clustering under the broad luxuriant leaf, as if in mockery of the sterile rock beneath, the little habitations of the humble vine-dressers hanging midway on the mountain side, the numerous small towns and villages along the bright river's banks, and straight before the view, the wooded mountains and dark rocks of Andernach, with a ruined castle on almost every gloomy height around; all brought together within one small circle, present to the eye such a variety of brilliant imagery, and to the mind so many striking contrasts, that the sight becomes at last wearied with overwork, and the imagination bewildered in its own delusions.

We now approached the sombre heights of Andernach, and soon came before the town, situated at the foot of a stupendous rock. The Rhine is here closely hemmed in by mountains, and rushes on its course with increased rapidity. Every object partakes of the surrounding gloom, and the whole scene is dark, terrible, and threatening.

The same dreary aspect continues for some distance, and a ruined nunnery close upon the water's edge, heightens the melancholy interest of the scene.

Emerging from the defile of Andernach, the dark rocks disappear, the mountains recede on each side, and the Rhine flows in a wider and a steadier course. Here is seen, upon the northern bank, a spacious château, formerly belonging to, and inhabited by, some petty prince of Neuwid, but now exhibiting a ruin so dilapidated and deplorable, that it well deserves the name given to it by the country-people, as our boatmen informed us, signifying in English, the Devil's own House. A little higher up, on the same side, is the pretty village of Erlich, and a little further on, is the town of Neuwid. The appearance of this town in the distance, peeping through avenues of lofty and closely planted poplars, is extremely pretty, nor is the pleasing effect lessened by nearer approach.

The exterior character of this town differs from any of those hitherto noticed upon the Rhine. There is here a neatness and regularity in the appearance of the houses which seem to bespeak more than usual wealth and consequence in the inhabitants, and the public walks and gar-

dens, with a beautiful little palace, reflected in the transparent waters of the Rhine, give to Neuwid not only an air of comfort and elegance, but something of the importance of a little capital. Passing Neuwid, a little higher up on the opposite side, is the village of Weisse Thurm, (signifying a white tower, which is a prominent and neighbouring object). Near this village, on a small hill, is a monument to the French General Hoche, who here crossed the Rhine in 1797, after a long and desperate resistance by the Austrains. His own life, with the loss of the greater part of the soldiers under his command, were the price of his success, and his remains are deposited near Coblentz, by the side of those of a gallant young brother in arms, General Marceau.

Proceeding a little further, we came in sight of the small towns of Engers and Sayn, surrounded by beautiful gardens and undulating vineyards; and on a neighbouring mountain, round which the river Sayn flows into the Rhine, are seen the ruins of an old castle, formerly belonging to the ancient and powerful Counts of Sayn.

Turning a bend in the river, the height of Ehrenbreitstein, and what remains of its once

famous fortress, become visible. Although not far distant, it was for some time difficult to distinguish the crumbling ruins of the fortress from the rugged rock around.

The appearance is that of one chaotic mass of rocky fragments. On a nearer approach, these fragments seem to form into the shape of walls. And nearer still, the fortress itself is distinguished, rising from a heap of blackened ruins.

We now came in view of the clean white-looking town of Coblentz, built on a nook of land formed by the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, and surrounded by barren and lofty mountains.

As this was to be a sort of resting station, all was now bustle upon our little deck, and it being here necessary to unhook the horses from our bark, the boatmen had only their oars and boat hooks to depend upon in stemming the rapid current. This was a work of some difficulty, but with a good deal of dexterity and muscular exertion we were at length safely moored along side the quay. Here we all landed, and our little party, with one consent, proceeded to a handsome looking inn facing us, where no time was lost in ordering breakfast, or, to use in the

present case a more appropriate term, a *dejeuner à la fourchette* which was a sort of meal better suited to my appetite, now, as may be supposed, sufficiently sharpened by long fasting.

The time allotted for our stay at Coblentz being two hours, afforded opportunity for a slight survey of the town and its environs; and my two companions having a friend here to visit, I sallied forth alone

Opposite to our inn, on the other side of the Rhine, the stupendous rock of Ehrenbreitstein rears its embattled head, threatning every building in the town of Coblentz, and holding full command across the Rhine, and over the entrance of the Moselle. On the other side of the river is the little town of Thal Ehrenbreitstein (valley of Ehrenbreitstein) which communicates with the quay of Coblentz by a bridge. Here crowds of market-people, passing and repassing, threw an air of lively bustle into the scene, and formed a pleasing and striking contrast with the surrounding gloom. The appearance of the town itself is pleasing. Some of the streets are well formed, and the white buildings give an air of cleanliness, to which many of them add that of elegance. But every street appears deserted, many of the better sort of houses look as if uninhabited, the others as if but half tenanted;

and the elegant palace on the Rhine, built by the last elector of Treves, too plainly declares the long absence of a royal tenant. Every thing, in short, about this ill-fated town, bespeaks neglect and degradation, and its situation immediately beneath the dark and threatening fortress, is calculated to excite a feeling of melancholy interest, even approaching to sadness.

How numerous and fearful were the vicissitudes which this celebrated fortress of Ehrenbreitstein underwent during the late continental wars, is yet fresh in the recollection of many. Blockaded from time to time, and cannonaded from every neighbouring height without success, it was at last pronounced to be impregnable to all human force. "But cunning creeps where force can never climb,"—and in January 1799, this formidable fortress yielded to the unsparing grasp of famine, the last, but most destructive, the slowest, but most sure, of all the stratagems of war. Shortly afterwards, by treaty at the peace of Luneville, the fortress was undermined, and its lofty towers, with huge fragments of rock, were blown into the air, and fell with a tremendous crash into the river and the valley, and upon the smoking ruins of the town beneath. The little town of Thal Ehrenbreitstein, accustomed to the disasters of war, soon rose from its ruins, and the fortress itself, on which the workmen are

now employed, will shortly be restored to its former shape and strength.—But I had lost too much time in contemplating this preparation for future misery, and I was now obliged to hasten back to the quay, where I found all our party assembled, and ready to embark.

The river winding between the lofty mountains behind Coblentz, the town is soon shut out from view, and wooded heights, steep vineyards, and little orchards along the water side, close in the narrow scene before. Soon we passed on our left the small town of Niederlahnstein.

Here the river Lahn, issuing from a defile in the mountains, falls into the Rhine, and just at the influx stands an old church, apparently deserted. The Lahn is a considerable river, rising some distance off in the mountains called the Westerwald, which is a lofty range stretching across the country on the left, and forming a corresponding barrier with the dreary chain of the Hundsdruck mountains on the right.

Behind the town of Niederlahnstein rises a high mount called Allerheiligenberg, on the summit of which are the remains of what is said to have been formerly a hermitage, or the residence of one of the early preachers of Christianity

in these parts; and on a neighbouring height are seen the ruins of the ancient castle of Lahneck. On our right, a decayed tower seems to mark the antiquity of the small town of Rhense. Near this place my friend pointed out to me the spot whereon lately stood a curious memorial of the simplicity of early times, called the Königstuhl, or King's Seat. This was a small stone building, with seven stone seats for the seven electors who used to meet here to deliberate on the interests of Germany, as also to conclude peace, and to elect and depose their emperors. A few stones are all that now remain to mark this memorable spot. According to my informant, the French, during their visit here, assisted time in destroying this monument of the simplicity of early ages. Stones, it is said, have ears when treason is about; in this instance, probably, it was thought that stones also might have tongues.

The Rhine here makes broad and frequent bends through a beautifully fertile country, and on the left bank we passed the town of Oberlahnstein.

At a short distance higher up is the snug town of Braubach, with its pointed steeple rising from the midst of a little nest of houses, and above, perched upon a high rock, is the strong castle of

Marksbourg, belonging to the House of Nassau. Almost opposite, on the other side of the river, is the pretty little village of Brey, surrounded by fruit trees. The Rhine now makes one of the most considerable bends which has yet occurred, and seems as if rising out of an opposite and lofty mountain. Round here the river pursues a broader and more rapid course, and passing the bend, at the foot of this high barrier the town of Boppart, with its antique towers, rise before the view. Here the Rhine presents the appearance of a lake, and the heights on either side are covered chiefly with vineyards.

Just above the town of Boppart our bark was hailed, and we brought to alongside the bank. It was to take in another passenger, "a little robustious perriwig-pated fellow," brimfull of fun and good humour, whose rusty sable dress bespoke the calling of a parson, but whose little rubicund nose declared him to be also in full orders as a priest of Bacchus. It appeared that he had but just now finished celebrating the mysteries of his heathenish god, and being filled with enlivening inspiration, he soon contrived to impart a portion of it to our little party. The circle was formed, the cup of favourite Rhenish passed quickly round, and to convivial songs succeeded boisterous mirth; nor could I forbear joining in

the frequent and hearty laugh at the sight of "the lack-lustre eye," the rolling head, and the little squat figure of this Father Tuck in miniature.

As the surrounding country now becomes more fertile, dilapidated convents and other ancient ruins meet the eye in all directions, and, on the left bank, the mouldering towers of the old castles of Liebenstein and Sternfels are striking and imposing objects in the scene. These two castles, from an old tradition attached to them, are generally called "the Brothers." Beneath is the picturesque little village of Bornhofen, with a handsome church belonging to a convent of Capuchins.

On the opposite side of the river, before the little village of Salzig, said to be famous for its cherries, most of which are sent to Holland, our bark stopped at the request of the merry little parson to afford an opportunity for replenishing the now nearly exhausted stock of favorite Rhenish.

This also afforded me an opportunity of disengaging myself from my noisy companions, and I now quitted the bark to pursue my way on foot along the river's bank.

The evening was beautifully serene, and the setting sun had thrown over the surrounding scene a rich and glowing tint of pinkish hue, unknown in the more northern latitudes, and producing an effect, of which alone the painter's art can convey even a faint description. The high neighbouring mountains, crowned with forest trees of various sorts, now shewed the varied hues of an autumnal foliage, tinged with the glowing colour of the medium through which they were presented; and the broad leaves of the climbing vines, forming through the fervid glow a smooth refreshing surface whereon the eye could rest delighted and relieved, served also to mark the contrast with the neighbouring mountains, where the grey mouldering ruins peeping from between the tangled brushwood were so many dark spots resisting the bright influence around. But loveliest of all the objects in this most lovely scene was the broad full-flowing Rhine. The silvery stream, here gently gliding on its winding course, by soft gradation assumed the glowing tinge, and blending with the deeper tint of the horizon, was prematurely hidden from the view in the rich carmine of the distant mountains.—O! it was a scene of fairy land, or like a dream existing only in the bright delusions of the fancy; for here nature, by combining all her choicest beauties, and exhibiting them in one view and through the

brightest colouring, had so outrivalled her own works that even nature seemed unnatural. It was a scene of calm repose, which sunk the mind of the beholder rather into a lethargy of delight, than startled it with the lively feelings of amazement. Numerous fishers in their little boats, laden with their spoil amongst the finny tribe, were now reclining at their ease, and gliding in the current's gentle course—the humble labourers in their little skiffs were paddling homeward from their neighbouring vineyards—here and there along the river's banks were groups of younger peasantry—and the old woman, having finished her domestic labours for the day, was seen seated in placid ease before her cottage door, whilst her old helpmate near her, bending upon his crooked staff, was gazing upon the scene around; still, perhaps, even in his old age admiring, or watching the approaching bark which, perhaps, was bearing to the shore the now chief supporter and future master of his little cot. Every thing around bespoke the labors of the day concluded, and the calm succeeding interval announced the coming of that peaceful time when nature seems as if participating in the quiet of mankind.

The picturesque beauties of the scene now vary with every bend in the river's course, but

the valley of the Rhine here gradually contracts between the approaching mountains which, as we advanced, appeared to close, and to forbid our further progress. These high barriers, no longer seen through a delusive light, now assumed a gloomy and more natural aspect—the lingering rays had followed the departed sun—short succeeding twilight had shed its soft influence around and passed away, and

> " ———————— Now is the pleasant time,
> The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
> To the night warbling bird, that now awake
> Tunes sweetest his love labor'd song; now reigns
> Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
> Shadowy sets off the face of things.———"

Lofty and barren rocks in the distance, looking like frowning barriers opening into dark and fearful scenes, now reared their rugged heads, and seemed to throw a mysterious solemnity over the surrounding gloom. On the summit of a high and sterile rock were just discernible the blackened ruins of a fortress which shews the hand of man as well as that of time in the work of demolition. These are the ruins of the ancient castle of Rheinfels, which, as I afterwards learnt, was transformed some centuries ago by one Count Thierry, of Katzenellenbogen, from its original and peaceful purpose of a monastery,

into a strong and warlike castle for the purpose of commanding the passage of the Rhine, and thereby of enabling this petty tyrant to exact a toll from every passing boat. The neighbouring towns and nobles finding themselves too weak to oppose alone and effectually this act of tyranny, formed an extensive coalition, which led ultimately to the destruction of their powerful rival, and gave rise to the first confederation of the Rhine.

Pursuing my way along the river's bank, at length I reached the town of St. Goar. This is generally considered the most wild and striking in its situation of all the towns along the Rhine, but

> ' Now black and deep the night begins to fall
> A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
> Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth;
> Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
> Distinction lost; and gay variety
> One universal blot: such the fair power
> Of light, to kindle and create the whole."

Knowing this to have been fixed upon as our resting-place for the night, I proceeded to the inn, but the company from the bark had not yet arrived, and I therefore had an opportunity of taking first choice amongst the beds. This being an advantage which seemed fairly placed before

me, I did not hesitate to make the most of it, and accordingly I secured, for the benefit of myself and my two military companions, the best accommodation which the house afforded. The party soon afterwards arrived, and we all sat down together at the public supper-table, I being now one of the number; for I had learnt by experience that it is sometimes better for one's own sake to follow the example of those about one.

Wednesday, October 3. — At a little before four, A. M., my slumbers were disturbed by the announcement of preparations for departure. Making the toilet at this unseasonable hour, becomes agreeable only by long habit; and I certainly was never one of those who delight in groping about in the dark at this time of the morning. However I managed to attire myself, and joining my two companions, whom I found waiting for me, we proceeded to the bark. Our small party being soon complete, we slipped ropes, and the town of St. Goar, and the little town of Goarhausen, on the opposite bank, were soon lost in the misty vapour.

For a short distance, as far as I could distinguish, the ornamented valley still continued, but the approaching mountains gradually lost their

woods and vineyards, until at last the grey morn dawned upon our little bark, stemming the roaring current, now pent up in a narrow defile between the gloomy rocks, which, as we advanced, became so lofty, dark, and terrible, that the effect around seemed like a renewal of the shades of night.

Steep and craggy rocks were now seen rising from the river on each side, and stretching forth in fearful ruggedness far and high into the air; and the eye, tracing the lengthened towing-rope, distinguished afar off, upon a lofty and narrow ledge, three struggling horses, (contending for their own lives as well as ours) in the midst of this mighty conflict, between the raging waters and opposing rocks.

It was a curious and fearful sight, at this sombre hour of morning, to watch our little bark twisting and doubling in its course, to avoid the whistling whirlpools, and the deceitful enemies, which, peeping forth, shewed their dark heads beneath the foaming waters. The eager countenance of our steers-man shewed that all his skill and care were now required. Being myself the only passenger on deck at this unseasonable hour, I took my seat in silence by the steers-man's side.

The scenery of this defile is considered to be the grandest and most imposing of all the scenery of the Rhine. This mighty river, here constrained by lofty barriers of basaltic and calcareous rocks, rushes through its contracted channel with a fury in some places inconceivable, and meeting with numerous and huge obstacles, in the shape of sunken rocks, and high opposing fragments, is thus checked in its furious course, and thrown back into foaming waves or sweeping whirlpools. It is a scene of strife, which may be likened to a fray between mortal combatants, bent upon the destruction of each other. The only objects which here meet the eye are rock and water; each seems as if contending with deadly animosity against the other, and all is noise, terror, and confusion. The chilly air of early morning, at the present advanced season of the year, tended also to heighten the effect of this imposing scene; and the grey dawn, which now penetrated the defile, threw around a gloom more impressive than if darker; for there was light just sufficient to make visible all the terrors of the sight; and upon the high rugged rock could be discerned the rude and weather-beaten cross, bending over the steep precipice, and looking down upon the fearful fray beneath, as if, in the midst of so much savage dreariness, to cheer the passing traveller

with holy thoughts, or to impart to the affrighted boatmen some blessed hopes of immortality, when every ray of earthly hope is lost in the sweeping vortex of the whirlpool.

Here, in these rocky wilds, according to tradition, the pious hermit, St. Goar, fixed his habitation, and in these dark solitudes first revealed the light of Christianity to the untaught natives of the neighbouring country.

Pursuing our fearful course, midst rocks and whirlpools, we passed a huge mass of black basalt, which is seen rising near the middle of the Rhine, and high above the waters' reach.

This rock is called the Lurleyberg, and is remarkable for producing an extraordinary echo. It is also the favourite haunt of the river sprites, and is still, on this account, at certain times, the boatman's dread; for the pranks of these little fancied beings are so full of mischief, and are still so currently believed, that many a stout-hearted boatman, in a moonlight night, fears the sunken rock and curling eddy much less than the malicious water-sprite.

The frightful whirlpools and dangerous currents around this rock have been, through all

ages, causes of frequent disasters to the boatmen of the Rhine, and superstition has not failed to heighten the terrors of nature by calling in the aid of supernatural agency. The extraordinary echoes of this rock, with the inclination to the marvellous in the human mind, still tend to confirm the natives in their belief of the various traditions, carefully preserved and handed down by each succeeding generation, concerning the imaginary beings which here hold their midnight revels.

As a pleasing specimen of one of the most popular of these traditionary histories, I will here introduce, with a close observance of the circumstances as related to me, the story of

THE MAID OF LURLEY.

In days of yore, there appeared often upon the Lurleyberg, at decline of day, and in the pale moon-light, a beautiful figure of a young and lovely female, clothed in white, who sung with a voice of such unearthly sweetness, that all who heard were stupified with exquisite delight, and the bark abandoned, was frequently swallowed up, with all its crew, by the treacherous current. No one had yet ever seen this lovely but dangerous nymph, excepting a few

young fishermen, who sometimes, at twilight, would find her at their sides, pointing out to them where to throw their nets, which then never failed to make a good capture of the finny tribe. Much was the talk throughout the neighbouring country of the Maid of Lurley, her mischievous, friendly, and sometimes cruel pranks.

The son of a Count Palatine, who held his court in a neighbouring country, heard of this sweet mysterious being, and burning with desire to behold the lovely form, he one morning, before the rising sun had yet begun to gild the mountain tops, unknown to any one, mounted his fleetest steed, and pursued at full gallop the road to Wesel. When he reached Wesel, the sun was sinking down a sky of burnished gold, and had already nearly vanished from the view. Having hastily refreshed himself from the fatigues of the day, he sought the most experienced and steady boatman, who, after many threats and entreaties, was at length persuaded to conduct the young count in a bark to the rock of Lurley.

The mild twilight of an early and beautiful autumnal evening had now thrown over the surrounding scenery a soothing softness, and little doubt was entertained that the Maid of Lurley would be found on her favorite spot.

Having arranged the plan of approach through the dangerous currents and whirlpools, in the midst of which this rock arises, the boatman, with watchful care, and intent upon the management of his boat, steered into the roaring torrent. In vain the young Count strained his eager eyes to behold the lovely maid; — the rock was just visible, but to expiring twilight had succeeded the first veil of night, and the fancy, better than the eye, could now distinguish objects. Presently, however, sounds of such sweet melody as before were never heard by human ears came wafted through the air, and the boatman crying, "Hark! there is the bewitching fiend," redoubled his efforts to steady the tossed bark in the now whirling current. At this moment the bright moon burst forth, and the young Count saw, seated upon a corner of the rock, the lovely figure clothed in a light and floating robe that vied in whiteness with the foam around her. There, playing with her flowing hair, she sat, mingling the heavenly sweetness of her voice with the discordant whistling of the troubled waters. The young Count gazed with stupifying wonder on this aërial form, and the melodious sounds which floated in the air left him no longer master of himself. Determined to seize the bewitching figure before him, he forced the boatman to drive further into the roaring torrent. The bark,

swept violently along, passed within a few feet of the rock; the young Count sprung from the boat; his foot reached, but held not upon the slippery rock; he fell backwards, and disappeared in the foaming water. The White Maid now raised her wild and bewitching notes, and the shattered bark, tossed out of one whirlpool to be swallowed up by another, arrived at last in fragments afar off on either shore. The half-drowned boatman, clinging to a piece of his frail tenement, was driven at random through this roaring strife into the steady current, and wafted to the grassy bank, he gained dry land. There, wringing his drenched garments, he thanked his guardian star for having safely guided him in this hour of peril, and he pursued his way home to tell his fearful and melancholy tale.

The sad news soon reached the ears of the unhappy father. Grief and rage struggled alternately in his breast, and he gave directions for hastening to the abode of the seducing nymph, there to seize her dead or alive. The most valorous of his captains were selected for this dangerous expedition, and with a chosen few the old Count set out upon his enterprize.

At the approach of night the fearful rock was surrounded by the valiant cavaliers, who formed

a circle out of the reach of the whirlpools and foaming torrents.

After some consultation, the old Count with three of the most courageous of his band, launched into the roaring current, and surrendering themselves to the mercy of the waving element, they guided their boat as well as they might towards the fatal spot. Through frightful dangers the tossed bark, by the adroit management of its fearless navigators, was always righted, and falling at length into a sweeping current, the boat was safely lodged between two projecting points of the Maiden's-Rock. — There, seated on the summit, the lovely maid of Lurley was descried. — She saw the approach of the ravishers, and demanded what they sought. — "It is thou, infected witch," exclaimed the old Count, "whom we come to seek through these perils of the Rhine, there to hurl thee to perdition." — "Ah, ah!" cried the White Maid, laughing, "let him come who may." — At these words she took from her head a coral wreath, and leaving her flowing hair to the wafting winds, she rose from her seat, and seeming to float upon the gentle zephyrs over the highest summit of the pointed rock, she raised her melodious voice, and in her sweetest notes thus sung —

" Haste, my father, haste to me,
Haste, to set thy daughter free,
Send thy aid to Lurley's height,
My nightly haunt,
Whene'er I chaunt
Wild notes by the pale moonlight.

Speed thee, father, speed to me,
Danger now at hand I see,
Lead me to thy coral cave,
And evermore,
This peril o'er,
I'll sing in thy bright blue wave."

— Her voice was no longer audible — a furious storm now raged — the waters rolled and twisted their conflicting torrents into every varied shape — the Rhine boiled up, and seemed to know no bounds — the foaming waves continued to rise one above another, and death to the Count and his party appeared inevitable. Terrified at the scene of horror around, they now thought only of saving themselves from the pursuing waters, and with eager steps they clambered up the sides of the steep and fearful rock. The raging water still pursued the affrighted fugitives, who, just as they reached the summit, saw by their side the fairy form of the White Maid of Lurley — but at the same moment a foaming wave received her; smiling at her vain pursuers, and waving her beauteous arms in token of adieu, she yielded herself to

the wave — there visible for a few moments like a bright speck upon the foam, she was heard chaunting her last farewell; but when the melodious voice ceased, the Maid of Lurley disappeared for ever from mortal view.

The storm died away, the waters gradually subsided to their usual level, and more than usual stillness was restored; even the turbulence of the water around the rock had almost yielded to the general calm.

The old Count and his three brave companions, each lost in the wonder of the scene, now returned in silence to their bark, and having succeeded in joining the remainder of their party, who had given them up as lost, they all directed their course homeward, the father ruminating upon his loss, and the others upon their escape from unheard-of perils. What must have been their surprize and joy upon their arrival at the palace, to see the young Count amongst the first to meet them! — Swallowed up in the foaming whirlpool, a kind wave had borne him through the opposing waters, and landed him in safety on the opposite shore.

Since this time the Maid of Lurley has never more been seen, and her melodious voice has

ceased to sing. She, however, as it is supposed, continues to frequent her favourite spot, and the neighbouring rocks, where she amuses herself by deceiving the boatmen with imitations of their voices.

Approaching Oberwesel, the Rhine becomes more and more deep and narrow, and rushes with increased velocity through its constrained passage between the lofty and gloomy rocks. Here we passed a rude contrivance, attached to a large boat, for entrapping salmon, which are said to be caught in this part of the river in great abundance, and of enormous size. Sturgeon, it is also said, are sometimes taken here.

Presently we passed before the town of Oberwesel on our right. The ruined towers and fine old gothic church by the water side, give to this town an appearance of great antiquity, which adds much to the effect of its wild and romantic situation. This was formerly an imperial town, but afterwards became attached to the archbishopric of Treves. The ruins of an ancient castle, called Schönberg, crown the gloomy summit of a neighbouring height.

A little higher up, on the opposite side of the river, stands the small town of Caub, surrounded by high rocks and lofty mountains of dark slate. We now unhooked our horses, and crossed over to this town, where we landed for a short time, and took a hasty breakfast.

In this neighbourhood much of the Rhenish wine is made, which, with slates, constitutes the principal trade of Caub.

Just above the town, on a steep mountain which is ascended by numerous flights of steps, are the venerable ruins of the old castle of Gutenfels, (the rock of Guda) so called from a beautiful Countess of Guda, who, by her charms, is said to have subdued the great warrior and Emperor Richard, and whose amours have left behind these two lovers several pleasing traditions, which stand a chance of surviving even the last remnant of their mouldering habitation.

Opposite to the town of Caub the Rhine again assumes the broad and smooth appearance of a lake, and near the centre, situated upon a rock, is a very ancient and curious building called the castle of Pfalz. This castle is said to have been used in the early and insecure times, as a place of safe retreat for the wives of the counts

of the Palatinate during the periods of their *accouchement.* The room supposed to have been set apart for this purpose is still shewn, and a sort of fearful interest is thrown over the whole building by stories of dark passages communicating with hideous dungeons and subterraneous apartments hewn out of the solid rock beneath the river's bed. Whether these be true stories or not, I cannot say; for after listening to many tales of terror concerning this insulated castle and its underground labyrinths, I had no time left for ascertaining the truth of their existence.

Pursuing our course for a short distance further over the now broad and placid stream, the Rhine makes a long reach, and here comes sweeping down majestically powerful. Richly coloured and luxuriant vineyards now clothe the range of mountains on either side, ivy-bound or grey and crumbling ruins crown the varied summits in all directions, and numerous villages crowd under the sheltering base along the bright water's edge.

At the foot of a steep mountain on the right bank, and situated in the very midst of the richest vineyards of the Rhine, is the small but ancient town of Bacharach, (the Bacchi Ara

of the Romans) said to be so named from an altar of Bacchus, supposed to have been erected by them in gratitude for the quantity and quality of the wine produced in this neighbourhood *, and on the same account held in grateful respect through all succeeding ages to the present day.

Ruined monasteries and dilapidated convents thickly scattered about this highly favored part of the valley of the Rhine, bespeak all that good taste of the early inmates, which, it is known, so generally distinguished the holy fraternities of former times in the selection of their places of abode during their dreary pilgrimage on earth. But bats and solitary owls are now the only tenants of these dilapidated mansions, which remain upon the same bright face of the unchanging scene, like so many gloomy monuments of the dark and superstitious ages.

At a short distance above Bacharach is the beautifully situated village of Niederheimbach, in view of the two old ruined castles of Furstenberg and Stahleck.

* See Dr. Moore's Journal, vol. i. 378.

On the opposite side of the river is the town of Lorrich. Behind this town opens a narrow valley called the Wisper Thal, or Whispering Valley, from a shrill whistling sound caused by the wind sweeping through this narrow defile between the rocks, but by the natives attributed to a much more mysterious cause. Here rises the steep and lofty mountain called Kedrich, or L'Echelle du Diable. Many and extraordinary are the tales of wonder here told about this mountain, on the steep sides of which, in former times, when inaccessible to mortal man, little figures, in the shape of human beings, were frequently discernible, running up and down with as much ease as if up and down a common hill. Some time ago, however, as tradition says, a flight of steps, the work of one night, were discovered hewn out of the almost perpendicular side of this stupendous rock, which rendered it accesible to mortal man even to its summit.

Since then the little figures have never been seen, although, it is said, they are sometimes heard, as if at work with small hammers and pick-axes, within the body of the rock. No one in the neighbourhood entertains a doubt that this flight of steps was the work of these super-

natural little beings. As this extraordinary piece of masonry, therefore, stands upon so well authenticated a history, I will here give it as related to me, adhering as closely to the original account as a translation from one language into another, and my recollection will admit.

THE DEVIL'S LADDER.

There are still to be seen a little below Lorrich, or Lorch, on the northern side of the Rhine, and upon the confines of the Rhingau, the ruins of an ancient burg.

This was formerly the dwelling of Sibo de Lorch, a man strong and courageous, but strange in manner, and somewhat unsociable.

One stormy night somebody knocked at his door. It was a little old man, who demanded hospitality. The master brutally refused to receive him.

"You shall pay for this," muttered the little old man as he retired.

Sibo soon forgot his insignificant visitor; but on the following day, when the bell had sounded the hour of dinner, his daughter, whose beauty,

like the opening rose, was just beginning to develope its sweet charms, his only daughter, now in her fifteenth year, had disappeared. Instant search was made in every direction, but all in vain. In the mean time the distracted father met a young shepherd boy, who related that he had that morning seen a young damsel plucking flowers at the foot of the inaccessible Kedrich, and that in a moment he saw her surrounded by several little old men, who taking her by the arms, climbed with her to the summit of the mountain, apparently with as much ease as he could have run along the meadow. "Oh, heaven!" cried the affrighted father, "these are the goblins who hold their sabbath on the height of Kedrich, who are so easily vexed, and whose anger is so fearful." With terror the master raised his eyes towards the summit of the mountain, and there, indeed, on the highest point, was his dear Garlinde, seeming as if stretching forth her arms towards him in useless supplication.

He now hastened to collect together his vassals, hoping to find one who would attempt to climb the mountain, but in vain; all declared it to be a thing impossible for any mortal man. The master, however, could not be quieted, nor his affliction soothed, and he ordered ropes and machinery of all descriptions to be brought to

the steep side of this inaccessible height, in the hope of forming some contrivance for ascending. He put all his men to work, and he laboured with them; but scarcely had they finished the first step, when an enormous stone rolling down from the summit of the mountain, forced all to fly for safety, and a voice was heard to say — "Thus it is we revenge ourselves for the refusal of hospitality."

Sibo, although dispirited, left no means untried to withdraw his daughter from the hands of these evil spirits. He made vows, spread charity around with open hand, and offered large rewards. But days, weeks, and months rolled on, and his only consolation was to know that his child still lived, for morning and evening his first and last duty was to fix his eyes upon the height of Kedrich. There the father, in silent sorrow, beheld his daughter, and the daughter, looking down into the valley, gazed affectionately upon her father. In the mean time the gnomes spared nothing to preserve the health and beauty of their stolen prize. Precious stones and shells, and all the richest productions of the earth and sea were laid before her for her amusement, and fruits unknown to mortals were served up for her refreshment. In short, nothing was neglected to render agreeable the days

of her captivity, and now and then an old gnome would whisper in her ear, "Courage, my child, I am preparing for you bridal clothes, richer than ever queen has given to her daughter." Four years had now elapsed since the poor Garlinde had been snatched away from home, and her father had abandoned all hope of her return, when Ruthelm, a young and brave knight, returned from Hungary, where he had acquired great glory in fighting against the infidels. His castle was about half a league from Lorrich, and when he heard the unhappy fate of the beauteous Garlinde, his noble mind conceived the idea of her deliverance.

He sought the disconsolate and solitary father, and imparted to him his project.

Sibo presented him his hand. "I am rich," said he; "I have but one child; restore her to me, and she is thine."

Ruthelm now hastened to the execution of his plans. He carefully made his measurements, and examined the rock in all directions; but on every side it presented a wall nearly perpendicular, and smooth as the surface of the floor.

Pensive and confounded, he wandered round and round the mountain, in the hope of finding

something like an accessible place for the commencement of his undertaking, until the approach of night obliged him to desist his useless search. Already was he on his return home, when a little dwarf stepped before him in his path. "Have you not heard, good sir," said the little figure, "of the beautiful Garlinde, who dwells on the summit of this rock? She is my pupil, and if you will marry her I will give her to you." "Indeed!" said the knight, offering his hand, but shaking his head sorrowfully with the smile of incredulity. "I am but a dwarf in your eyes," replied the little good man, "and I know I talk like a giant; but the lovely child is for you if you chuse; only remember, upon this condition that you find not the road to her too difficult; and indeed the prize is worth the risk, for, upon the faith of a dwarf, no maid of the Rhingau can dispute with mine for beauty, wit, or gentleness."

The little good man smiled and disappeared in an adjoining wood, and Ruthelm, thinking that this little figure had been jesting, thought nothing more about him, but seating himself upon a rock, was soon absorbed in his own sorrowful meditations. There musing, with his eyes fixed upon the summit of the mountain before him, in a broken voice, he sighed: "Ah, if I had

but wings to reach the top!" — "You may reach the top without wings," said a voice. The knight, astonished, looked around, and saw standing near him a little old man, who tapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

"It was my brother who just now spoke to you," said this little old man. "I overheard what he told you. The father of Garlinde offended him; but a punishment of four years' duration has been inflicted, and that is enough. The beautiful and lovely maid is none the worse for the mountain air. I love her as my child, and should wish nothing better than to see her under the protection of such a knight as you. My brother has given you his word, and in that we never fail. Take this little bell, and descend into the Whisper Thal. There you will find the entrance of a cave, overhung with a beech tree, and a poplar growing from the same trunk. My younger brother dwells there, and will come when he hears this signal. You will tell him it is I who have sent you; and pray him to make you a ladder as high as Kedrich's height. You may then reach the summit without danger." Ruthelm took the bell, and was about to ask some questions, but the little old man had disappeared.

Ruthelm was for some minutes lost in amazement. He fancied himself awakening from a dream, but the recollection of the bell seemed very like reality. The first little old man also recurred to his mind, and he now repeated over to himself every word of the second little figure which had just parted from him. He determined punctually to follow these directions. He hastened to the Whisper Thall, found the cave, which was an abandoned mine, and gave three strokes with his little bell. At the third stroke there appeared from the bottom of the mine a little grey-headed old dwarf, with a miner's lamp in his hand, and he demanded of Ruthelm what it was he wanted.

The knight explained the object of his visit, and received the order to attend on the following morning at the foot of Kedrich. The dwarf then drawing up his diminutive body, gave three shrill whistles, and immediately the valley was filled with little figures armed with hammers, saws, and pickaxes. The knight, far distant on his return home, heard the shock of hammers, the noise of hatchets, and the crash of falling trees, and his heart palpitated with hope and joy.

At the first crowing of the harbinger of morn, Ruthelm hastened to the foot of Kedrich, and there he found a ladder raised, and firmly fixed.

With the eagerness of unbounded joy, which sees no danger, Ruthelm now rushed forward to commence his arduous task, but at the first step, when he lifted up his eyes to the fearful height above him, he looked and shuddered. Hope, however, brought fresh courage to his assistance, and he advanced.

Aurora had just begun to tinge with rosy streaks the wide horizon round, as Ruthelm gained the height of Kedrich. There he saw before him the fair object of his toil and care, the beauteous Garlinde, lying upon a bed of moss, and surrounded with all the finest perfumed flowers of the mountain. She was in a profound sleep. The knight, transfixed by the lovely form before him, gazed in rapturous admiration. She awoke, and opened her bright blue eyes. The knight advanced, and kneeling, told her that he was come to conduct her to her father. Garlinde, taken by surprize, rose hastily from her couch; but tears of joy and blushes were her only answer. Presently, the old dwarf appeared, who had carried away the beauteous Garlinde; and with him came the little old mo-

ther, who served as nurse to the lovely captive. The old dwarf advancing took the hand of the fair Garlinde, and resigning it to the knight, said, "Take her, and protect her, and be more hospitable than her father. But you have yet further perils to pay for her ransom. Go you the way by which you came. We know where to find a more convenient road."

Ruthelm, full of hope and confidence, did not wait for further orders. As for Garlinde, she was led by her little old nurse through a subterraneous passage to the foot of the rock, where, hidden from human view, was a secret entrance. The little old nurse on quitting her charge, handed her a casket of precious stones, and said,—"Take it, my child, there is the dowry I have collected for thee."—Garlinde, with tears in her eyes, thanked the good little woman for all her kindness, and bade adieu.

Ruthelm, now in possession of her, in whom rested his brightest hopes in life, led the way towards the burg.

The meeting must be supposed, for who could describe the joy, the transports of the happy father in clasping to his arms the only remaining object of his tenderness, his long lost darling child!

Corrected by this long and painful trial, Sibo de Lorch from henceforth was an altered man; his heart opened to the pleasure of obliging others, and every stranger who presented himself at Lorrich was sure to find at Sibo's burg the hospitality required.

Ruthelm obtained the hand of the lovely Garlinde, and the fond couple lived through their long lives in a state of happiness uninterrupted.

The little old men of the mountain were never known to renew their acquaintance with the happy pair; though many kind offices, as it is said, were attributed by the knight and his fair lady to the little old friends of their early days, and certain it is, that at every lying-in the good old nurse brought a rich present to the new-born.

The wonderful ladder to the summit of this lofty and precipitous rock still exists, and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood continue to regard it as the work of goblins. Hence it has received the name of L'Echelle du Diable, or the Devil's Ladder.

From the town of Lorrich commences that much celebrated and most luxuriant part of the country of the Rhine, called the Rhingau. This is a large tract of the richest and most highly cultivated land, extending along the northern bank of the Rhine, nearly to the confluence of the Maine, and many miles into the interior of the beautiful little territory of the Prince of Nassau.

The Rhingau is a district which seems as if it enjoyed a climate even more favourable than the surrounding country. It is sheltered from the keen winds at every point by ranges of blue and lofty mountains. It comprizes valleys, diversified with smiling villages, ornamented villas, ancient châteaux, ruined monasteries, and dilapidated nunneries, sunny hills covered with luxuriant vines, from whence are drawn the richest and most delicious of the Rhenish wines, majestic heights crowned with thick and varied woods, with moss-grown towers, or other vestiges of the feudal times. In short, the Rhingau may justly be called the rich garden of Germany, the vale of Tempe in the west, the Paradise of Bacchus.

The brilliancy of the day, and the enchanting scenery around, now invited us to quit the bark,

and to pursue our way on foot, and the invitation gladly accepted as well by my two companions as myself, we ordered the boatman to steer to the northern shore, and there to land us.

Now at liberty, we ranged the luxuriant vineyards on the mountain's sides, and climbed the steeps where lately the delighted eye had roamed.

From the neighbouring heights of Asmannhausen (famous for its red wine) some of the riches of the Rhingau were spread before our view, and amongst the loftiest of the grape-crowned mountains, Johannisberg reared its sunny head, if rivalled, not outvied by any vineyard of the Rhine. Looking down upon the silvery stream, it seemed like a steady lake enclosed by high and verdant mountains, and in its bright and placid surface were reflected many of the numerous villages which stand upon the water's edge. On the opposite bank are seen the ruins of the three ancient castles of Falkenbourg, Rheinstein, and Pfalzberg.

Pursuing our course along the northern shore, we arrived at the little town of Rüdesheim, also celebrated for its wine. Near adjoining, rises the bold mountain from whence, principally, this

town derives its justly-acquired celebrity, and on the cloud-capped summit is still seen a vestige of the castle formerly belonging to the knights of Rüdesheim, as celebrated for their valour in former days, as the mountain for its wine. A little higher up, on the opposite side, a sudden bend shews the river rushing violently over a bed of rocks, and under the dark shadow of a lofty mountain stands the ancient town of Bingen. Here the navigation of the Rhine is again much impeded by dangerous currents, and in the centre of the river, standing upon a rock, is a little old tower in ruins. It is probable that this building was originally placed here as a protection to the navigators in passing the dangerous currents and sunken rocks which surround it; tradition, however, assigns a different reason for its origin. It is called "La Tour d'Hatton," and is said to have been built by one Hatton, Archbishop of Mayence, in the 10th century. But here is the ancient traditionary history of

LA TOUR D'HATTON.

Hatton, Archbishop of Mayence, was a man hard hearted and avaricious, who opened his hand oftener to bless than to give.

During his episcopal reign, there happened a terrible famine throughout the country of the Rhine, and numbers met a miserable death.

Crowds of half famished wretches assembled round the palace of the Archbishop at Mayence, and demanded bread. The Archbishop, insensible to their sufferings, cruelly refused to relieve their wants, although his granaries were filled with grain, and he treated the starving supplicants as idlers who would not work. With their sufferings, however, their clamour became greater, and Hatton at last proclaimed that one of his granaries should be opened to the populace. In rushed men, women, and children of all ages, but a band of archers was in attendance, who now surrounded the building, and closing the doors, set fire to the whole granary,

Here was a spectacle so horrible, that stones might have wept, but in the midst of this terrifying scene, Hatton jeered the sufferers in their torments, asking them if they heard not the squeaking of the rats amongst the grain.

But behold the just vengeance of offended heaven. Enormous swarms of rats over-ran the palace of the Archbishop, so that no one could protect himself.

The more killed, so many more there came. The whole palace was one continued swarm, and in the general terror every one sought only to save himself. So great was the terror of Hatton, that he fled towards Bingen, and built a tower in the middle of the Rhine, hoping there to escape from the dreadful pest around him. The tower built, he hastened to take refuge in it, but the rats, still pursuing, followed him into the boat which conveyed him to his new abode. Increased swarms swam across the Rhine, and climbed the tower, and there falling upon the now conscience-stricken Hatton, they devoured him alive, leaving not a vestige of himself or dress behind. It is said in the neighbourhood that his spirit has continued ever since occasionally to appear over this tower in the form of a dense fog. Possibly this may be the reason that since his fearful end no one has ever ventured to inhabit this solitary abode, which is now a ruin, and is called even to this day Hatton's Tower, or the Tower of Rats.

The situation of Bingen is all that can be imagined of luxuriant and romantic scenery

intermingled with the wild and terrible. Close behind the town a chain of dark wooded mountains forms an amphitheatre, which ending abruptly in black and rugged rocks, plunges into a deep gulf, and there causes the much dreaded whirlpool, called Bingerloch. The river Nah forcing its way through a defile of rocks, here mingles its troubled waters with the Rhine, and lends its assistance to increase the strife. Hanging on a neighbouring steep is seen a ruined castle, and in the distance, peeping between the trees, are the remains of what was once a church. —Such is the scene before us on the other side of the river. Around us, the picture, if less impressive in the wild and terrible, yet excels in the more attractive charms of boldness with luxuriance.

On one side Rudesheim's rich mountain spreads its glowing treasures to the unshadowed sun, and the creeping ivy and dark brown moss clinging to the grey tower's mouldering walls, hide the barrenness of this lofty top. Behind, and rising highest of a surrounding group, another rocky summit uplifts another ancient and decaying castle called Ehrenfels, a name once as well known as dreaded, now as little known as cared for.

The road before us presents a range of mountain vineyards, which joining the wooded heights above, descend in an inverted curve to the river's undulating bank. A little further on we passed the melancholy looking ruins of the ancient nunnery of Eubingen, founded by a holy lady named Hildegard, famed in this neighbourhood for her noble family, her rigid piety, and prophetic writings; but probably none of these causes of celebrity have extended very far beyond the limits of their glooming mansion, so let the holy lady's fame rest with her in the silent tomb, and when she awakes to settle her account, may she have full credit for all the benefits which she has rendered to mankind by her prophecies and penances.

The mountain range has here receded from the Rhine, and running far into the north forms in the horizon a widely stretching barrier of blue. On the opposite side of the river, the mountains appear as if abruptly terminating behind the town of Bingen, but presently the chain is seen stretching far into the south, and forming another high barrier of blue, corresponding with the lofty barrier in the north.

Hard by the ruined nunnery of Eubingen, is the little town of Geisenheim. Here by previous arrangement was to be our dinner station, but as

the remainder of our party had not yet arrived, we entered a neat little inn, which first presented itself.

Ample time having been allowed to us for partaking of our host's good cheer, and for drinking each a bottle of his old hock, with another of *the very best* by way of mutual pledge, our master-boatman came to announce that the period for departure had arrived.

Now near the termination of our voyage, we filled up for this good man a full bumper of our best, and thanking him for his skill and care in bringing us safely through all the perils of the Rhine, we told him to choose two of his own favorite bottles for a merry-making with his comrades, and to carry on board with him half a dozen bottles of the best Rhenish for our own private stock. Our host, with seeming pride as well as pleasure, now sallied forth to seek amongst his stores below for what he significantly assured us would do him credit. Not doubting that our boatman would punctually perform his promise of seeing this little stock safely stowed on board, we now set out again to pursue our way on foot along the river's bank.

The valley of the Rhine may here be considered as terminating, and with it the bold and

picturesque scenery. But the receding mountains throw open to the view, on either side the river, a rich extent of country, abounding in all the charms of luxuriant fertility and varied cultivation. The sunny slopes covered with the thriving vine present a smooth and undulating surface of glowing verdure. Orchards interspersed in all directions give shade and variety to the scene; and, for the rest, it is like an open and richly cultivated garden, through which flows in a meandering course the broad transparent Rhine. Little towns and numerous cheerful villages throw around an air of comfort, which seems to tell of an industrious and contented people, as also of a wise and prudent prince; for, although a long and familiar acquaintance with the inhabitants is necessary to form a correct judgment of the genius and manners of a nation, yet very little observation is sufficient to give a pretty accurate idea of the nature of its government. The desolating effects of despotism, or the benign influence of a mild and liberal form of government, are so strongly marked, that they cannot fail to strike the eye even of the most careless traveller; nor can this mild influence be mistaken or overlooked in the smiling country and happy peasantry here northward of the Rhine. This is part of the territory of the young and enlightened Prince of Nassau, under whose govern-

ment the liberty of the subject, and of the press, is perhaps more respected than in any other of the German states.

Relative to this young prince, my friend the captain related to me an anecdote which some short time ago occurred, and which, although trifling in its nature, is yet interesting, as marking a dignified and spirited character.

This prince, like the sovereigns of the other petty states of Germany, which support a larger standing army than can be employed at home, permits his extra forces to enter into foreign service. A part of this force had accordingly entered into the service of the King of the Netherlands, and of course became subjected to the military discipline of that king's troops. It happened that some order was given by the Dutch commanding officer for a trifling alteration in the dress or accoutrements of the soldiers, and non-observance of this order was to subject the offenders to punishment. The General of the Nassau troops, considering that this order could not properly apply to the men under his command, gave them a counter-order.

On the next parade day all the regiments shewed a due observance of this direction, with the exception of those belonging to the Prince

of Nassau. Their general officer was now called out in open parade, and subjected to severe rebuke from the Dutch commander in chief. The general remonstrated on the ground that he was acting under the authority of his master the Prince of Nassau, and that without permission he could not feel himself justified in allowing any alteration in the dress of the soldiers under his command. This was considered an act of dangerous insubordination and open defiance, and the general was put under arrest. The proceeding of the Dutch commander was afterwards approved of and confirmed by the king, and the duration of imprisonment for the refractory general was limited to the period of his obduracy. In the mean time, however, information of this affront was conveyed to the prince. Like a spirited man under the influence of insulted feelings, he considered not his own inferior power, but wrote to the King of the Netherlands demanding reparation.

The general was forthwith released, but the troops under his command were instantly recalled by an order from the prince, who not only signified his approval of his servant's conduct by investing him with honours, but shewed his sensibility of the insult thus put upon him, by forbidding any

of his soldiers for the future to enter into the service of the King of the Netherlands.

But whilst talking about the Prince of Nassau, our attention had been so occupied that we had forgotten our little bark, which was now making way far ahead of us, and as the Rhine here pursues a very broad and winding course, we thought it prudent to resume our station on board, lest a longer separation might render it difficult to return; we therefore hailed the boat whilst yet within hearing, but it being now dependent upon its sails and oars, some tacking and trouble were required to bring it to the shore.

The appearance of the Rhine here is something like an inland sea, with little islands interspersed about the centre, and many of them only a few inches above the surface of the water. These are chiefly occupied by osiers and weeping willows; but some present the appearance of rich water meadows, and on many of these were groups of peasantry employed in cutting their luxuriant crops of grass. Here on the left bank of the river, situated on the water's edge, is a handsome château, the summer residence of the Prince of Nassau.—But our boat is at the green bank side,—in we stept, and pushing off, stood out towards the opposite shore. During

our absence there had been an addition of five to our party. These were five of those strange beings, in their fancy dresses and long flowing hair, called German Students, who, costumed after their own wild fancies, with each a knapsack on his back, a small allowance of money in his pocket, and a head filled with wild romantic notions upon almost every subject moral and political, go in parties roaming and raving about the neighbouring countries, as far from home as their purses and summer vacation will permit, in search, as they profess, of knowledge and experience; but, in fact, more frequently to indulge in the wildest and the coarsest dissipation.

With pipes in their mouths, and a sort of bludgeon in their hands, these sturdy vagrant-like companies are found throughout almost every part of Germany, and often many hundred miles from home. With the scholastic youths, however, of our present party, I mean not to find fault, for I had nothing to complain of. Their dresses and appearance altogether were absurd enough, but during our short acquaintance I was not troubled with that boisterous mirth and forward insolence so peculiar to these roving troops just let loose from school, and fresh crammed with German metaphysics.

Much has been said by modern writers, civil, and political, on the moral effect of the course of education adopted in those seminaries of learning, which send forth such united groups of students, in every direction throughout Germany. These, for the most part, issue from the universities of the Prusssian monarch; and as every individual amongst them must by law serve in the military ranks some portion of that time which in other countries is allotted to prepare the mind of youth for the part which he is to act in the great theatre of life, it cannot be doubted that important consequences must ensue. Future historians will probably have to record this system of education as the nucleus of great revolutions. Amongst these students are to be found the younger branches of many families of distinction in their own country; their dress, both in and out of their academies, distinguishes them from all other classes of men; they indulge in the wildest fancies of theoretic philosophy, at a time of life when enthusiasm is at its highest pitch, and they naturally acquire an *esprit de corps* which may be turned to the most important purposes. The taste for a military life, unites with that for the doctrines of their favorite authors. Already have they become a formidable phalanx even to their own government, and have shewn themselves "jealous and quick in quarrel" ready

to seek "the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth."

The young men who had joined our present party, complained loudly of their want of liberty, as well moral as political. They railed against the restraint imposed by arbitrary power upon the freedom of thought, and of the press, as also upon their feelings of personal right.—"Whilst the whole world," say they, "is open to the youths of other nations, rulers prescribe our bounds: these are, indeed, extensive, but to be found beyond them without permission, is a crime which subjects us to severe punishment; a first offence to temporary imprisonment; a second, to a more extended confinement; and a third, to incarceration for life." Reflecting on these marks of the collar, I silently congratulated myself that I was an Englishman.

To contrast the universities of our own country with these seminaries of physico-political education, we have only to compare their fruits. The academic dress of our colleges never extends beyond their confines; the student is left to such pursuits as may best accord with his taste and natural qualities; he directs his reading to the objects of his future destination, and having for a time submitted to the discipline necessary for control-

ling youthful impetuosity, he walks forth into the world a mere individual, with habits chastened by learning, with a mind composed by study, and with passions tranquillized in proportion to the information he has acquired, ready to fill that character in society, civil or military, which his pride, or his inclination, or his ability may lead him to aspire to. No galling restrictions thwart his will, or control his person; to him the world is open, and he is free.

The German student is a creature of another description. Trained from infancy under the arbitrary will of some superior, he reaches the rigid discipline of the schools. Here he associates with enthusiasts, whose aim is to distinguish themselves by bold enterprize and daring adventure.

The wildest doctrines animate the whole fraternity; they become associated both in moral and political feeling. In due time they enter upon their military duties, with all those fierce and uncontrolled passions incident to their time of life. Themselves smarting under tyranny, they become tyrants in their turn, and the gentler arts of life are altogether neglected and despised. Many splendid exceptions might, no doubt, be selected, but we are now considering general principles and practical results. The rising gene-

ration of the higher classes, sent forth in vast numbers thus qualified, appear to be calculated to produce a moral change in the habits of the country, and, possibly, a complete revolution in its government. Like the Scotch covenanters, they have only to unite in some favorite dogma of religious or political creed, give their cause the title of "*Holy*," raise the banner of sedition, and involve their country in all the miseries of civil discord.

Being now on board without much to occupy us, we set about constructing a little table on deck, and were soon seated before our bottles and other stores. The usual courtesy of foreign manners requiring that we should invite those about us to partake of our wine, our five new companions, with all the ease of foreigners on such occasions, accepted our invitation. Under these circumstances, we of course soon became better acquainted, and it was not long before we learnt from them that they had quitted their university at Berlin about six weeks ago, that they had pursued their route hither on foot, through such and such towns, and that they were now proceeding to visit Mayence and Frankfort, on their way home. This may give some notion of the pedestrian powers at least of these young scholars.

The Rhine still flows in a broad smooth course through a beautiful and fertile country, but the scenery is of a description rather to delight the eye than to surprize the mind, and to encourage, rather than to suspend sociability and conversation.

The bottles passed merrily round our little varied group, and cheerfulness and good humour made us all fellow-travellers well met. Many a road anecdote and adventure called forth the hearty, and sometimes rather boisterous laugh, but this last was only occasional, and mirth and good humour wiled away the afternoon.

There being but little wind, we had for some time past, and as soon as the river permitted, resumed the towing rope, and although this was now of an amazing length, yet the effect upon our progress was very evident.

Between six and seven o'clock, we had made a reach in the river, which brought before our view the venerable towers of the once famous Archiepiscopal Capital, and chief electoral town of Germany.

Now near the completion of our voyage and the period of our separation, I proposed, as a prelude to our long farewell, that first the bum-

per should go round to our mutual welfare. The brimfull glasses met over the centre of our rude table, and each in his own mother tongue pronounced the social blessing. The next bumper was to be to the honor of our king and country; but who was to take the lead! loud acclamation presently announced in favor of the proposer of the toast, and "The King of England" resounded along the banks on either shore. Our national anthem of "God save the King" was then called for, and I gave it, at least in the true English style, with all my heart.

Next in a full bumper came, "Der König von Preussen, und möge er leben um aufgeklärt zu werden!" and in a chorus of five voices, Prussia's national air,—and next with cordial warmth was drank, "La Republique Helvetique, et qu'elle soit pour jamais!" This was followed by a favorite Ranz de Vach, given by my two Swiss comrades, and with an earnestness of feeling which bespoke as much love of country as could inspire the breast of man. Two or three other songs followed, in which I caused all the crew to join, at least in making a noise, and in which I succeeded to the utmost of my wishes, by promising an additional cup of Rhenish to the loudest voices. But our jollification was put a stop to when at its highest pitch, for presently the

town of Mayence appearing full in view, all was preparation for the approaching bustle, and a clear deck being required for the convenience of our steersman, in piloting through a crowd of vessels, our whole party was put to flight.

By the time that each had singled out his luggage; the motion of the bark had ceased, and we were stationary along-side the quay.

It was now all darkness, bustle, and confusion; but in the midst of this there was many a hand to be shaken, and many a farewell to be said; for after having been shut up in a narrow space for three days, although it be with strangers, yet there is a something in the idea of an eternal separation, even after a short, transitory acquaintance, which conveys in the extended hand somewhat more than a mere stranger's feeling. I will not talk of my own feelings on this occasion, for I have a better instance to produce, one where nature may be presumed to shew itself free from all disguise. This was in the two little girls of our female companion.

My friend the Swiss Captain had been so successful in his good natured endeavours to amuse these little children, and to beguile the tediousness of their three days' captivity, that to them the long

anticipated moment of release was forgotten, under the weight of overwhelming woe, brought with the period of separation; nature here could not be stifled, but in the bursting sob proclaimed herself without disguise.

Time and experience in the world enables us to meet this sort of conflict against nature more successfully, though still I must believe that it is ever, more or less, a struggle.

The young officer now took the two weeping children in his arms, and hugging them until their sobs had ceased, with kind words and kisses he handed them over to their mother's charge; but their grief then broke out afresh, and louder than before. I was standing by, and saw the averted face of the young soldier, as he abruptly turned away and left the cabin; I followed him on deck, and by a sort of natural impulse took him by the hand. The bright moon was now up, and its pale light fell upon the scarred face and toil-worn features of this youthful warrior; there was a smile upon his countenance, but the half-wiped tear was visible: he seemed to think that I observed it, and that some apology was necessary, for with a squeeze of the hand he said, "*Mon ami, vous n'êtes pas père, moi, je le suis.*" We now stepped on to the quay, and whilst his

brother was giving directions to the boatman about our luggage, we two walked forward towards the inn.

On reaching our quarters, the first direction, as usual, was for the immediate preparation of a meal, and after a comfortable alteration in our dresses, we sat down to a well-served supper in the true German style. But better than all the dishes, to my liking, was the music. The arrival of the strangers, had attracted two of those mendicant musicians who, in almost every town of any note throughout Germany, are in attendance to greet the weary traveller. It was always with a feeling of interest mixed with pity, that I looked upon these poor wandering minstrels, whilst pouring forth their plaintive airs to the heedless crowd of a Table-d'hôte, or noisy Café, for the humble recompence of a few *sous* caught from the waiter's accidental change; but in the two poor children, now before me, of this neglected race, I was struck with something more than usual interest. They were brother and sister, both very young, and apparently within a year or two of the same age. The boy had his violin and the little girl her harp. They performed some of the favorite airs of Mozart and Rossini with a correctness of taste and execution, quite extraordinary; but the little girl ac-

companied some of these with a voice so soft and sweet, and with a manner so diffident and elegant, that although I listened with delight, yet the bending downcast figure of this poor child of harmony, was a sight to me so full of painful melancholy, that I wished myself away, for,

> "Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
> Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn."

The little minstrel had just finished the beautiful air of "*Di tanti palpiti*," and was about to commence another, when walking up to her to praise her skill, and to say some kind word in recompence, I put into her hand a dollar, and wished her a good night. She looked up with a countenance, brightened by sudden and intense surprize. This was the first time that I had caught a distinct view of her mild and graceful features; but the uplifted face of surprize was presently hid in the downcast look and humble bend of gratitude, and with a low courtesy, taking her brother's arm, she left the room.

Various subjects of conversation occupied the remainder of the evening, probably the last that we three should ever pass together. Pressing was the invitation of the two brothers, that I would continue my route with them to their native country of the Grisons, and pay a visit to

their sequestered home. The plan of my route was hardly ever formed before the time for action had arrived, and being now in this glorious state of uncertainty, I was half tempted to accept the invitation. But the interesting tract of country which I must thus necessarily pass hastily over, decided me, after a few moments reflection, to abandon the idea, and expressing the hope that my course through Switzerland would lead me to their native mountains, for the present I reluctantly declined.

This subject disposed of, we talked about Mayence, and its objects of interest to the stranger; and my two friends, as they were well acquainted with the city, determined to postpone their departure until to-morrow evening, which would leave the day at their disposal to my advantage. I felt that this was a sacrifice greater than I ought to accept, but I had not the privilege of refusal, and after arranging our schemes for making the most of to-morrow, we separated for the night.

Thursday, October 4. Rising early this morning, we took a stroll about the town before breakfast.

The streets of Mayence are for the most part dark and narrow, and the houses generally

lofty; but there is something in the numerous venerable buildings which plainly declares this to have been once a celebrated city, already fallen into neglect, and fast sinking to decay.

The solemn gloom of mouldering magnificence seems to constitute the chief interest in the exterior appearance of this ancient ecclesiastical capital.

The gothic stone-work of its buildings can no longer be admired as specimens of the sculptor's art, for the corroding hand of time has so smoothed the projecting surfaces, and blotted out the chisel's lines, that the shapeless marks upon the stone serve now for little more than by their indistinctness to lead the mind into vague conjectures upon the antiquity of the work. Besides the obliterating hand of time, the more suddenly destructive hand of war has left its baleful marks on almost every part of this venerable city; and the wide and dreary vacant spaces, or ruined fabrics, shew the sad effects of the destroying cannon, and tell of the late disastrous history of Mayence.

After breakfast we attended the parade, where the Prussian troops, quartered here, were going through their exercise. The military music

was remarkably fine, being performed by the Prussian and Austrian bands united, the town being now occupied by the troops of these two powers.

From the parade we visited the cathedral, a massy and inelegant building of red stone, and deriving its principal interest from its venerable appearance. We entered by a ponderous door of carved bronze, marked in several places by tremendous strokes of cannon balls. The interior view of the cathedral is very imposing, not by the elegance of the structure, but by the vast extent of heavy grandeur, which meets the eye through the solemn and pervading gloom. Here are many interesting and ancient monuments, which might afford much amusing employment to the linguist and the antiquary, — but as I pretend not to lighten the labours of this class of persons, I pass over these memorials of past times, not doubting that for a slight recompence the curious stranger will always find much better assistance on the spot than I could render him, and that, amongst other tombs of the *departed great*, the spot where rests the remains of the wife of Charlemagne will not fail to be pointed out with due precision, accompanied by all the necessary particulars.

After spending some time in surveying monuments, decyphering inscriptions, and examining many curiosities which have escaped the vigilance of enemies, our guide led us round the gloomy vaulted aisles, into the damp and grass-grown cloister, an interesting specimen of the simple but heavy architecture of that early period commonly miscalled the dark age.

Here the attention of the stranger will probably be drawn by his guide to what, otherwise, in all likelihood, would escape notice, a small slab of red stone to the memory of a certain gallant hero, the early Anacreontic bard of Germany, called Henry Frauenlob, or in English, "praise the ladies;" and who, in return for the services which he is considered to have rendered to the fair sex, is still said to be holden, by all German ladies, in grateful veneration.

Over the cloister are seen the destructive effects of a bomb which burst upon this part of the venerable structure in the famous siege of 1792. Another part of the building is also much impaired by a similar accident, which did more mischief in one moment, than perhaps would have been effected by the slow hand of time in the long period of 500 years.

My companions being acquainted with a Prussian officer here, we now proceeded to seek him out for the purpose of inspecting the military part of the establishment in this town. We soon succeeded in discovering the officer, who gave us a very polite reception, and expressed the greatest readiness to be of any service to his two "braves camarades, et Monsieur l'Anglcis."

The usual form and desultory conversation of a first introduction being over, we visited the Caserne, a large, and once a handsome public building, but not improved in its appearance by the use to which it is now applied. In the large open space behind, were several detached parties of Austrian and Prussian soldiers going through their various exercises and military manœuvres. All this was curious and amusing enough to me, and I had the benefit of plenty of explanation upon the various evolutions. I also learnt many interesting particulars respecting the military discipline of the Austrian and Prussian troops. These, however, are subjects which might lead into long and here misplaced detail, and I shall therefore only observe that the impression left upon my mind of the extreme misery of a soldier's life in the Austrian or Prussian service, was such as to excite wonder that

human nature could be brought to a state of so much painful endurance. The whole system tends to reduce the common soldier to a mere machine, dependent for every motion upon some separate and higher power. It seems like a life of continued harassing and hardship, without the prospect of relief or change but in death, — without one ray of hope but in the grave! Such, however, cannot be the actual state of the poor soldier's mind, for life could not thus long endure. As the intellectual and finer faculties are checked and blunted, the grosser properties of human nature are left behind to strengthen, and as these flourish and gain faster hold, the victim becomes less conscious of his loss, and like the brute creation lives and enjoys by instinct. Sad experience has proved the truth of this, and the poor captive has been known to be so long inured to misery, as at last to hug his chains, and be in love with darkness.

We next proceeded to survey the adjoining and now neglected fortifications which extend around the town. Here, upon the decaying ramparts, yet stands, in defiance of all the storms of heaven and earth, a little round tower called Drusus' Tower. Its masonry plainly declares its Roman origin, and in all probability

it is correctly attributed to Drusus, who has left about these parts many traces of his marches.

Our companion the Prussian officer had in his pocket the key to the little wooden door of this tower, by which we entered. A spiral flight of small stone steps leads to the ruined top of this ancient look-out, from whence we enjoyed a noble view over the town and surrounding country.

I know not whether I possess the organ of altitude, as Dr. Gall would say, but certainly, like the chamois, my inclination always leads me to high places. On entering a new town, or coming into a new country, the first impulse of my inclination is to gain the highest elevation, and thereby to enjoy the fullest advantages of the exercise of sight. This, to a traveller, is like taking a map out of his pocket, and spreading it before him on the table; it seems to give him a general notion of his actual position, and if his examination be afterwards more minute, a previous bird's-eye view will be found of great advantage.

Here, from the summit of this Roman tower, the eye wanders over a noble extent of country, presenting in one view a rich and varied scene.

Looking to the south, an undulating but less fertile tract is bounded by a range of lofty mountains, — towards the north, Mayence is seen beneath the feet, and, on the opposite side of the river, the little town of Cassel, — from thence, the beautiful and gently flowing Main is traced through its luxuriant country of glowing vineyards into the distant horizon bounded by the Taunus Mountains, — and westward, where the Rhine sweeps onward in its broad majestic course, the delighted eye follows the silvery stream, nor parts with it until lost amongst the purple mountains of the Rhingau.

We now returned to the inn, and my two Swiss companions having made their travelling arrangements, and concluded a treaty with the innkeeper for the hire of a calèche as far as Stutgard, we all sat down to dinner. In about another hour the calèche was at the door. My kind friend, the captain, renewed his persuasions that I would step in and fill the vacant seat, and proceed with him to his snowy Grisons; or, if the only impediment were my wish to visit Frankfort, he offered to postpone his journey for two days, and to set out with me from thence. This last proposal went some way towards the removal of a principal difficulty, but I was not so selfish as to accept the offer, and after many

hearty farewells, the two brothers stepped into the carriage, and we parted — in the hope that accident might again in some portion of the globe throw us in each other's way, although the probability was but too apparent that this was a parting—for ever. We have all of us, surely, some time in our life, felt what it is to be suddenly deprived of a friend, or an agreeable acquaintance. It makes the loser feel lonely in a crowd, indifferent to every thing around, and like one forsaken. The mind dwells upon its loss, and for a long time from this source of pain derives its only pleasure. Thus are we, as it were, innately told, that from social intercourse comes the chief blessing to mankind on earth, and hapless must be that man's state who lives a stranger to this feeling. Short as had been my acquaintance with my two late companions, I felt sensible of a loss, and my mind now dwelt upon the recollection of the last few days in preference to all other subjects. There is, we all know, a certain melancholy sentiment which creeps across the mind on feeling that one is performing any act, however trivial, for the last time in one's life. There is so much awful mystery associated with our notion of eternity, that it is an idea which the human mind can hardly contemplate without emotion. Such were my present feel-

ings, for, to my two departed comrades, I felt that I had said my last farewell.

The remainder of the afternoon I spent in wandering through the shady walks along the green margin of the Rhine's bright silvery stream, and in the beautifully planted promenade around the town. These public walks within a convenient distance from any quarter, are peculiar to the continental towns, and besides the purpose of a delightful ornament, must contribute much to the health and comfort of the inhabitants.

In the evening I went to the play, and was much amused with the representation of an incident in the life of the Great Frederick. The interior of the theatre is tolerably spacious, and well formed, but, as far as I could see by the dingy light, very much in want of paint and scrubbing brushes.

After the play I took my cup of coffee in a neighbouring kafe-haus, and returned home with the intention of retiring immediately to bed. But on reaching the inn, I found my poor little minstrel with her harp, and attended by her brother, waiting my arrival. A smile of joy lighted up their countenances as I entered.

Musick, never unseasonsable with me, came now most suitably. With a nod of recognition and assent, I sat down, and the little girl striking her harp raised her voice in a plaintive German air. Several other airs followed in German and Italian, occasionally accompanied by her brother on his violin. — If it be an act of extravagance, said I to myself, as putting my hand into my pocket and finding another dollar, — if it be an act of extravagance, it is the last which I shall ever be guilty of towards these two poor children. — The slightly formed fingers of the girl seemed to tremble on the strings, and I fancied I perceived a faltering in her voice. — These might have been symptoms of fatigue, or the consequences of anxious expectation, but wishing not to continue either, I dropped the dollar into her hand. — Her features instantly bespoke the realization of a cherished hope, but yet the gift seemed to come like an unaccustomed and overwhelming act of bounty. Unusual kindness seemed to have stopped the expression of these poor children's thanks. — Bending in lowly gratitude they left the room, and I retired to bed.

Friday, October 5. Took an early stroll about the town, and by accident directed my steps towards the market-place. It happened to

be market-day, and the immense assemblage of persons, the varieties in dress, language, and appearance, rendered this a sight full of novelty and amusement. The profusion of every description of provision was astonishing, and particularly of game, poultry, fruit, and vegetables. Nor were the prices matter of less surprize than the quantity. In English money, fowls were about eight-pence the couple, a brace of partridges ten-pence, a hare five-pence. The varieties of river fish were numerous and cheap beyond belief. And as to fruit and vegetables, it was matter of surprize to me how the prices could repay the trouble of collecting and bringing to market. The whole scene was one of life and animation, and afforded me much amusement, for a more varied group I had never seen collected together; and besides the variety of grotesque figures, jabbering in a dialect to me unintelligible and uncouth, there is something to my fancy highly amusing in observing the various ways which people of different nations have of doing the same things, even in the most trifling circumstances. The lower classes of society certainly afford the most ample field for this sort of observation, and no opportunity perhaps is more favorable than such an assemblage as this, composed of the farmers and peasantry of

the surrounding country collected into one small space, and exhibiting all the eagerness of rivalry, amidst all the bustle of confusion.

Whilst returning to the inn to breakfast, I calculated that I had now bestowed upon Mayence as much time as I could conveniently spare, and I determined upon setting out for Frankfort by mid-day.

My arrangements being completed accordingly, I found a full hour at my disposal after breakfast. This vacant time I spent in wandering along the quay, and in visiting the small town of Cassel, on the opposite bank.

The quay is broad and handsome, and gives an air of some commercial importance to the exterior appearance of this city; and the old ecclesiastical palace of red stone, facing the river, excites all that interest which belongs to a sight of decaying splendour.

The approach to the town of Cassel is over a bridge supported upon pontoons. As I walked along I counted the number of pontoons, which amounted to fifty-two. These are placed at equal distances of about eighteen feet from each

other, and each pontoon, as I should guess by the eye, is about six feet, which gives for the breadth of the river here one thousand two hundred and forty-eight feet, or four hundred and sixteen yards. The whole is perfectly firm, and the heaviest vehicles pass and repass without the slightest inconvenience; nor is the navigation for ships much impeded, for separating the bridge for the passage of vessels is the work only of a few minutes.

Cassel is an inconsiderable town yet hardly recovered from its last bombardment, and its situation as a *tête du pont* subjects it too much to the horrors of war to permit it to become of greater importance as a town, probably, than it now is.

At a little after 12 o'clock, I was rattling over this bridge of boats in my heavy vehicle, on the road to Frankfort. No sooner does the traveller cross the Rhine, than he finds a change in the language, and almost, it may be said, in the very appearance of the people. The mixture of French in the language and character of the inhabitants of Mayence suddenly disappears, and I now again felt that I was amongst Germans.

The distance to Frankfort is about seven leagues, and the road passes through a fine fertile country.

At a short distance beyond Cassel is Hockheim. This is a small town situated on a sunny height, and looking down upon the Main. It is surrounded by vineyards celebrated for their wine; but there is one small and sheltered hill spread before the sun, which produces what has acquired the reputation of being the purest of the Rhenish wines, better known to us by the name of hock. But it is to be hoped that this is not the only hill from whence the true hock is to be procured, or it might be an unsatisfactory piece of information to some, to be told that this favored spot does not present a greater space than about ten acres.

Two leagues further is the small town of Weilbach, where there is a very strong sulphureous spring, celebrated for its medicinal qualities.

The next town of any importance is Höchst, very prettily situated on the river Nidda, which, just below the town, falls into the Main; and next rose before my view, in the wide and fertile valley of the Main, the ancient Inau-

gural City of the German empire. As we approached, the appearance of the city, its situation, and the beauty of the surrounding country were most imposing. The sun, fast sinking in its west, gilded with rich and glowing colours the bold wooded chain of the Taunus mountains, and the bright rays darting almost horizontally upon the blue slated roofs and handsome white-faced houses, which look down upon the Main's gently flowing and transparent stream, threw a brilliant splendour over this entrance to the town, and to the notion of its wealth added that of elegance and comfort. But my carriage is now rattling through the streets of Frankfort, and I am presently set down at a magnificent hotel, called "la Cour d'Angleterre," occupying nearly one side of a handsome square or place, and facing an elegantly playing fountain.

In the evening I visited the Casino, a handsome house in the same square, and here I was very politely received and introduced by M. de Bethmann.

The Casino is a liberal and convenient establishment, found in most of the principal towns of Germany. It is a sort of club-house, where all the foreign papers and periodical publications are taken in, and where the best society

meets in the evening to drink coffee, converse, read, or play a rubber at whist. The Casino here is on a very handsome scale, and possesses every accommodation and comfort which can be wished. The stranger will find these establishments particularly agreeable, an introduction by a member, and the insertion of his name in the stranger's book, being all that is required to give him free access at all times, during any reasonable stay in the town.

Saturday, October 6. To-day was spent in visiting the city and its principal buildings. Most of the streets are in the style of other German towns, long and narrow, and the lofty old-fashioned houses, although very venerable in appearance, are also very gloomy. There are, however, some broad and handsome streets, and one in particular in the central part of the town, which can boast of regularity in form, and some handsome and substantial buildings.

The whole of the afternoon was spent in the delightful promenades around the town. These public walks exceed in beauty any thing of the kind I have ever seen, and give an extraordinary air of health, comfort, and elegance to Frankfort.

This city is built in an oval shape towards the river, and was formerly surrounded by fortifications. These have been entirely demolished and filled up, and the space thus gained has been converted into walks and gardens laid out in the English fashion.

Commencing my walk from the river's bank, I proceeded through spacious and shady avenues of linden and acacia trees, varied with lofty shrubberies of myrtles, laurels, and other evergreens, or with the grassy lawn and flower-garden, laid out in all the elegance of our modern taste. In some places a piece of water serpentines through verdant slopes, and winds through the open and ornamented garden adjoining, which belongs to the handsome neighbouring mansion of some wealthy merchant; and in other places the high road crosses the walk, and, passing through the shrubberies, opens to the view the bustling town.

Through these varied and delightful scenes I pursued my way until I found myself again upon the river's bank from whence I started, and I now discovered that I had made the full circuit of the town.

It had been a long walk, and the sun had just sunk into the west, but the square old tower of the cathedral, and the surrounding heights were yet gilded by the lingering rays, and the clear and gently gliding stream caught here and there the bright reflection.

It was the mild, delightful, and refreshing time of evening, best calculated "to soothe the throbbing passions into peace," and every thing around invited "to woo lone quiet in her silent walks." I accepted the invitation, and wandered some time longer in the deepening shade of the now deserted avenues.

The difference observable in the manners and feelings of the people of different nations, was one of the subjects of my meditations, and one suggested by the place itself. The neat and well-swept walks, the smooth shorn lawns, the ornamented parterres, and beds decked out with flowers, amongst which are many rare and beautiful exotics, and all open to the highway, present to an Englishman a striking instance of national character, and at the same time mark the difference which exists in different countries.

Here are no *gens d'armes*, or civil officers to protect this common property, it is open at all times, and to all classes. The wealthiest and the poorest citizen share alike in the enjoyment of it, and each has therefore the same interest in its preservation.

In the course of my walk I met one of the gardeners, and I asked him if he ever missed any of his more valuable plants, or if he ever saw about the gardens or shrubberies any instances of malicious destruction or of wanton waste. His answer was, "that he had been in his present employment about fourteen years, and that during this period he had missed a plant or two, but that the loss was a very rare occurrence;" and as to any wilful destruction, it was evidently, from the man's manner, quite unknown, for he could hardly comprehend the question. These walks, he informed me, are supported by contributions from the townspeople, who frequently make presents of any thing new or curious in the way of plants and shrubs for the benefit of the general effect.

All this seemed to present to me a state of society so unlike what I had been accustomed to, that, trifling as was the cause, it was sufficient to lead the train of thoughts; and as I loitered

on my way towards the inn, I could not help fancying to myself how hopeless would be the chance of raising public walks and flower gardens such as these, around our own metropolis. I know, by the time I reached my apartment, I had come to the conclusion in my own mind, that to effect this, would be as difficult as to pay off our national debt.

Sunday, October 7. This morning, during the hour of service, I visited the cathedral.

This is a large, clumsy, but venerable looking edifice; sadly disfigured by a crowd of dirty little shops and booths which closely surround it. Twice I walked round this nest of low and mean buildings, before I could find the entrance to the ancient pile. But there is little more to boast of in the interior than in the exterior view. There are a few ancient monuments for the gratification of the antiquary, and upon the walls hang some pictures which bear the stamp of great antiquity, to which, in my eyes, they are principally indebted for what little interest they possess.

Before the celebrated golden bull, which was passed in the year 1355, in the reign of the Emperor Charles IV., this cathedral was the scene of the coronation of the emperors of Germany.

By this famous edict the election only of the emperor was confined to the city of Frankfort and the ceremony of coronation was transferred to Aix-la-Chapelle.

The remainder of the morning I spent in examining the collection of pictures belonging to the city. It is not a very extensive collection, but boasts of some choice pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, well worthy the stranger's inspection; as also some curiosities of the early German masters.

The city also possesses a valuable museum, but this having been lately removed until a building in preparation should be completed, an order for admission was now necessary, to have procured which would have required more time and trouble than I could afford.

As I had an engagement to day to dine with M. de Bethmann, my rambles were brought to an earlier conclusion.

Of this gentleman, to whom for his great courtesies towards me I feel much indebted, I must here make some mention.

M. de Bethmann, perhaps with the exception of M. Rothschild, is the wealthiest of the wealthy merchants of this city. He is here known by the title of "le roi de Frankfort," and he appears to have derived this honorary appellation from the worth of his private character, as well as from the hospitality and splendour of his establishment.

I could not help being reminded yesterday during my evening walk of an early and amusing friend of mine, Monsieur Nongtongpaw. Almost every object most strikingly attractive by its beauty and magnificence belonged to Monsieur Bethmann; and my further enquiries seemed to confirm this character of M. de Bethmann, as general monopolizer of all that is elegant and costly in and about Frankfort.

His summer residence, where I now visited him, is situated just at the outskirts of the town, at the side of the public gardens, and facing a large bronze monument, erected to the memory of the brave Hessians who perished on the taking of the city in the revolutionary war.

A military guard of honor before the door bespoke the presence of some princely visitor. I

was ushered with much state into the drawing-room, where I found most of the company assembled, and enjoying the delightful afternoon under the awning of a spacious balcony. Here conversation was carried on until dinner was announced. As this afforded a good specimen of a dinner party in the highest style of German fashion, a short description may not be amiss.

On entering the room, the first appearance was novel and imposing, as well in elegance as splendour. Over a long and spacious table was spread a service of the richest china, containing only the most costly and delicious fruits. In the centre of the table stood in a porcelain vase, a large and beautiful exotic, reaching nearly to the lofty ceiling; and at the top and bottom were two other rare plants in similar vases, smaller, but not less beautiful. Plate and cut glass filled up the remaining space; and opposite to each guest were two richly cut decanters, filled with two different sorts of wine, another decanter for water, and a variety of glasses, with a reserve of the finest china plates.

This may give some idea of the brilliancy of the display, but the elegance of the *coup d'œil* is hardly to be imagined.

We now sat down, sixteen in number, and the glittering of the stars and orders of the company, with the splendid dresses of the numerous domestics, gave additional lustre to this brilliant scene.

The lady and gentleman of the house were distinguished by no particular places at the table, but each took a seat apparently as by accident. I could not help remarking, however, that I found myself seated between a gentleman and lady who could talk fluently in the French, and a little in the English language. Whether this were merely accidental, or courteously designed I know not, but I afterwards remarked that these were the only two visitors in the room who appeared to be acquainted with a word of our language.

As to the dishes, all these were handed round by the servants, and never made their appearance on the table; but here I must avoid any attempt at description, the profusion was fatiguing, and I am little skilled in culinary learning.

I will however mention one peculiarity which struck me as being the *ne plus ultra* of modern refinement.

Behind every three or four guests was stationed a man of majestic and warlike mien, clad in a richly ornamented uniform, with a cocked hat and high green feather. If, instead of standing behind my chair, he had been seated at the table, I, as a stranger, might reasonably have mistaken him at least for a field-marshal. A celebrated Saxon marshal, although apparelled in his military uniform, was certainly less imposing in figure and appearance. This noble-looking personage, however, behind the chair, was consigned to more ignoble duties, for his sole office seemed to be to help those submitted to his care to the proper wines after certain dishes. This duty he appeared fully to understand, and executed it in the most gallant style. He poured out in ample libations the most luxuriant wines, calling out the name of each, and no doubt presenting each in the most approved order; but the varieties were so numerous, and the succession so rapid, that I was unable to keep pace, and long before the feast was over, taste was confounded, and even curiosity could carry me no further.

As to the numbers of dishes, these seemed as endless as the variety, and the ceremony of eating was continued until it became positively tedious. At last, however, the removal of the napkins around the border of the table announced

the conclusion of the dinner, and rare liqueurs came in for the finale. Perfumed waters were now handed round in vessels of the richest and most elegant devices. These were not only grateful for their coolness and refreshing sweetness, but as affording an agreeable cessation from eating and drinking. But it was a short pause, for presently ices were brought in, and these were succeeded by fruits of more varieties than I can enumerate, all of which, whether in or out of season, bore the bloom and fragrance of perfection. Wines in still greater abundance and variety than before, vieing in coolness with the ice, and in fragrance with the fruits, were now pressed into the service. But I had already been on harder duty than I had been accustomed to, and I was now contented to be a looker-on.

The beauty and splendour of the dinner table was still preserved. No signs or remnants of a feast here met the eye, — every object was seen in its original purity and freshness, and the same elegance of arrangement was preserved as when we first sat down, for nothing originally on the table had been touched.

After the dessert and wines had been twice handed round, the company rose and adjourned

to the drawing-room, to converse and sip coffee in the cool refreshing air of the balcony.

In about half an hour the party broke up for other engagements. The opera, as usual, on Sunday evening was the principal attraction, and I was invited to make one of the party to this scene of gaiety and fashion. But I chose a quieter engagement to a small family party and private concert, where I was much pleased with the performances of some young German ladies.

Monday, October 8.—Rose early this morning to prepare for a little excursion towards the Taunus mountains. This is a lofty range, commencing near Homburg, about four or five leagues from Frankfort, and branching off in three directions towards the Rhine, the Main, and the Moselle. In these mountains rise a great variety of mineral springs, which supply the celebrated baths of Taunus.

I had heard much of the richness and beauty of this part of the country, and my two companions from whom I parted at Mayence strongly recommended me to visit this interesting scenery. My time, however, was too limited to enable me to catch more than a glimpse around.

Taking the road to Rödelheim, the country opens like a fertile garden, interspersed with ornamented villas. Here the bold range of Taunus on the right closing in the scene, directs the eye over part of the luxuriant Rhingau, where nature is displayed all-bounteous and beautiful.

A short distance further is the small town of Kronenberg, beautifully situated at the foot of Mount Altkönig. This and the Feldberg, near adjoining, are the two high summits seen from Frankfort, and are the loftiest of the range. From hence is presented a fine expanse of fertile country, varied with picturesque vallies and bold mountains with their ruined castles. Of these the most remarkable and interesting are the ruins of the ancient castle of Falkenstein, situated on a rocky eminence not far from Kronenberg. I had much curiosity to visit this memorial of early times, not only on account of its great antiquity, but for its remarkable situation, and the noble prospect it affords.

Attached to this ancient castle is an interesting tradition which was also communicated to me by my late companion the Swiss captain. I fancy I have already so far shewn my partiality for old women's stories that I now hardly need be ashamed of owning that a desire to visit the scene

of this tradition was a little secret motive for my present curiosity. I had not, however, time sufficient to enable me to gratify it fully on this occasion; but yet as there may be some equally curious as myself in traditions, I will here give this from recollection, and even if its historical information should be considered dubious, the very antiquity of the authority may carry with it some interest to the reader.

FALKENSTEIN CASTLE.

Above the fertile valley of Kronenberg, upon the highest point of a steep and barren rock, are seen the solitary walls of the once renowned castle of Falkenstein. The founder of this castle was a knight of a gloomy spirit, and of a cold and distant manner. Irmengarde, his only daughter, was beautiful and affable. If the knight was inhospitable, and hard as the rock on which he dwelt, the lovely Irmengarde was like the evening star shedding its soft light upon the desert. No one could behold her without opening his heart to all the soft sentiments of love. This was the effect of a first interview upon the young knight Cunon de Sayn, whom some affairs with the lord of Falkenstein had brought upon a visit to the castle.

One look from Irmengarde, and a voice full of charms, were the firebrands which so suddenly inflamed the heart of Cunon; and on quitting this scene his only consolation was in the determination he had made with himself to return shortly to demand her hand. Eager hope hastened his return, and in a few days from the time of his departure Cunon was again a visitor at Falkenstein.

The father gave him but a cold reception. They stood before the window which looked far over the vast and fertile country below, but after the first formal greeting, silence ensued.

"There is no castle like yours for situation," said Cunon, hoping to break this chilling pause, "but it is difficult of access."—

"Who is it that has forced you to come here then?" replied the father.—

"Sir,—it is your daughter Irmengarde who has forced me to come here a captive—I come to demand her hand," said Cunon, in a faltering voice, at the little prospect of success before him. The father smiled:—this was a bad presage.—Some moments of silence then ensued.

—"Knight," said he, "you shall have my daughter;—but upon one condition."—"Accepted," interrupted the knight, "whatever that may be."—"Well," said the father, "pierce me a road through yonder rock; but it must be done to-night—hear you that?"

Cunon started; then rested in suspense.—The father grinned at his infatuation, and walked away.

But Cunon was now deep in love; and love is a passion to which nothing seems impossible, and which will hazard all.

He hastened instantly to the mines, addressed himself to an old and faithful master miner, confided in him his own situation and designs, and besought his best assistance.

The old man hung his head.—"I know," said he, "that cursed lump of rock; three hundred miners could scarcely succeed in eight days, and to attempt it in one night!"—Sad and dejected, Cunon sat down at the entrance of the mine, and the dews of night ascending gradually from the meadows below, he was at length enveloped in a gloomy mist. Now roused from his inactive state, in a fit of wild distraction, he suddenly

jumped up, and looking around like one bereft of hope, he saw by his side a diminutive little figure of an old man, with a beard reaching to his middle, and seeming as if blanched by upwards of a hundred years.

"Knight," said the little figure, "I have heard what you have said to the old miner. He is a fine old fellow, but I understand his trade better than he."—"Who are you?" demanded Cunon.

"Knight," replied the old man, "it matters little to you who I am—I am not alone, but one of many. To us it would be but a trifle to make a convenient road to the castle through this rock in an hour."

"Ah if you could! and if you would!" exclaimed the knight.

"I can, and I will," —was the reply; —"but for one recompense . . . . attend . . . Stop the working of the mine of St. Marguerite, which will soon penetrate into our sombre dwellings, and force us to quit the mountain . . . . . that is all . . . you shall lose nothing. . . to the left you will find abundant seams of ore, these lie from west to east, but we are to the north."

Cunon eagerly replied, that for all the gold and silver of the world, the mine of Saint Marguerite should not continue in its present course; and the little old man promised him that the morning should find his wish accomplished.

Elate with joy and hope, the knight returned home. But from the castle window, in sad and silent melancholy, the lovely Irmengarde sat gazing at the cruel rock which rose between her and her faithful lover; for the father had already told her of the knight's proposal, and of the condition which he had accepted.

The eleventh hour had struck, when on a sudden she heard strange noises of hammers, pick-axes, and iron-crows. Her heart palpitated, but she feared to stay to look.

The father, awakened by the noise of tools, rose and advanced to the casement of his chamber.—"Is he mad, this knight of ours?" muttered the master to himself; "Is he hacking up my only foot path?—We must be wound up in baskets to our castle . . ." He opened the casement . . . an impetuous wind agitated the dark and lofty forests,—all the trees bent their gigantic heads. Presently the windows and the doors flew open with a rushing noise, bursts

of laughter pierced through the stormy air; and the affrighted Irmengarde now flew for shelter and protection to her father, there by his side to murmur her prayers for both. Presently again all was calm. It seemed as if exhausted nature had sunk into repose.

The father, now beginning to breathe more freely, tried to calm the fears of Irmengarde. He told her, it was only the demon of the chase who had passed, and that sometimes in his youth he had heard the like. Irmengarde, reposing in the word of her father, again besought heaven's blessing, and retired to rest. But he was not so easily composed; his conscience, not so pure as that of his sweet daughter, felt not the same confidence or peace. Pondering over this strange event, uncertain of its meaning and fearful of its result, sleep forsook him, and he closed not his eyes until Aurora had chased away the clouds of night, and the birds had commenced their morning melodies.

With the first rays of the sun the Chevalier de Sayn, upon his favourite palfrey, passed rapidly over the draw-bridge. The trotting of the horse roused the now half-sleeping father, who, in surprize, hastily arose, and running forward, threw open his casement window.—"Good mor-

row, lord of Falkenstein," cried the knight, smiling; "you are beautifully situated here—how delightful and easy is the access!"—

Is this a dream? am I indeed awake?" said the father, whose eyes were now struck with the altered appearance of the road.

Cunon entered the castle, enjoyed the surprize of Irmengarde, detailed the history of his despair, and of the succour which he had received.—"I keep my word,"—said the father, comforted by this recital; "I keep my word," and he united the two lovers without delay.

The subterranean road to the castle still exists, and it is called to this day "Le Chemin du Diable," or the Devil's Road.

In the midst of this enchanting scenery, where lavish nature was now displayed in all her loveliness, time slipt away unheeded, and it was not until the setting sun had gilded with its parting rays the western hemisphere, and thrown over the far-stretching Rhingau a richly coloured veil of various hues, darkening in the distance to deep purple, that I noticed the decline of day.

Having an engagement this evening at a public concert, and being still some distance from Frankfort, I was now obliged to hasten my return, and be contented with this glimpse over a tract of country which, for its fertility and beauty, is deservedly designated "the garden of Germany."

The dusk of night overtook me before I reached the city, but shortly after my arrival I was apparelled in my evening dress, and on my way to the concert room. The performance had already begun, and the room was crowded to excess; but, with the assistance of a little interest, I obtained an eligible seat fronting the orchestra. This was the *debut* of a young Jew boy, a juvenile performer, and a prodigy, and much curiosity seemed to have been excited. His countenance struck me as the finest and most expressive that I had ever seen in a child; and long jet black hair, curling over his shoulders, was not an unbecoming singularity. He performed on the grand piano forte, and executed several very long pieces of the cramp and difficult music of the German composers with taste and execution truly astonishing.

At the conclusion of the concert, which was filled up by various other instrumental performers, I took the liberty of asking the little boy

his age. "Huit ans, Monsieur," was the reply; but he had now so many caresses to receive, and so many questions to answer, that he hardly knew which way to turn, or whom to answer first. I wrote down his name and age, intending to record my prognostication, that if this youth lived we should hear much talk of the famous Jew performer on the piano forte; but, unfortunately for the credit of my prophecy, I mislaid my memorandum, and cannot now recollect his name.

Tuesday, October 9. The morning occupied in inspecting the fine collection of sculpture belonging to Mons. Bethmann. This valuable collection is arranged in an appropriate building erected for the purpose in one of the pleasure gardens fronting the house, and adjoining the public walks.

Here are to be seen, besides an admirable collection of casts executed from the most celebrated antiques, some noble specimens of the art, both ancient and modern; but to my taste the most striking of the whole is a beautiful and full-sized statue, in white marble, of Ariadne seated on a tiger. The graceful ease and perfect loveliness of this figure surpass any thing

of the kind that I have ever seen attempted in modern sculpture.

The figure is represented reclining on one side, her right arm resting on the animal's shoulder, her head turned with a graceful but pensive air, with one drooping hand holding the slight and falling drapery, and the other lightly supporting her right foot.

This attitude, although from description it may be thought constrained and intricate, struck me as being no less appropriate in conception than beautiful in execution. The tiger is also nobly executed, and affords a spirited contrast, in its fierce expression, and sinewy limbs, with the mild and lovely countenance and melting softness of the forsaken and disconsolate Ariadne. The statue stands upon a pedestal which turns upon a pivot, and thus affords convenience for viewing the figure in various lights. This admirable work is the production of Danaeker, a native of Stutgard, who, as I was informed, is now employed by M. Bethmann on another work, as a companion to this exquisite specimen of art.

As I intended quitting Frankfort this afternoon by the diligence, it was now time that I should set about preparing for my departure.

Frankfort, though certainly on the whole a fine town, does not attract the attention of strangers by any very remarkable buildings.

The streets, however, are tolerably spacious and well paved, there is also a good display of numerous and well-stored shops, and the houses of the bourgeois are clean, have an air of comfort, and are often stately.

Frankfort, Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen, are the four imperial cities restored, by the power of gold, and the grace of the Holy Alliance assembled at Vienna, to their ancient freedom.

A small surrounding territory of about 65,480 acres in extent, including two towns and six large villages, was graciously bestowed upon the free city of Frankfort, and by the restoration of its ancient magistracy, composed of two burgomasters, a senate, and a council, supported by a military force consisting of 300 men, besides a militia corps of loyal citizens, this little state boasts of a constitution established on the foundation of old imperial times. This foundation is the celebrated Golden Bull, the edict, or imperial constitution made by the Emperor Charles IV., the reputed Magna Charta, or the fundamental law of the German empire. Before the

publication of the Golden Bull, the form and ceremony of the election of an emperor were undetermined, and the number of the electors was not fixed. This imperial edict regulated the functions, rights, privileges, and pre-eminences of the electors, (which were limited to seven, three ecclesiastical, and four secular,) and, as already noticed, fixed the election of the emperor at Frankfort, and the ceremony of coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle. It seems to have derived the name of Golden Bull merely from the circumstance of a golden seal, in the form of a pope's bull, and which is attached to the instrument by cords of red and yellow silk; upon one side of the seal is the emperor represented sitting on his throne, and on the reverse the capitol of Rome. The whole of this famous document is written in Latin, on vellum, and was with much form and ceremony approved of by all the princes of the empire.

The original is still preserved, and now a bit of useless old parchment; it lies in the Roëmer or Town House (a large ugly old white building in the Roëmer Square, a principal place of of the city) open to the inspection of the curious who do not object to pay for peeping.

In Frankfort all religions are tolerated, but under certain restrictions. These restrictions

towards the Jews, however, appear to savour of severity. The long, dark, and narrow street, called "la rue des Juifs," in which these poor despised children of Israel are cooped up every night like so many black cattle, as Dr. Moore has observed in his visit to this city, still evidences unkind treatment.

The houses are very lofty, and the ground floor of each is so crammed with ragged merchandize of all descriptions, that scarcely a ray of light can penetrate, or a breath of fresh air purify these wretched tenements; and the upper apartments, to the very top story, are crowded with Hebrew families. The whole is a loathsome and melancholy scene of filth and darkness. It is said that the Jews have made frequent offers of large sums of money to the magistracy of Frankfort for leave to purchase better accommodation, but that all their proposals have been rejected.

At six o'clock in the evening I was seated in the diligence for Darmstadt, about six leagues distant. Passing the Main over a handsome stone bridge, we entered the faubourg of Sachsenhausen. From hence the view extends over a flat and wooded country. Presently we passed through a magnificent wood of oak and beech,

and as it was now dark, we were escorted by a military guard on horseback. Our road lay through two or three other noble forests, which involved us in pitchy darkness, but unfortunately for the lovers of romance we reached Darmstadt about ten o'clock at night in perfect safety, and without a single adventure.

My intention was to have spent at least a day or two in this town, but finding upon enquiry that I might be detained here longer than convenient if I waited for the next public conveyance, I therefore determined to make the most of the light of the moon during the hour which our diligence allowed us here, and to proceed by the same conveyance to Heidelberg.

The town of Darmstadt stands in an extensive sandy plain, through which, afar off, the Rhine is seen pursuing its winding course.

Towards the north, at the distance of a few leagues, the view is relieved by the wooded Bergstrasse mountains, which now, under the mild splendour of a bright moon, formed a noble barrier in the scene. Darmstadt presents an appearance entirely new. The streets are wide and regular, and the houses, which are built with a handsome gray stone, are grand and lofty,

though plain and uniform in their style of architecture. The main street is of great length and width, and, forming the continuation of an avenue through a fine wood of trees, presents a handsome and striking effect. A spacious exercise place, and the neat and comfortable buildings allotted to the *Corps-de-Garde* seem to declare the well-known fondness of the reigning Duke to his little military concerns. In short, every thing here announces the miniature capital of a petty German sovereign.

Shortly after eleven o'clock, I was again seated in the diligence, and on the road to Heidelberg.

The night was beautifully fine, and I had the advantage of having only one fellow-traveller, and that a very agreeable one, from whom I picked up some interesting information respecting the part of the country through which we were journeying.

The country, as we proceeded, continues flat, but becomes more fertile, and still more wooded. We crossed several forests of considerable extent, and these occur so frequently, that our military escort attended us through the night.

When out of the influence of these dark covers, the view over the surrounding country was impressively fine. The thick woods of oak and forests of fir, covering the high mountains of the Bergstrasse, towards which we kept approaching, now flung around a deep and solemn gloom, and thus heightening the effect of the bright full moon over the fine expanse of country to where the broad Rhine pursues its winding course, rendered the whole a grand and imposing scene. The Bergstrasse is a high mountain road stretching along the lofty wooded heights which extend in a continuous line between Darmstadt and Heidelberg, and is supposed to be the strata-montana of the ancients.

At Auerbach, a considerable and beautifully situated village, about three leagues from Darmstadt, is a fine villa belonging to the Grand Duke. In the neighbourhood of this village rises the lofty Melibocus, the highest of the Bergstrasse, and of all the other mountains of this part of Germany. It is much celebrated for the extent and magnificence of the view from its summit.

About half a league from Auerbach is the little town of Bensheim, situated at the foot of

a mountain covered with vines, and surrounded by ruined fortifications.

At a short distance further is Hippenheim, a small town situated amongst the mountains of the Bergstrasse. Here as we approached the wild scenery of the Odenwald, the aspect of the country becomes more bold, mountainous, and gloomy.

The Odenwald, or forest of Odin, is a district stretching over a vast extent of country a few leagues from Darmstadt to the Neckar, and across the Bergstrasse to the Main. To the lovers of wild and romantic scenery this is a range of country which must afford the highest interest.

Weinheim is the next town of any importance. This is a small town bordering on the Odenwald, and is evidently of ancient origin. Its situation is extremely beautiful, and now, viewed through the mild light of morning dawn, was highly interesting.

The night had now passed away, — to me without repose, and without the want of it. The succession of varied and interesting scenery had afforded me, through the lagging hours of

the quiet time, a constant supply of objects to delight the fancy, and to occupy the wandering thoughts. As to my companion, he probably would have enjoyed a better night's rest had he been alone. He seemed only to sleep, or rather to doze by snatches, for he appeared as desirous to gratify my curiosity for information about his country, as I was to be informed; and whenever we approached any remarkable scenery, or any mountain, ruined castle, or spot of peculiar interest, he would start up as if by instinct, and without any other preface than — "*Voila, Monsieur! voyez vous!*" — begin his explanation.

How easily can the stranger secure to himself these little courtesies when travelling through a foreign land! — and how much do they contribute to his information and amusement!

If the objects of the traveller be to acquaint himself with the country and the people, what itineraries or books can convey all the minute details which are opened to the traveller in conversation with respectable natives! As regards the geography and description of the country this is a source from whence correct information may be expected, and which, if sought for, will generally be found.

For my own part I can say, that in travelling abroad, most of the little stock of information which I have picked up about the people, and the different countries through which I have passed, has been collected from the inhabitants themselves; and I recollect very few instances where the wish to convey information has not been manifested in the same degree with the desire to be informed.

The traveller through Germany will find this feeling particularly prevalent; and, as far as my little experience goes, I think I may say, he will generally find the inhabitants as able as willing to afford any information about their country which the passing stranger can reasonably require.

We were now about four leagues from Heidelberg, and the termination of our journey. Soon the towers of the city of Manheim, situated at the confluence of the Neckar and the Rhine, rose before our view.

About a quarter of a league from Heidelberg and near the village of Neuenheim, on the right hand side of the road, my companion pointed out to me a little old fashioned house, where

Martin Luther is said to have lodged the night before the meeting of the famous Diet at Worms, when on his way to join that grave assembly. Out of respect to which circumstance this building is said to be preserved in its original style and character. It has the appearance of having been formerly appropriated to a religious purpose, but seems now to be inhabited by some humble tenant.

Crossing the Neckar over a stone bridge, Heidelberg, beautifully situated on the river's bank at the opening of the Neckar Valley, lies before the view; and rising majestically above the town are seen the ruins of the once finest castle throughout Germany;

Here at the bridge I took a friendly leave of my companion, who now quitted the *diligence* with a courteous and pressing invitation, that if my time permitted I would pay him a visit on the banks of the Neckar, where the only inducements he had to offer would be some of his best Berg-strasse wine, a beautiful country, and a hearty welcome. Our adieus being said, a few minutes afterwards I was safely lodged with all my baggage in the principal inn at Heidelberg.

Wednesday, October 10. My first order was for breakfast, but as my visit here was intended to be short, this meal was dispatched without much loss of time, and I then sallied forth to view the town.

The first object of my curiosity, as may be supposed, was the castle. After a long and precipitous ascent, and after passing through the remnant of the covert-way, over the old draw-bridge and across the outer court yard, I found myself upon the broad paved and now grass-grown terrace.

From hence, at a fearful height, is seen the beautiful river Neckar, gliding on its swift though smoothly flowing course between a range of noble mountains, and beneath, looking like a small cluster of buildings, is the town of Heidelberg. Turning to survey the castle, now a scene of ruin, the mind is wrapped in wonder.

As a work of human hands, raised on a height which art alone has made accessible, even the remaining outline of this stupendous fabrick must strike every beholder with feelings of amazement; and contemplated as the shattered fragment of a once lordly castle, it is well calculated to fill the mind with melancholy reflections

upon the inconstancy of fortune, and the mutability of all human enterprizes.

The history of this town and its castle has been eventful and calamitous.

Heidelberg, the capital of the Lower Palatinate, was once the place of residence of the Electors, and the most celebrated seat of learning in all Germany. In the year 1662 the town was ransacked and demolished by the Spaniards. During the campaign of the Rhine in 1675 the town and castle were again besieged, and with the surrounding country again subjected to all the horrors of war. The great Turenne was on this occasion the unfeeling agent of Louis XIV. But however dreadful were the flames lighted by Turenne, those were only like so many torches, compared with the conflagration which followed by the orders of the same unfeeling monarch.

This happened in the campaign of 1693. The French army was commanded by De Lorges, a nephew of Turenne, and the whole of this fine country was rendered a scene of desolation. The greater part of the town of Heidelberg was again destroyed, and its noble castle, save what

time and the fury of the elements have since accomplished, reduced to its present state of ruin.

The particulars of the frightful scene of havoc of this campaign, have been handed down from father to son, and are still spoken of with horror, as the most sanguinary and inhuman vengeance ever executed upon a conquered country, and for which, amongst the peasantry even to this day, the French nation appears to be held in execration and disgust.

But to proceed: after surveying the remnant of the stately front, which bears evident traces of more modern date than the other parts of the building, I entered the grand quadrangle.

Here is a scene of still more impressive sadness. The beholder finds himself surrounded with huge crumbling masses of masonry, and fallen statues, half hidden in grass and nettles.

Here the eye wanders over long broken lines of varied architecture, exhibiting the lightness, elegance, and the numerous grotesque ornaments of a gothic palace, with the stately massiveness of an ancient mountain fortress. Here the dilapidated windows, the shattered and sinking portals,

the tenantless niches, the fallen towers, and the massy buttresses rent asunder, all tell the latter history of this once noble pile, and fill the mind with sadness; not with that pleasing melancholy caused on beholding the progress of the slow mouldering hand of time, but sadness mingled with feelings of surprize and awe; for every object which here meets the eye seems to speak of some fearful convulsion of the earth, or direful disaster, though on a nearer examination, the innumerable marks of cannon balls declare this demolition to be the work of man. There is, however, in contemplating the scene of any great catastrophe or extraordinary event, a feeling of deep and impressive interest, with which most persons are more or less acquainted; the mind pictures to itself the different actors in the part, and entering into all their hopes and fears, enjoys some of the excitation of reality, without any of its pains or apprehensions.

Passing through the grass-grown area into the inner quadrangle, there the same dreary sight of devastation meets the eye; all is forlorn and desolate; and the stillness which reigns throughout this scene of wreck and ruin inspires a solemnity of feeling approaching even to the sentiment of fear,

This castle is situated on an abrupt ledge or foreground of the high mountain which overhangs the town and the river Neckar. Around are thick shrubberies and serpentine walks, winding amongst ornamented declivities and flower gardens. At the back rises the height called Geisberg, covered with a thick forest of beech and chesnut trees, intermixed with firs which join the ornamental shrubberies and plantations around the ruined castle, and crown this mountain, even to its lofty summit, with one variegated mass of wild luxuriance.

From these shady sylvan walks the scene of ruin is viewed to the best advantage. One of these sequestered paths winds round a massy tower, which presents a very remarkable sight. This tower, surrounded with a fosse now half filled up and overgrown with thickets, was formerly the magazine for gunpowder, which, being struck by lightning, exploded. From the solidity and massive thickness of this wall the explosion must have been tremendous, and the effect was no less extraordinary. One side of the tower was rent asunder, and fell edgeways in one solid mass into the fosse beneath, where it has ever since remained nearly in an upright posture, and looking as if it would exactly fit into the place from whence it has slipt out.

From these walks and wooded heights the prospect is magnificent and varied. In one direction the beautiful valley of the Neckar is traced afar off in its winding course amidst the lofty mountains of the Bergstrasse, and in the opposite direction, towards the open country of the Rhine, the eye roams over a vast and fertile plain, to where the heights of the far distant Vosges and Mount Tonnerre bound and relieve the view.

The greater part of the day had now been passed amidst these ruins, in wandering through the shady and sequestered walks, and in climbing the steep and wooded heights around. An aged gardener was the only human being whom I had yet met in these high solitudes, and although no want of care was visible in the long alleys and little ornamented parterres, yet all was still and forsaken as the desert.

Returning to the ruined pile on my way back, I stopt in the great quadrangle, to take a last view of this scene of devastation; and whilst busily occupied in observing a long series of Electors' heads carved out of the red stone front, I was startled by a little barking dog close by me. In the midst of my wonder where this noisy animal could come from, I was still more sur-

prized by seeing a man's head pop out of the little top window of an adjoining tower.

An order in a severe and commanding tone of voice was issued to the dog to cease its noise, but although the cur did not implicitly obey, yet this seemed like an intended courtesy in its master, and taking it for an invitation, I sought my way up an old dark and winding staircase. Having reached the top, I discovered a little door, and presuming this to be the entrance into the apartment of the recluse, I made bold to give a gentle tap. The door was instantly opened, not by a venerable white headed anchorite, but by rather an elderly, though sprightly looking little man, habited in a gray morning gown and cap. One glimpse around this little apartment was sufficient to satisfy me, that the inhabitant was no solitaire, who had retired hither to avoid the noise and bustle of a wicked world, but one of that sect called antiquaries, who, for the more convenient gratification of a propensity for grubbing amongst old ruins, had fitted up this little room, in which he was content to run the risk of being buried alive.

To describe the infinite variety of nick-nacks, curiosities, and antique remnants crowded into this little space, would lead me too far in detail.

It is an antiquary's work-shop and museum, and may be pretty correctly filled up by the imagination.

But the antiquary is also an artist, and he was now employed in sketching from his window a large and minute drawing of the whole of one side of the quadrangle. This drawing, which was nearly completed, exhibited much skill in the art; and was performed with such minute accuracy, that here I recognised even the very countenances of my former acquaintances the Electors. As I did not fail to express my commendations on the artist's skill, he next brought forward several port-folios filled with drawings and engravings, exhibiting nearly every portion of these ruins, in almost every point of view. These drawings, and his researches amongst the ruins, had been his sole occupation, as he himself informed me, for the last thirteen years, and he calculated that it would take him at least twelve years more to finish the great work he had undertaken; which is, a series of drawings of these ruins, exhibiting them with minute accuracy in various points of view, as also all the numerous antiquities which have here been discovered.

I was much amused with this singular instance before me of the variety in the human character.

Here was a man, not tired of the world, nor too old to be sensible of its enjoyments; who, in the pursuit of a favorite object, had voluntarily shut himself up, away from all mankind, amongst a heap of ruins. Yet after thirteen years passed in this dreary solitude, his natural flow of spirits seemed not to have forsaken him; and that his zeal had not abated, is pretty well evinced by his placid contemplation of such an age as twelve more tedious years of solitary confinement. Occasional visitors, he said, varied the monotony of his life, and his occupations never permitted him to be idle. He was quite happy, and I believed him when he said so, for it was accompanied with these words, or something like them: "*Jusqu'à ce que j'aurai fini ce grand ouvrage, mon âme sera tout occupée;*"—and certainly within the circuit of these ruins all his earthly wishes at present seemed confined.

After laying out a little money in a selection of engravings of the castle from his portfolio, (an exchange which seemed not unacceptable), I took my leave of this strange character, wishing him health and strength for the accomplishment of his noble undertaking, and many years afterwards for the enjoyment of the honor and profit which must follow. But courtesy would not permit him to part with me here, and with frequent precau-

tionary ejaculations he politely attended me down his dark and narrow staircase. During my slow and cautious descent, he asked me if I had visited the celebrated Tun, and as I answered in the negative, he offered to go and fetch the person who could shew it to me. I accepted the offer, and after waiting a short time, he returned with a gruff-looking fellow, to whose care he now consigned me, and wishing me adieu, re-mounted to his workshop. My guardian, who was certainly not prepossessing in his appearance, now led the way in silence towards a large wooden door hard by, and which seemed like the entrance into a vault; here we stopt — a great key was then displayed, and presently the door yielded to the push. No sooner were we in, than the huge door again grated on its hinges, but, to my surprise, the key was again applied, and the massy bolt was turned. I was just about to forbid this unnecessary precaution, but seeing it was too late, I thought it more prudent to hold my tongue. My guide was also silent, and seemed as little inclined for conversation as I now felt. Presently the sight of this stupendous vessel drew from me expressions of surprise, and curiosity induced me to ask some questions. But I barely got answers, and as my eye every now and then fell upon the ill-favoured countenance of my companion, which the gloomy light did not improve, my

curiosity became quickly satisfied, and I felt more anxiety to get out of this dark apartment than I had ever felt to get into it. As soon, therefore, as I could, with due regard to appearances, I politely signified my wish to emerge into the open air. With silence suited to the solemnity of the place, we advanced towards the door; the heavy bolt rolled back, and the door once more creaked upon its hinges, but it was yet only what is called a-jar, and my jailor stood before the opening, as if demanding a parting fee for the liberty of egress. I understood his meaning, and feeling myself still in his power, I showed him that I took the hint, by taking out my purse; the door opened a little wider, and the fellow inclined a little backward; I sprung suddenly forward, and, thus gaining the right side of the door, I dropt into the extended hand, a demi-franc! Not a word was spoken, but as I walked away I caught another glimpse of the stern face now directed towards the still open hand. It was certainly the face of one in doubt as well as in displeasure, and I guess the doubt was, whether to accept the gift, or fling it at the giver. But I walked along my way, and was left to suppose that the affront was pocketed.

As to this stupendous piece of cellar furniture I must leave its dimensions and capacity to the

information of a more accurate observer, for of either I am utterly unable to inform the reader; but having seen one of Mr. Meux's largest vats, I should imagine that its dimensions might exceed those of the Heidelberg tun, in the proportion of a seventy-four gun ship to a frigate. In answer to my question whether this were the original and celebrated tun, a gruff affirmative was the reply. The evident appearance of modern workmanship sufficiently disproves this, but it is well known that the original has long since been destroyed. I believe the only piece of information which I collected from my surly attendant concerning this huge vessel was, that it was then filled with hock. By the side of the great tun is a small one which excited my attention by the remarkable neatness of its workmanship, the staves being all fitted and kept together without a single hoop.

The day was far gone when I reached the town, in which there is little to interest the stranger; and after wandering through some of its gloomy and half-deserted streets, I returned to the inn. A diligence was just setting off to Karlsruhe; my luggage was all ready to be tossed in, I was quite ready to follow, and in a few minutes I was again *en route.*

We took the road through Bruschal and Durlach, which, for a great part of the way, is skirted by a continuation of the range of high mountains from Heidelberg. The evening was sufficiently clear to show that the country towards the Rhine presents a level and uniformly rich appearance.

Bruschal is an ancient town, and was formerly of more importance than at present, this being once the place of residence of the prince bishops of Spire. About four leagues further is Durlach, the capital of the old margraviate of Baden-Durlach. But we did not stop here, and in the appearance of this town there seemed little to interest the stranger.

The road now makes an abrupt turn towards the Rhine, and is carried in a perfectly straight line for the distance of about a league between a noble avenue of lofty poplars. At the extremity of this avenue is situated the new and beautiful little capital of Karlsruhe. The night was brilliantly clear, and the effect as we entered the town through this long avenue of lofty trees was highly curious and pleasing.

At a little after ten o'clock I found myself very comfortably lodged in a handsome and commodious inn.

Thursday, October 11. The whole day spent in walking about Karlsruhe and its environs.

This town, which is now the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden, is beautifully situated about a league from the Rhine, and is built partly in the forest of Hartwald. It is a town which has sprung up entirely within the last century, and has now extended to a very respectable size. All the buildings are constructed with a handsome gray stone, which presents great neatness and uniformity of appearance. But the form of the town itself is very remarkable. One broad street of about half a league in length intersects it in a straight line. At a short distance behind this street is a large open area, in the front of which stands the grand duke's palace, in the shape of a crescent, and on each side, the various buildings attached to the palace. These communicate with other buildings, belonging to the corps-de-garde, so as to form almost a circle of buildings round the open area, which is a large space laid down in grass, and used as a parade for military exercise. From this spot all the streets in the town diverge like so many radii of a circle, excepting the main street already mentioned, which is thus crossed at different angles, and so as that from all these diverging streets the palace terminates the view. Or to convey a more accurate idea of the ground

plot by a simple comparison, it exactly resembles the shape of an extended fan, the streets all diverging like the sticks of a fan from one point.

Behind the palace a large space is enclosed from the forest, and laid out in walks, but most of the noble trees are permitted to stand.

Being a stranger I was allowed to look through the principal apartments of the palace. The state rooms are handsome, and, for a German palace, the whole appears tolerably comfortable. But the most interesting part of this survey to me was from the look-out on the top of the tower. The prospect from hence over the surrounding country is very extensive and remarkable.

The whole forest of Hartwald lies before the view, and presents a curious appearance of conformity with the figure of the town, for all the streets have corresponding radii through the forest. These are alleys cut through the whole breadth of the forest, and carried in straight lines from three to six and seven leagues in length. Round the whole circuit of the forest I counted twenty-four of these alleys, which, as my attendant informed me, added to the eight radii

formed by the streets, were systematically intended to represent the number of leagues which describe the circumference of this forest. Here wild boars, deer, and various other game abound, and are preserved for the amusement of the Grand Duke, who is devoted to the sport. From what I heard, he lives in this palace with very little state, that he is less inclined to military amusements than his neighbours, and that his principal relaxations from the duties of his little state are the chase and the opera. I met him walking in the streets with only one attendant behind him to carry his military cloak. He stopt to speak to several persons as he passed along, and in return to the military salutes from his officers, I observed that he always took off his hat, and that to the people, even to the lowest, in return for their obeisances, he never failed to touch his hat. It was more like an English landlord amongst his tenantry, than an independant sovereign in his own capital.

Quitting the palace I visited the Botanic Garden, which is spacious, well filled, and apparently well arranged; also an extensive range of green-houses, containing a rare and beautiful collection of plants. The Gallery of Pictures belonging to the Duke was the next object of my attention, but with the exception of a

few good Flemish paintings, there is nothing here remarkable.

After an early dinner I spent the remainder of the afternoon in strolling about the Forest, which certainly presents the finest specimen of forest scenery that I have ever seen. So delightful was its novelty and grandeur to me, that time slipt away unheeded, until the shades of evening warned me to return, when I made the best way back into the town to prepare for the opera.

The building appropriated to this purpose adjoins the palace, and presents rather a shabby exterior, but the interior is spacious and well formed. It is, however, like most of the continental theatres, dark and dirty. Besides a miserable lamp hanging from the centre of the ceiling, the body of the house was lighted by fourteen candles, of which number I counted eight in the three boxes belonging to the Duke and his principal nobility. But gloomy as is the audience part of the house, there is no want of light upon the stage, and this is generally the case in most of the theatres of the Continent. The instrumental part of this establishment is on a grand scale, the opera being here, as in most

of the little German States, so immediately under the patronage and direction of the reigning Duke, that it may be considered as his own private property. He however throws it open to all his subjects, and upon terms so moderate, that the opera expences must form a pretty considerable item in the annual account of his Civil List.

The opera establishment of the Duke of Darmstadt is said to be upon a still larger scale, and to be probably unrivalled by any court of Germany.

Friday October 12. After an early breakfast I visited the new Lutheran church just completed. This is a structure here much admired, and is the work of an architect, a native of this town, said to be rising into high repute, but whose name I have forgotten. The entrance, which is under a large portico supported by lofty Corinthian pillars, struck my unscientific eye as stately and elegant. The interior of the church affects great simplicity of design, and did not please me. The galleries on each side are supported upon gigantic columns, with gilt capitals; but there is a harshness and monotony in the outline which seems to want relief, and the gilding is, in my eyes, gaudy and unbecoming.

The period of my visit to Karlsruhe had now expired, and returning to the inn I hired a calèche and post horses to carry me to Rastadt. But before I quit this interesting little capital there is one fact which I must mention as worthy of remark; — it is, that during my stay here I did not see a single beggar.

Leaving the town through another long avenue of lofty poplars, corresponding with the opposite entrance, and after passing the limit of the forest, a noble extent of rich country opens before the view to the right, and at a short distance to the left stretches the lofty chain of wooded mountains already noticed.

About two leagues from Karlsruhe we passed through Etlingen, a small town on the left, prettily situated at the opening of the valley of the Albe.

In this part of the country maize is cultivated to a great extent, and the vast tracts of land covered with these large and richly coloured heads of grain, which the peasantry were now busily employed in collecting, formed a pleasing novelty in the scene. A large species of pumpkin, of a deep yellow colour, is also cultivated in

great quantities here, and were now left scattered about the fields to ripen in the sun.

Rastadt is a curious old fashioned town on the river Murg, with a large rambling old château, formerly the residence of the Margraves of Baden-Baden. The most remarkable characteristic of this town now, seems to be its forlorn appearance. Grass grows even in the market-place, and all the streets are silent and forsaken.

On returning to the inn to dinner after my ramble, I enquired of my host in what might consist the principal trade of this ancient town.

This query called down an enumeration of remarkable buildings and objects of curiosity well deserving the attention of the stranger, with more minute particulars concerning the magnificent château. All this contained no answer to my question; I was obliged to repeat it. But the declining commerce of the town was evidently not a favourite topic with my host. He however informed me that very lately there was a considerable manufactory of paper here. This was coming nearer, though not yet quite to the point, for the paper manufactory had stopt some years ago. My next question was whether or not

there existed any manufactory here at this present time.—*Oh! certainement oui, Monsieur,*" was the reply. This was coming still nearer; and I was encouraged to push my advantage—"*De grace, dites-moi ce que c'est,*"—said I—"*Eh bien, Monsieur, il y a une fabrique de ressorts pour les carrosses, et . . . et . . .*"—"*Et voilà tout!*" said I—"*Helas! Monsieur,*" said he, shrugging up his shoulders, "*Voilà tout!*"—

The dishes now upon the table put a stop to our further conversation, and after a hasty meal I paid a visit to the old château, situated on a gentle eminence just above the town. This, like many other things which excite our curiosity, is worth seeing, merely for the satisfaction of knowing that it is not worth the trouble of seeking. It is a large red-coloured formal looking edifice in humble imitation of the palace at Versailles. I went through the long galleries, and out of one room into another, until absolutely wearied with monotony, and the sight of old staring figures in tapestry, and frightful daubs of family portraits. Amongst these the renowned hero, the Margrave Louis of Baden and his celebrated consort, Sybilla Augusta, who reared this mass of building, as it is said, to the honour of her husband's name, are to be traced through the various periods

of youth, maturity, and old age. The whole building, both externally and internally, exhibits a scene of antiquated magnificence sinking fast into decay. It is without historical notoriety, without a trace of elegance or comfort in the design, old enough to have become ruinous, but wanting age to give it even the interest of a ruin. On the roof in the centre of the building is a sort of tower, or look-out, surmounted by a gilt figure of Jupiter. This heathen deity does not require particular notice, but the view from hence over the surrounding country is very fine. Karlsruhe and its forest are distinctly visible, as also several other towns and numerous villages; and following the noble Rhine along its winding course, the lofty steeple of Strasbourg is just discernible.

But I had overstepped my time, and hastening back to the inn I hired another vehicle, and was presently on the road to Baden.

The scenery, as we approached the high range of wooded mountains on the left, becomes more and more wild and gloomy; and after passing through a varied succession of rich meadows, woods, and vallies, we began a winding course amongst the hills, and soon afterwards reached the sequestered town of Baden.

The situation of Baden is most romantic. It stands partly on a high hill, and partly in a deep hollow, through which runs the little river Os. The whole town may be said to be hidden amongst the hills, for the entrance is up a long and steep ascent; on one side rises a still loftier height, on the other a high range of thick wood-land scenery, and close upon the back ground the lofty and fir-clad chain of mountains which borders the Black Forest.

Proceeding up the town I first visited the Baths. These are comfortably fitted up, and by various contrivances are adapted to the accommodation of the invalid. The hot sulphureous vapour which, in many cases, is considered very beneficial, is conducted from the springs by means of pipes and tubes of various shapes for its more convenient application to the part affected. The heat of these springs is extremely great. By the person in attendance at the baths I was informed that the natural degree of heat was 54° of Reaumur, or, according to our more usual mode of reckoning, 153½° of Fahrenheit. Near these baths is a rock, out of a cleft in which rises one of the principal springs. This rock is partly covered with white marble, evidently of Roman workmanship, and the water as it issues forth is received into a large tank,

which being of a considerable depth, and the water of a scalding heat, throwing out a suffocating vapour, is very properly always kept covered and locked up.

Just below, and filled from this reservoir, is a large basin or trough, which, probably, in former days might have been used by the poor for the purposes of a bath; but being rather too much exposed to the public gaze to be so applied at the present day, it seems now to be confined to purposes of a culinary and domestic nature.

In the building over this spring is a sort of open portico, defended by iron-railings, where are deposited various Roman monuments and antiquities found in and about Baden. But I observed nothing of any particular interest in this collection, which consists chiefly of sepulchral stones, mile-stones, honorary tablets, and broken vessels of pottery ware.

I next visited the church, which is rather a handsome structure, but it has been so frequently repaired, that the great antiquity of the original fabrick would hardly be supposed from the exterior appearance. The interior is neat and appropriate, and numerous marble monuments to the memory of the ancient Margraves deposited

here, add much to the venerable effect of the whole. A series of pieces over the altar are pointed out as deserving of notice, but I could not discover their merits. These are said to be painted by Lill, after celebrated originals.

I now pressed into my service a little boy, to guide me up the steep and hidden path which leads to the castle, an ancient and dilapidated pile, situated on the summit of a lofty eminence commanding the town.

The setting sun had long since sunk from view behind the western heights, but the parting rays still lingering on the dark fir tops around, for a time successfully disputed with the gathering gloom. Soon after I had reached the castle gate the shades of evening had prevailed. Entering the grass-grown and forsaken court yard, here I discharged my little guide for one more serviceable to my present objects, and after looking about for some time in search of a human being, I observed a female coming forward to offer her services in the capacity of guide, which were accordingly accepted.

The castle itself is in a state of ruin, and contains nothing deserving of particular notice, but

its subterranean excavations are highly curious and interesting.

My female guide having procured candles, I now submitted myself to her protection, and she trusting herself to mine, we commenced our descent by a narrow flight of steps into the regions of darkness, and were soon deep in the bowels of the rock underneath the castle.

These excavations, which are supposed to be of Roman origin, are said to be yet only in part explored; but I passed through sufficient to satisfy me of the great extent of this extraordinary and fearful work. After winding through a long and narrow passage cut out of the solid rock, we came to a stone door. The woman took hold of an iron ring, and the door swung easily round upon its hinges, exhibiting one solid block of stone of enormous magnitude, and of the astonishing thickness (according to the best measurement which I had the means of making) of between 9 and 10 inches. When I saw the woman close the huge door behind us, it was not without a sudden and involuntary start of terror, nor could I be satisfied to proceed further until I had stepped back to try whether or not this stupendous block would yield to my own push. It did so without difficulty, and now more at my ease,

I went forward. In our progress we passed through several similar door-ways opening into chambers all cut out of the solid rock, where no cheering ray of day-light ever penetrated, and where now, from our dimly burning candles,

> "No light, but rather darkness visible,
> Served only to discover sights of woe."

For every chamber my guide had some fearful tale to tell, as if purposely to increase the horrors of the place. Although these excavations bear marks of Roman origin, yet it is also evident that there are many additions to the original work, and these additions, in all probability, were made in subsequent and darker ages. According to the history, and all the traditions of this castle, these subterraneous chambers were converted into dungeons for the execution of the dark works of one of those secret and self-constituted tribunals, which in early times are well known to have existed in various parts of Germany, to the terror of all classes.

Many of these chambers are surrounded by secret passages and undermined by other still more hideous dungeons; and in one, called the Torture Chamber, are still to be seen a row of iron rings, supposed to have been used for purposes of torture.

In some of these dark recesses are also to be seen the niches in the walls, in which, as it is said, formerly stood images of saints, so placed that when the unhappy but unsuspecting victim advanced to seek consolation in prayer, he must inevitably fall into the dark pit beneath, at the bottom of which were rows of iron spikes to receive his wretched body. These pits are now covered up, as being too dangerous to be left open; but, as I was informed, several remnants of these infernal machines have been drawn up.

The whole of this dark scene of horror is calculated to make deep impression upon the mind, and there is a certain degree of interest arising from this sort of contemplation; but, for my own part, I must admit that there is also a degree of terror which, in spite of one's self, will creep into, and thus disturb one's sad reflections. I could not help picturing to myself what would be my situation in these dark mazy passages, if, by design or accident, our two candles should go out. However distant may be the probability of danger, the possibility flashes across the stranger's mind, and the horrors of the fate which would then await him are so forcibly presented through the sense of sight, that the very apprehension cannot be entertained without a shudder.

Although highly interested in this gloomy visit, yet, I must confess, there was something gratifying to me when emerging from these dark recesses, I came within reach of the cool refreshing evening air.

Night had now enveloped all in darkness, and after lingering for some time longer about this gloomy edifice, I turned my steps towards the inn. Whilst walking slowly on my way, the bright moon rose from behind a wooded mountain, and throwing its silvery light upon these gray towers and decaying turrets, formed a beautiful and impressive contrast with the deep gloom of the surrounding heights.

It was the time best suited to such a sight, for whilst the eye gazed upon the dilapidated and forsaken fortress, every thing around conspired to fix the imagination upon its secret chambers and hideous dungeons, and a sort of melancholy gloom, which now overspread the scene, seemed to have imparted to my mind a train of moody thoughts. But not wishing to encourage these, I quickened my pace towards the inn. A good supper, with a bottle of Bergstrasse wine proved no bad antidote to

"Black ey'd musing cursed melancholy;"

and I was presently in a state of mind to look forward with delight to my intended excursion of to-morrow..

I should here inform the reader, that I had come thus far out of my way into this sequestered district, principally for the purpose of making an excursion to a part of the country called the Murgthal, or Valley of the Murg, which, although perhaps the most romantic and beautiful spot to be found in this part of Germany, appears to be but seldom visited by strangers.

After supper I rung the bell for mine host, and as all dealings with innkeepers in any thing out of the usual way ought, generally speaking, throughout the Continent, to be matter of previous bargain, I now concluded an agreement for the hire of a strong vehicle and a pair of stout horses, to be at my disposal from to-morrow morning at four o'clock, at so much per day, as long as I might have occasion for them.

This arrangement made, I next proceeded to the baths, my host informing me that these were always ready in his house, the water being conducted thither, and into most of the principal houses of the town, by means of pipes. It was an agreeable piece of information to me, and I found

all the benefit of this great restorative to the weary traveller. These hot springs are strongly impregnated with sulphur, and with some proportion of alum and nitre. But it is now past one o'clock, and so, reader, for three hours—farewell.

Saturday, October 13.—Before the appointed time I was ready equipped and waiting for my vehicle, which, punctually at the hour of four, drove up. I stepped in, and with a pair of strong animals before us, we rattled off at a brisk pace. Turning down a steep pitch to the right, we passed through the lower part of the town, and there crossing the little river Os, we ascended the opposite side. Here the road winds through a beautiful promenade, shaded with linden and acacia trees, and various ornamental shrubs. But presently we came to a steep hill, where our rapid course was checked by a straight and almost upright ascent. Here the driver descended, and I followed his example, but walking forward I soon left the vehicle far behind.

The moon, surrounded by her bright attendants, was still riding "through the heavens' wide pathless way," and the summits of the dark fir-clad heights on either side the road were yet tinged with the silvery light.

The steep ascent and bordering thicket (through which the little river is heard rushing on its impetuous course) limit the short extent of view in front, and the whole foreground seems as if effectually closed in by interminable heights, covered with dark and impenetrable forests. Looking back upon the deep hollow from which we were emerging, the gloomy depth of which the eye could now scarcely scan, the view is somewhat more extensive and more varied. Here the church steeple, and the gray towers of the ancient castle, rising above a thick cluster of house tops, first attract the notice; and the eye then wandering round the little circle of the town, lofty wooded mountains shut in the scene, and seem to form a barrier of separation from the exterior world.

As proceeding on my way I came in sight of the termination of this steep ascent, I saw before me issuing from the gloom where the tall fir-trees meet across the road, a group of female peasantry bringing down their various articles of produce for the market. Their grotesque figures, strange jargon, and the native airs with which some of this merry group lightened their burdens and relieved the tedium of the way, were all in perfect character with the wild scene around, and threw into the picture that lively interest which

was wanting to relieve the gloom. As these passed by, a wain, filled with more weighty produce for the market, and drawn by oxen, next appeared, slowly crawling forward to where the steep descent commences. Presently the signal for a halt was given, and, whilst the sober beasts willingly obeyed, the driver locked the wheel.

Now the signal for advance being given, the rude and cumbrous machine was again in motion, and presently the huge and awkward beasts, bearing all the weight between their horns, according to the mode of harnessing usually adopted with these animals in this part of the country, came shuffling and shoving by me at a quicker, but apparently less comfortable pace.

I had now gained the summit of this laborious ascent, but my vehicle was far behind, and out of sight. As there seemed, however, little likelihood of my getting out of the right track, I proceeded, and as the road continues up and down, I saw nothing more of my equipage for several miles.

But now

"——— the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And unperceived unfolds the spreading day."

Emerging from the dark wood of firs through which this steep ascent is cut, the view opens over a country of hills and vallies, bounded on all sides by mountains rising one above the other, till terminating in one lofty and stupendous barrier. Small parties of market people and groups of peasantry now passed in quicker succession along the road towards the town, and the coming day announced the re-commencement of the bustle of mankind.

Soon bright streaks shooting across the gray horizon in the east foretold the near approach of the great source of light; and next, rising majestically above the screen of mountains, in all its splendour, the glorious orb itself appeared, spreading such floods of light around as seemed to penetrate into the deepest recesses of these dark woods.

Pursuing a winding road amidst a varied scene of hills and vallies, the country assumes a more cultivated aspect. Here and there, situated in the fertile hollows, are seen little villages and hamlets, and some of the neighbouring steeps are covered with the vine, though generally of a stunted growth. Having reached the descent which leads down into the small town of Gernsbach, once the little capital of the lords of Eber-

stein, here I rested for about half an hour, until my vehicle came up.

The view is now over a chaos of high hills and mountains; beneath me is the little town, surrounded by vineyards, and behind this is seen the opening of the Murgthal. But in the midst of my admiration the vehicle drove up. I stepped in; the driver locked the wheel, and we rattled down the steep descent to Gernsbach.

Here I left my carriage, and after taking such a breakfast as I could procure, I set out on foot to proceed up the Murgthal.

Gernsbach is a small ancient town, remarkable only for the beauty of its situation.

Passing through the town, and crossing the river over an antiquated stone bridge, the valley of the Murg opens before the view. The little brawling and transparent river here, just above the town, dammed up into a broad deep head of water, turns a clattering saw-mill; adjoining is the sawyers' timber-yard, and groups of merry children playing upon the large prostrate firs stranded along the river's shallow course, threw around a pleasing air of life and bustle.

Pursuing the road along the river's bank for a short distance, a bend in the valley brings before the view the steep majestic fir-clad mountain, on the lofty summit of which, perched like an eagle's nest, is seen the château formerly belonging to the ancient and powerful family of the counts of Eberstein.

At the foot of this mountain is a very small Catholic chapel. Here my attention was attracted by deep and solemn sounds, which issued from this sacred spot. I looked in, through a little grated window by the road side, and saw a motley crowd performing the ceremony of mass before a tinselled figure of the Virgin, placed in a sort of iron cage between two tall rush-lights. I paused, and for a few minutes was a looker-on. It was a sight exhibiting certainly much fervency of devotion, and the chorus of voices which rose in solemn chant to the glory of the Most High and Father of all, even from this humble congregation, was a delightful sound, rendered more than usually impressive by the deep interest of the scene around.

I now began to mount the steep ascent towards the castle. This height is only made accessible by zig-zag walks, which rise like steps one above the other; and the firs, which here attain unusual

size and stateliness of growth, are so closely crowded," that the thick foliage, in many places involving me almost in the gloom of night, rendered all my care and circumspection necessary. About half an hour was thus occupied in winding through these dark and mazy paths before I reached the garden-gate, and as this was open, I entered. All appeared tenantless and deserted, and I wandered about in search of some human being, until I began to think the place was indeed untenanted. At last, however, I roused an old deaf domestic, or at least I saw an aged man with a watering pot in his hand advancing towards me, for he was so deaf, that whether my halloos had roused him or not I cannot say. But this to me was matter of little consequence, for, as regards conversation, we were quite unintelligible to each other. Without much difficulty, however, I signified my wish to inspect the interior of the castle, and the old man in return made me understand that he would fetch the necessary keys. The interim I filled up in taking a more particular survey of the exterior.

This is a nondescript sort of building, being an ancient castle transformed into a modern sash-windowed château, and presenting a strange incongruous mixture of the ancient and modern style of architecture. On the arrival

of the keys we proceeded to an interior inspection. But here the same inappropriate alterations are displayed, neither leaving the interresting character of an ancient castle, nor introducing the comforts of a modern dwelling-house. The rooms are for the most part small and mean, and the only one of any interest is a large chamber which appears to have escaped the hands of the modern architect. By the appearance of this chamber (which is still hung round with trophies won from the wild inhabitants of the forest) it was probably in former times dedicated to the purposes of conviviality after the fatigues and dangers of the chase. From all these rooms, however, the views over the Murgthal are wonderfully fine; but as the most noble prospect is from a look-out on the highest part of the building, to this spot, which is a little modernized square room, exhibiting on its walls the boar's head, and various quarterings in the arms of the ancient and noble family of Eberstein, I must beg the reader to follow me.

It is, I am well aware, at best but an unsatisfactory attempt to convey by words a description of the beauties of a scene, and that, generally, the more laboured and minute the detail, the less striking is the effect produced.

But a few hasty words, like a few dashes from the pencil of a ready artist, sometimes furnish a rough outline, which, left to be filled up by the imagination, affords a tolerably correct picture of the whole. Rather, therefore, than pass over this noble prospect with the bare mention of it, I will attempt by words to sketch the outline, and hazard all the chance of failure.

The beautiful and romantic valley of the Murg, then, extends in an eastward direction between the lofty mountains of the Black Forest. On either side mountains upon mountains, mostly covered with thick forests of dark firs, rise one above the other in wild confusion, and limit the prospect to the narrow space across the valley; but to the west the opening hills, permitting an extended view, shew the sunny slopes now tinged with the varied hues of the deeply-coloured vineyards, and in the midst of these are seen the gothic tower, and gray-slated roofs of the little town of Gernsbach. The busy scene around the sawyer's yard next catches the attention, and looking up the valley the rising smoke marks out the little hamlets half-hidden by intervening woods round which the river gently winds, or in a more direct and rapid course pursues its way, covered here and there with floating trees, the long, straight,

bulky growth of which bespeaks their origin and downfall upon the neighbouring heights. — Such are the leading features of this scene, and these, in order to present a beautiful and faithful picture to the mind, the fancy of the reader must review and bring together; for, in the most finished drawing of a female face, the fairest features, if separated and viewed apart, are often void of interest or beauty, but blended together, the effect may be all that the mind can picture to itself of perfect loveliness. Here the artist with his pencil has the great advantage of presenting to the mind at once the combined efforts of his art; but the writer with his pen can present, and that imperfectly, only a single feature at a time, and the effect of the whole depends not entirely upon his skill, but partly upon the fancy or imagination of the reader.

Having gratified my curiosity about this castle, which has little more to recommend it than its situation, and after complying with the request of this old warden by entering my name in a book, kept perhaps for the gratification of his curiosity, or for the benefit of future visitors, and not forgetting the perquisite on these occasions, I set out upon my descent into the val-

ley, which, in due time and with due caution, was accomplished without accident.

Higher up the valley the scenery continues for some distance, varying amidst the most romantic beauties, until the road, gradually ascending amongst the mountains, the country presents a wilder and more dreary aspect, and the Murg changes its character from a brawling stream to a roaring torrent.

Here the scene is one of wild magnificence, and amongst the dark surrounding heights rises pre-eminent the dreary head of Stauffenberg, on the summit of which are still visible the ruins of an ancient castle.

On my return to Gernsbach, towards the decline of day, I stopped at a little hamlet to recruit my strength, and to pick up some information about this interesting and sequestered spot, for I had hitherto been without a guide. I was lucky enough to direct my enquiries to an old man who could make himself intelligible to me, and who seemed to be well acquainted with the early history, as well as the geography, of this wild district. From this old man, in the way of historical information, I learnt that the ancient territory of the lords of Eberstein in-

cluded a great extent of this wild country, over which they long ruled with sovereign sway, in defiance of all jealous neighbours, and that by a family alliance it at last became annexed to the Margraviate of Baden.

The modernized château, as I also learned, is still the favourite residence, for a few weeks in the summer months, of some of the royal family of Baden.

I received also a good deal of geographical information from this old man, about the surrounding wilds, and amongst other subjects I picked up some scraps of traditionary history concerning the ruins still visible on the dreary head of Stauffenberg. These, according to my informant, are the remains of an ancient castle, formerly belonging to a noble and powerful family, the Counts de Stauffen.

I fancied that I perceived a sort of superstitious dread in this allusion to the history of the last proprietor of this castle, the last of his noble race, and my curiosity was so much excited, that I pressed for more minute particulars. But the old man shook his head, for it was a fearful and uncertain tale, of which nothing more was known than what had been handed

down from family to family through the succeeding generations. My surprize and curiosity, however, were considerably augmented on hearing repeated the principal incidents of that beautiful little fairy-tale presented to the public, a few years ago, under the title of Undine. I will confess there was something quite bewitching in the very idea that I now stood in the midst of the fairy scene, and with increased interest my eye wandered up and down the brawling stream before me — But it was all in vain, — no fairy figure rose from the bright flowing waters, and no grey-headed sprite was now visible above the rippling surface. The fairy days are gone, but some interest for those days may yet remain. The old man seemed pleased and flattered by my credulity, and the interest which I appeared to take in the traditionary history of his neighbourhood, made him more willing and familiar in his communication. He was not forgotten at our parting, and when the sinking sun reminded me that I had yet some distance to walk to Gernsbach, I started up so much recruited and refreshed as to look forward to the walk with pleasure.

On reaching the inn there was so little appearance of comfort or accommodation, that I

ordered out the horses, and set off with all haste on my return to Baden.

As my route was along the same road that I had already passed, my imagination wandered back to the fairy land which I was quitting, and Undine engrossed a fair portion of my thoughts.

During the ride I occupied myself in recollecting and arranging the broken incidents which had been related to me respecting this interesting tradition, and afterwards, at the first opportunity, I put them together on paper, following most of the principal events as I had received them, saving a liberty similar to that taken in the elegant little translation of this tale from the German, by introducing an object for the marriage of Undine, which the original narrative does not appear to warrant. Saving this, and any thing which may be deserving of the name of embellishments in the recital, the following is the real tradition, as related on the spot where it originated.

I should observe that I have adopted the word "Ondine," because this accords with the German pronunciation.

LE CHATEAU DE STAUFFENBERG.

Dirminger Comte de Stauffen, who in very early times inhabited this castle, was one day returning from the chase, when finding himself exhausted with the fatigues of the day, he loitered behind his party, and descending, led his horse to a small spring rising in the wild sequestered valley of the Murg, and surrounded with lofty and shady oaks.

There he saw a young damsel of bewitching form and beauty, seated by the side of the spring, who, as he advanced, rendered him a modest salute, calling him by his name.

The astonished Comte demanded who she was, and from whence she came? "I dwell close by," said she, "and I have seen you come oftentimes to this spring with your hunters, by which means I have learnt your name."

Stauffen, yet young and disengaged, was much struck with the beauty and sprightly manner of this lovely maid, and love, unperceived, crept into his heart.

The following day, at the same hour, Dirminger hastened to the spring, but the lovely unknown was not there — long he waited in anxious hope, but she came not. On the second day he attended, waited, but she came not. The third day found him again upon the spot, waiting, disappointed, and dejected. The fourth day, towards the evening, as he was seated on the verdant turf by the side of this clear spring, leaning against an oak, and lost in thought, he was startled by a sound resembling a human voice, but more soft and sweet than ever yet was heard from human being, and seeming to come from beneath the water, singing in sweetest melody the following words: —

"Canst thou, mortal! canst thou prove
Constant to requited love?
If thy soul can blend with mine,
The fates allow
Our plighted vow; —
Swear this, — and Ondine is thine."

He raised himself, looked about on every side with impatient curiosity, but could discover no one, and the sound gradually diminishing, was now no longer audible. He was then about to resume his seat under the oak, in the hope that the voice of the invisible would again be heard, when, turning round, he saw the unknown seated

upon the stone which he had just quitted. There she appeared more beautiful and lovely than before, lively and gentle, full of mirth and merriment. To every question of the enraptured Comte some arch reply was always ready, nor could he procure a single answer to gratify his eager curiosity. But with all her vivacity and wit was mixed so much engaging loveliness, that a heart not already occupied could scarcely have withstood unmoved so many charms. The enraptured Comte, in all the ecstasies of love, could brook no longer the delays of courtship, but flinging himself at her feet, declared himself lost in the world without her.

All the sprightliness of the lovely maid instantly disappeared, but a pensive smile lighted up her bright and beauteous features; she spoke not, but waived her arm of fairy form to the still kneeling Comte in token of adieu. With the boldness of advancing love, he seized the snowy and extended hand, and in silent rapture pressed it to his lips. The fair unknown now informed the Comte, that the time for her departure had arrived, and naming the hour of the following morning that would find her here again, the fairy hand slipt from the lovers grasp, and the beauteous figure darting between the trees, was hidden from further view.

Dirminger, stupified with amazement, gazed for some time in the direction where the lovely and mysterious being had vanished from his sight, but the recollection of her promise recalled his bewildered senses, and he returned still deeper than before in love and wonder.

Scarcely had morning dawn chased away the stars of night, when the Comte was upon the appointed spot, and just as the rising sun began to gild the mountain heights, the lovely unknown maid appeared from a neighbouring copse, with a step so light, and form aërial, that she looked like an inhabitant of some other world, and the wondering lover gazed upon her as a being dropped from the morning star.

Her flowing hair, in rich and negligent profusion, fell as if to mark the contrast with a neck that might have vied in whiteness with the purest mountain snow, as in smoothness with the eider down; a robe in texture like the gossamer, and in colour of pale emerald green, entwined around her fairy form, half hid a figure of such matchless shape as human eyes before had never seen; and sandals of platted grass, lined with the softest moss, were twined round feet that seemed unused to touch where mortals tread.

With a countenance as full of innocence as loveliness, she fixed her bright blue eyes upon the enamoured Comte, and he, seizing her drooping hand once more, hazarded to speak of love.

She answered not, and the pensive smile again lighted up her lovely features, but this was momentary; gazing upon him with a look of sorrowful expression, she beckoned to him to take his seat upon the grassy bank bordering the spring, and seating herself by his side, she thus addressed him:—"Dirminger, you have confided in me the secret of your heart; I fear I have beguiled you; but the time has now arrived when I must inflict upon myself the pain of undeceiving you. Know then, that I am not what I seem, a child of this world. In the waters was I born, and there I dwell. I am of a race of beings not insensible to love, but we give not our love without our hand, nor our hand without our love. But hearken, Comte, and attend. By giving my hand to a mortal, I myself become in part a mortal, and, like other mortals, I subject myself to the certainty of death, which now can never reach me until the world shall stop its course, and then all our race will dissipate in air; but with this certainty of death I gain the blessing of eternal life. And now, Comte, consider well what I am about to say. If I accept your offered hand I

must receive with it your whole heart, and I must occupy it for the remainder of your days. Your fidelity must be pure as this limpid stream, and firm as the steel of your girded sword." One single act of infidelity will cause your death, and mine." She ceased; and for some moments longer the Comte continued gazing upon her in silence; but it was the pause of silent wonder and admiration, for presently, as if waking from a trance and seeing by his side the bright image of his dream, he seized her in his arms, confirmed his former vows with a solemn oath, and declared that it was as impossible for him to prove unfaithful as to live without her.

The nymph, whose sparkling eyes and lovely smile bespoke her fervent joy, now presented to the Comte an emerald ring, through the transparency of which was seen her name Ondine. The enraptured lover again pressed the lovely donor to his breast, talked of the charming situation of his castle, and of the life they should lead of continued happiness and love. The following day was fixed for conducting her to his castle, and for witnessing the marriage ceremony. But by the time the sun had reached its mid-way course, Ondine signified to the Comte that she must bid him farewell until to-morrow, "for," added she with a sweet smile,

but through which the pensive air was again visible, "I am now about to visit my native element, perhaps for the last time, and I have there kind relatives whom, perhaps, I never more shall see; . . . their disobedient daughter deserts them all; . . . sacrifices every thing for blessed immortality and love." At these words she dropped into the spring, and kissing her hands to the gazing Comte in token of adieu, she gradually vanished from his sight beneath the waters.

The Comte hastened to his castle, and instant and splendid were the preparations for the ensuing day. But on the following morning, as he passed through the grand chamber in which the ceremony was to be performed, great was his surprize at the splendour of the sight before him. On a grand table were displayed riches unknown to human eyes, and in the midst of these were three baskets of curious and exquisite workmanship, one full of gold, the other of silver, and the centre one, the largest of the three, was filled with precious stones; over the handle of this centre basket was an emerald of extraordinary size and beauty, upon which were engraved words signifying "The dowry with Ondine."

The altar now was ready, the sacred fire was burning, the bishop with holy reverence attended,

the company in silent expectation were assembled, and the happy bridegroom strained his eager eyes to catch the first view of the coming bride. Presently the folding doors flew open, and surrounded by her maids, arrayed as if in light, the lovely bride appeared. Advancing towards the altar she took the offered hand, but expressed a wish, before the ceremony commenced, to speak with the Comte in private. Seated by his side in an adjoining cabinet, she thus addressed him. "Dirminger, I am come to put your sincerity to the test; how dearly I love you I have already shewn, and that your love to me is now pure and earnest I cannot doubt;—but, oh Dirminger! is it a love that will be constant?—think yet once more before it be too late of what you are about to do,—think of all that I have told you; for, if your heart should over cool for me, and warm at the thought of another, oh—Dirminger! that instant my power is gone,—my race will prevail over me, we both are lost, and you will have a sign of your approaching death;—the sign will be this right foot, which is all that you will ever see of me again, and your name will be extinct." She paused, and the Comte tenderly embracing her, renewed his vows with all the impetuosity of violent love.

The smile of love and confidence again lighted up the features of Ondine, and after warning the Comte to guard the emerald ring which she had given him, and which, as long as he wore upon his finger, would preserve them both from harm, she yielded up her hand to the enraptured lover, who now led her to the altar. They were married. Days and months passed over in happiness complete. The lovely Ondine was like a flower in perpetual bloom, ever beautiful and charming, and spreading charms around her.

Scarcely had the year revolved when the Comte was the happy father of a son. Soon afterwards a terrible war broke out upon the frontiers of France. Dirminger was brave, and delighted in deeds of arms. But in his breast love now struggled against glory.

Ondine would not oppose the current of his noble feelings, but hanging over him in bitterest sorrow, she consented to his departure, conjuring him with her last words not to forget her, or the pledge of their tender love.

Dirminger, at the head of a chosen troop of vassals, passed the Rhine and joined the standard of a Duké of the Franks.

The skill, the intrepidity, and the powerful arm of Dirminger were soon conspicuous. The Duke knew how to appreciate him, and on one occasion, in the midst of a hot attack, it was to the brave Dirminger that the Duke was indebted for his life. It was the skill and intrepidity of Dirminger also, which mainly contributed to decide the victory which brought a speedy and an honourable peace.

The Duke, full of gratitude to his preserver, thought that he could not do less than offer to him in marriage the youngest and most beautiful of his daughters.

Dirminger was not insensible to her charms, nor to the honour of an alliance with a house so ancient and illustrious, but his nature was too open to act the part of a deceiver; he disclosed the fact of his marriage, and related frankly all the circumstances attending it.

The Duke chagrined, in silence hung his head. Presently however, he attempted to remove this difficulty by telling him that an evil spirit had inveigled him, that a promise to such fantastic beings was better observed in the breach than in the performance, and that, for the good of his

own soul, he desired to see him delivered from so dangerous a connection.

But the image of the beautiful and endearing Ondine seemed ever before him, as if to watch and keep the heart she had engrossed.

The Duke, earnestly desirous of this union with his family, partly to repay a debt of gratitude, and with the hope of thus withdrawing the Comte from what he looked upon as a fearful league, and seeing that his words were all in vain, now sought to entangle the heart of Dirminger by stratagem. For this purpose the Duke used every art to prolong his stay at the palace; the days were spent in hunting parties, and the evenings in festivity and dance. Thus passed days and weeks, and as time obliterated the recollection of the sweets of quiet and domestic life, it heightened the enjoyment of the present hour of gaiety.

The youngest daughter of the Duke, now in all the bloom and sprightliness of lovely youth, whether in the chase or in the dance, seemed ever in the path of Dirminger. But her very artlessness had so disguised the intentions of her father, and the Duke himself had so carefully abstained from hinting at a repetition of his former offer,

that Dirminger, guileless himself by nature, was almost incapable of suspecting others. Lulled into the belief of his security, he neglected the precaution of defence; he first only admired the lively innocence of a young and lovely girl, but as the image of Ondine grew fainter and fainter on his mind, the personal attractions of her rival became stronger, and as the one still faded, the other strengthened; until at last the image of Ondine, effaced by absence and neglect of thought, the power of the seducer in his path prevailed, and the heart of Dirminger was ensnared.

The Duke, seeing his success, now urged all his former reasoning to the Comte, but the proposal to desert Ondine was a dagger to his heart; not yet so deep in guilt as to contemplate this act without a start of horror, he had yet resolution left for making the determination to fly from the danger which surrounded him. Exhausted by the struggle of conflicting emotions he sunk into a chair, and his head drooped upon his breast. In this attitude of uncertainty, despondency, and guilt, the eye of the now conscience-stricken Comte glanced on the emerald ring upon his finger; there the name 'Ondine' shining through the transparent gem recalled to mind the loving, lovely, and once-beloved donor; the

effect was magical, it seemed to conjure up before him the figure of his lovely wife, still lovely as when first he met her near her favourite spring, but with a countenance now bespeaking care and sorrow. The bright image passed rapidly before him and disappeared; but there was a mild complaining look, expressing sorrow and forgiveness, which struck deep into his soul, and he heard, or fancied that he heard, these plaintive sounds: "Oh, Dirminger! if thou hast forgotten me, remember yet thyself and child."

The Comte started up as if to pursue the lovely image that had vanished from his sight; his appearance was like one awakened by a frightful dream — like one bewildered, or possessed, and he rushed out of the chamber, uttering in piercing cries, "Oh Ondine! Ondine! stay for me! I come! I come!"

The Duke, terrified at this scene of violence, which he attributed to the effect of magic, followed the distracted Comte, and by kind and persuasive words at length drew him into that state of torpor which, it is known, so often follows bitterest anguish.

The Duke, now taking advantage of this temporary weakness of the mind, urged him again

to break loose from the spell with which he was surrounded, and to dissolve the league into which he had entered with beings of another race; he urged the present instance of the power which these supernatural beings had gained over him; and that his peace, and perhaps his safety, were now at stake.

The chaplain was called in; he confirmed and strengthened the reasoning of the Duke, and assured the Comte that as soon as he had received the benediction of the church, the magic illusion which now decieved him would be dissipated.

The mind of Dirminger, long torn by the conflicting passions of remorse and love, was now unable to make one further effort. The Comte was overcome; he consented to espouse the daughter of the Duke, and the day was fixed.

In the mean time all was rejoicing, and the bustle of preparation was heard throughout the palace. The lovely bride was gay and blooming, and by degrees the Comte recovered his usual cheerfulness. At length the day arrived, and now for the first time, as the Comte was apparelling himself in his bridal garments, he missed from his finger the emerald ring — at this instant a shaft seemed as if to have pierced through his

very heart, but it passed away; a rising thought had almost stifled him, but it was repressed. The ring was missing, it might only have slipped off his finger, and would again be found.

If mortal body can be sensible of joy when conscience is aching under wounds, such was now the joy of Dirminger when leading to the altar his innocent and lovely bride.

The solemn rite was celebrated, and the marriage vows pronounced.

On the evening of the same day a messenger from Stauffenberg arrived in breathless haste to inform the Comte that his wife and child had suddenly disappeared from the castle.

Dirminger informed himself of the particulars, and found that the time of their disappearance accorded precisely with the period of the marriage ceremony.

This account seemed to confirm the truth of what the holy father had assured him, and with a heart now more at ease he mounted his horse, and capering by the side of the prancing palfrey which bore the lovely blushing bride, the cavalcade moved forward towards one of the neigh-

bouring villas of the Duke, where the marriage feast was to be held.

As all were gaily seated in mirthful humour round the table, the Comte by accident cast his eyes upon one side of the saloon, and there, represented on the wall, he saw the figure of a beautifully formed female foot. Motionless as a statue he gazed upon the sight before him; he rubbed his eyes, but only the more clearly did he see the fatal warning. Terror and remorse now seized the unhappy Comte, and all the torments of a troubled conscience rushed over him.

Cup after cup he tossed down in hope to dissipate the dark presages which crowded on his mind, his imagination became bewildered, and he heard, or fancied he heard, a solemn dirge, conveying to his ears a whispering sound, heard only by himself, in which he distinguished the following words:—

"Whither, whither canst thou flee,
Child of sin and perfidy!
Penance cannot aid thee now,
For dying groan
Can ne'er atone
For a broken nuptial vow!

Silence closes o'er Ondine,
Child of thine shall ne'er be seen,—

Woe thy name and race betide!
Oblivion's pall
Shall shroud them all,
And pillow thy virgin bride."

The feast and revelry being over, the bride and bridegroom, with all the bidden guests, remounted their steeds and palfreys on their return to the palace. In their way it was necessary to ford a river. Scarcely was he in the middle of the stream, when it began to foam around him like a roaring torrent; the horse took fright, floundered, threw its rider, and gained the opposite shore. For a few minutes afterwards the waters raged with redoubled fury, but gradually subsiding into a calm, the stream pursued its usual peaceable and limpid course.

The Comte de Stauffen had disappeared, and his body was never seen again.

It was dark when I arrived at Baden, but being eager to push forward, I determined upon proceeding through the night to Kehl, a small town, situated on this side the Rhine, just opsite to Strasbourg. But, however, as there were several dark forests to be passed through in the night season, I thought it might be as well to

take this opportunity of fortifying the body with a substantial supper, and of recruiting the spirits with a bottle of the best Margraviate.

After dinner, I took the precaution of taking from my portmanteau a brace of travelling companions, which put the weak man, in respect of strength, upon equality with the strongest; and by the time that I had served out to each a fair proportion of powder and lead, and carefully allotted them snug places in my travelling cloak, I heard my carriage drive up to the door.

My luggage stowed, and my account discharged, all was now ready. I stepped into my calèche; "*en route*," resounded from my host, and being re-echoed by my driver, we set off at full speed down a steep descent, and were presently enveloped in the gloom of the surrounding heights.

Having descended from the wooded heights of Baden into the level country of the Rhine, the remainder of our road presented little variety, being chiefly through the extensive woods of oak and fir skirting the high range of mountains which borders the Black Forest, and which here runs nearly parallel with the Rhine.

Occasionally, however, the view opened over the extensive plain, and shewed by the pale moonlight the fertile fields strewed with the golden-coloured heads of the yet ungathered maize, and the large deep-yellow pumpkin already mentioned. But these were only short and occasional changes in the scene, for the overshadowing woods prevailed, and shrouded all surrounding objects as with the darkest veil of night.

Passing through the small towns of Stollhofen and Bischofsheim, we entered again into the open country, where the Rhine pursues its smooth majestic course. Here the mountains of the Black Forest are seen verging towards the high opposite range, the mountains of the Vosges, and seeming, afar off, to effect a junction, the whole presents the appearance of a vast amphitheatre formed around the level country, between these two strong boundary lines.

Soon was seen rising through the mists of night the beautiful and lofty spire of the Munster of Strasbourg, and presently the moon beams, reflected from the river, discovered the low straggling town of Kehl, an ill-fated town, so frequently the scene of the miseries of war, that it now appears almost deserted, and its few straggling houses declare it to be yet but half

risen from the ashes to which, at the last conflict, it was again reduced.

This was formerly one of the most important of the fortified towns on this part of the frontier of Germany, and being situated on the bank of the Rhine, directly opposite to the strong town of Strasbourg, was always considered as one of the principal keys which opened into Germany.

Having knocked up the master of the post-house at Kehl, here I took up my quarters for the short remainder of the night, and for a reason which may be worth knowing.

The opposite side of the Rhine being in the French territory, the travellers' baggage undergoes the disagreeable process of a very close scrutiny; on this side the traveller is in Germany, and he is unmolested.

Sunday, October 14. Rose early this morning, and leaving my baggage behind me at Kehl, I walked into the town of Strasbourg, which is situated on the opposite side of the Rhine, about half a league distant.

The river, which is here broad, is separated, excepting in the time of high floods, into two

channels, but both of these, as the current here is neither very deep nor powerful, are crossed by one long wooden bridge, supported upon strong posts. The water of the Rhine, I also remarked, here presents a different appearance from what I had hitherto observed, being now of a beautiful light blue colour. Here this river takes the name of the Upper Rhine, which it retains as far as Mayence, from whence to Cologne it is called the Middle Rhine, and from Cologne to the mouths in Holland the Lower Rhine.

After passing the bridge, the road to the town presents a fine appearance, being, for the greatest part of the way, through handsome avenues of trees. At a short distance from the road, on the left hand side, and in an open space, appropriated for the purpose, is a monument, erected by Buonaparte to the memory of General Desaix, who fell gallantly in one of the great conflicts on the Rhine. The attention of the stranger is arrested by the appropriate neatness of this design. It is a pyramid, supported upon a pedestal, the four sides of which are ornamented with finely executed bas-reliefs.

I stepped out of the road to pause over this just and expressive tribute to the departed hero.

Various are the feelings at the sight of these cold stones, overhung with evergreens and weeping willows!

The inscription is short and simple. To the passing traveller it is left to fill up the epitaph accordingly as his recollection of past events may serve, for the following is all that is conveyed by words:

AU GENERAL
DESAIX
L'ARMÉE DU RHIN,
1800.

The entrance into Strasbourg is through a series of intrenchments, one within the other, presenting an appearance of formidable strength.

This town, since it has been appropriated to the territory of France, has been considered by the French nation as one of its strongest frontier holds, for whilst it secures an easy entrance into Germany, it presents a powerful check against any attempt at invasion from that quarter. The value which the French attach to this place is sufficiently evinced by the care and expence manifested in the support of its fortifications. Modern, however, in appearance, as are the

surrounding works, Strasbourg itself has all the appearance of an old imperial city.

The houses are lofty, and the streets, with the exception of a few of the principal ones, are dark and narrow. The Broglio, however, is a handsome oblong square, planted with acacia trees, and forms the most fashionable promenade of the town. The two sides are occupied by irregular, but good looking buildings, chiefly café houses and restaurateurs, and at the bottom of the square stands the theatre, a neat and handsome stone building, the front entrance of which is supported by six lofty Corinthian stone pillars.

This being the day for life and gaiety in all the promenades, after dinner I mixed in the busy scene. The public walks along the banks of the Ill and the Breusch, two small rivers which run through the town, were now thronged with gaily drest and happy-looking bourgeois, and presented a sight of much novelty and interest. But the long and numerous avenues of noble chesnut and beautiful acacia trees, with here and there the open gardens tastefully laid out, and ornamented with flowers along the margin of the bright blue Rhine, formed one of the liveliest and gayest scenes I ever witnessed.

With respect to public buildings, Strasbourg has nothing in particular to boast of besides the cathedral, but this, indeed, is a noble and imposing structure.

The tower, which is reckoned between 550 and 560 feet in height, is, I believe, the highest in Europe, and probably the most elegant.

It does not present, I should think, so much minute workmanship as the tower of the cathedral at Antwerp, neither is it to be compared with this in richness of effect, but it is incomparably more light and elegant; so light, indeed, in appearance, that the spectator can hardly believe that he is really gazing upon stone-work. The exterior of the church is the ornamented Gothic; but the finest of the ornamental work is in the numerous niches which are occupied by well executed figures carved in stone. Most of these, however, are defaced by time and accident, but many of them are still sufficiently legible to shew that they are too indecently satirical against the monkish vices of former days, to be very appropriate ornaments in their present situations.

The interior is plain, but heavy and impressive, and the windows, which are considered as

the most beautiful specimens extant of painted glass, are so darkened as to throw over the whole church a deep gloom, which tends much to heighten the solemnity of the effect. But this beautiful structure is so generally admired and known, that I feel it is unnecessary to detain the reader here with further or more minute details.

Whilst I was busily engaged in surveying the interior of the church, my attention was suddenly diverted by the approach of loud clattering noises, and presently I saw the general and principal officers of the troops stationed in this town, enter the cathedral, attended by a regiment of soldiers, in full military equipment.

In another minute or two, when the officers were seated, and the soldiers had taken their places in ranks down the body of the church, I was astonished by a tremendous crash of drums, which ceasing, divine service commenced, and the music was performed by a military band.

The sight of the body of this solemn edifice, filled with armed soldiers engaged in holy prayer, with the sound of warlike instruments resounding through the long and lofty aisles, created in my mind such a variety of emotions, that the

first feelings of surprize soon gave place to others, better suited to the solemn and imposing scene before me. To those accustomed to our simple and unaffected form of public worship, there seems a strange incongruity in this association of military pomp with the holy duties of the church, and this feeling marks one of the distinguishing peculiarities between our established religion and the religion of the continent. The one entering immediately through the mind, requires not the aid of exterior show; whilst the other, conveyed into the mind by the help of material objects and outward forms, is strengthened by splendour of effect.

I next visited the church of St. Thomas, principally pointed out to strangers as containing a superb mausoleum, executed by the great French sculptor, Pigale, to the memory of Marshal Saxe, and another beautiful monument to Schöpflin. But these, however, owing to the following trivial circumstance, I did not see. The church doors being shut when I attempted to gain admission, a person in attendance offered to open them, and to point out to me the different interesting monuments, which civil offer I readily accepted, and the door was accordingly opened. But no sooner had I entered, than my attendant retreated, and he was just in the act of

closing the door upon me, when I caught him by the arm, and walked out with him, wishing him, '*Bon soir.*' His surprise seemed to be no less than mine, and, for aught I know, with as much reason; his excuse now being that he was about to step to his house for some other key which would be wanting; all of which might have been very true, only this explanation came rather late, and I did not see the necessity of so much caution in closing the door after him.

In the evening, according to the custom of the country, and which is my only excuse, I went to the theatre. The interior of the house is elegant, clean, and convenient, and now filled with the first rank and fashion of Strasbourg, was a sight well worth a stranger's seeing.

Monday, October 15. After roaming for about a couple of hours this morning through the streets of Strasbourg, before the shops were opened, I walked back to Kehl, and about ten o'clock I set out for Offenbourg on my road to Schafhausen, intending to make that entrance into Switzerland through the Black Forest.

Offenbourg is an ancient town, formerly of some note, but now falling into decay. It is situ-

ated in a fertile plain on the high road to Basle, and near the entrance into a beautiful valley.

Through this valley I now pursued my course. For some distance the scenery is of the more beautiful and cultivated description, but as the valley becomes narrower and narrower it assumes a wilder aspect, and at last terminates in a narrow defile amongst the mountains of the Black Forest. After winding for some time through a route so narrow, that leaning out of the carriage window, I could have touched the mountain on either side the road; we emerged from this defile into the high and dreary country of the forest. Here are seen mountains upon mountains in wildest confusion, their lofty summits covered with stately firs, and beneath with firs and oaks. It was altogether a scene of novel and striking effect, which was now much heightened by night setting in, and with unusual darkness. This darkness was but a bad foreboding, and soon all my apprehensions were confirmed, for towards night the wind became tempestuous, and the rain descended in torrents.

It struck me as a curious circumstance that the first storm, and almost, I might say, the first rain which had occurred since I left Holland,

should happen to overtake me in this wild and dreary country. It seemed as if intended to prepare me for some adventure of romance, and I now for the first time felt myself to be in the midst of Mrs. Radcliffe's favourite scenery. In vain I looked out of my carriage window, hoping to excite romantic fancy to its highest pitch by watching the tall pines bending their dark heads beneath the pelting storm. In vain I looked out for something to compare to Baptist's cottage; in vain I listened for the female shriek piercing through the warring winds. Yes, it it was all in vain! I looked out, but could see nothing; it was darkness impervious to mortal eye. I listened, but could hear nothing, save the rain beating against my carriage windows, and the stormy wind wrestling with the mighty forests round. It was all in vain! nothing would go wrong! the driver would not lose his way and play the rogue, the carriage would not overturn, nobody would come and rob me — nobody was going to be murdered, and nobody wanted my assistance! In short, I plainly saw that there was no likelihood of any call, at least at present, either for my pistols or my valour, and so placing the former articles in the carriage pocket, and myself with all my stock of the latter article in a snug corner of the vehicle, I gradually sunk into a doze. How long this happy state continued I

cannot say, but it was certainly my vehicle coming suddenly to a stop which brought me to a consciousness of my situation; when starting up with all the eagerness of one ready for some desperate encounter, I cried out, '*De quoi s'agit-il?*' '*Rien, monsieur, nous allons changer les chevaux.*'

There was a something in the manner of this reply which seemed at once to annihilate every hope of an adventure, and I began to think that the Black Forest might not be so very dreadful as its name portended, and that possibly it might afford me as good a supper as another place; on which last point, in order to inform myself, I now alighted, and forthwith entered a house of entertainment for man and horse. But I soon began to think that the entertainment would prove better for the horse than for the man; nor was this impression afterwards removed, for such was the filthiness and wretchedness of every thing around, that a piece of bread sufficed me, and would probably have sufficed a more craving appetite than mine, if equally unused to the display of forest fare. This wretched abode was, to me, even more cheerless than the wide forest itself, and I was glad to get back again into my carriage. Not so, however, thought my driver, and

it required the oft repeated shout and '*Allons*,' before we were again *en route*.

The sighing of the wind and the pattering of the rain soon lulled me into a train of quiet reflections, and these gradually subsiding into broken slumbers, the remainder of the night was passed in a state of "half asleep and half awake."

Tuesday, October 16. The break of day now discovered to me a scene of as much savage dreariness as the mind can picture.

The wind had fallen, but the rain continued to pour down with persevering steadiness, and without any present prospect of cessation. The gloom of night seemed still suspended over the black surrounding heights, and the dripping firs now hung their tall dark heads, as if for very wretchedness.

Every object which here meets the eye may almost be said to speak the language of romance, and indeed the whole of this forest district is full of traditionary history, and wild tales of terror, most of which seem to have been suggested by the dreariness of the scene, or by some peculiar though natural object. As an instance of this, I

will here relate the tradition recorded respecting an enormous rock, in the shape of a church, which is situated on the edge of a dark forest, and is seen in passing through a wild and dreary defile, between Oberachern and the valley of Allerheiligen.

THE CHURCH OF ROCK.

Early tradition says, that this was the first Christian church of the canton, built by a German chief.

This chief dying, left seven daughters, as beautiful as virtuous, who lived in deep seclusion in an adjoining castle. This was in the time when Attila, king of the Huns, arrived upon the Rhine, in war against the Gauls.

For the purpose of conveying his innumerable hordes over this river, he caused a great quantity of rafts to be made, and numerous detachments were sent into the Black Forest to fell the necessary timber.

One of these detachments, by accident, wandered into the neighbourhood of the castle, where dwelt the seven sisters, and soon the castle and its unprotected inhabitants were discovered.

These barbarians had no respect for virtue or for weakness, and their brutality knew no restraint. The seven sisters seemed to have no choice left but in death or in dishonour. With such a choice they remained not long in doubt, and were about to seek their safety in death, when an old and faithful servant pointed out to them the secret of a subterraneous passage leading to the church. Hither they hastened, and full of pious resignation and holy zeal, they gained the sanctuary, where they believed themselves secure from mortal harm.

But a faithless domestic betrayed the secret, and the Huns, in fury, hastened to the church. Finding the door secured, they ran into an adadjoining wood; there felling a lofty fir, and lopping its branches and its top, with this tremendous engine they returned in triumph to force the oaken door. But arriving near the church they were all amazement, for there was neither door nor window, nor any means by which to penetrate. The church was there, but it presented the appearance of one solid piece of rock, and from within were heard low and mournful voices, rising in solemn chant.

The isolated inhabitants of these mountain recesses hear still sometimes, in the dead of

night, the soft and lonely voices of the seven virtuous sisters. The sounds seem to issue from the rock, but they are of such a holy and pathetic sweetness, that instead of inspiring any thing like a sentiment of fear, they warm the heart with a religious fervour, and remind the hearers of another and a better life.

Here, then, is a tradition arising evidently out of a peculiarity in a natural object, although, probably, the inroads and barbarities of the Huns, or some of the northern tribes which, in the early ages, over-ran these districts in their progress to the more favoured countries of the south, may have afforded some foundation to this, and many similar traditionary histories, to be met with in the Black Forest.

But some of these traditions, and which, probably, are of the earliest date, are free from all historical allusion, and seem to rest wholly upon natural circumstances.

To instance this, I will give the following tradition, which has originated in a wild and sequestered spot in the Black Forest, not far from the town of Fribourg, and which is called

THE GROTTO OF SAINT ODILLE.

Odille was the daughter of Attich, Duke of Alsace. She had been brought up in the convent of Mayenfield, and in her own mind had long resolved to devote herself to a holy life, and to take the veil.

One day she left the convent to visit her father's court, and all the youthful knights were deeply stricken with her beauty.

Soon the young and beautiful recluse was surrounded by lovers, and amongst the number was a German Prince, whose suit the Duke approving of, his daughter was ordered to approve of also. But Odille, considering herself as already devoted to a religious life, viewed the proposal with horror, and knowing that her father's will was to her a mandate, she divested herself of her rich garments, and taking the habit of a wandering beggar, she reached the Rhine, and passed safely in a little boat to the opposite side.

Her flight was soon discovered by the Duke who sent pursuers after her in all directions.

He himself mounted his swiftest steed, and by accident took the road which Odille had just passed. The boatman described her so accurately, that the Duke felt no doubt he was close upon his daughter's steps, and with increased eagerness he now pressed on.

Odille had already ascended half way up one of the high mountains of the forest, looking down upon the Rhine, when worn out with fatigues to which she had been little used, she seated herself upon a rock, and lifting up her eyes to heaven, joined her hands in prayer. But presently, startled by a distant sound of horses' feet, she looked around, and beheld an approaching troop of horsemen drest in her father's colours.

She hastily arose to save herself by rapid flight. Fear at first acted like wings upon her nimble feet, but soon her weak and gentle nature yielded, and she fell exhausted upon a rock.

The horsemen advancing with a rapid pace were now near upon the spot, when Odille, trembling, lifted up her hands to implore deliverance from heaven. Suddenly the rock

opened! Odille entered, and instantly the rock closed!

Presently she heard the sound of horses' feet above her, and her father's voice calling her by name.

"My father," answered Odille, and Attich gazed around in mute surprize. "Odille," cried he again, and he was seized with terror on hearing a second time the voice of his daughter issuing as if from the rock beneath him. "You persecute him who protects me," replied Odille, and she then related what had passed. Attich now recognized the will of a superior power, and swore to respect his daughter's vow, and to build for her a convent. Upon this the rock opened, and Odille came forth, arrayed in a garment of celestial light. She fell into her father's arms, and besought his blessing and forgiveness.

The rock has remained opened from that day, and in the grotto which had hidden Odille rises a medicinal spring, possessing many virtues.

Numerous pilgrims and invalids make visits to this sainted spot, and Saint Odille and her

holy life, though not recorded in the page of history, is carefully handed down by every family within her presiding district.

Our route towards Schafhausen was, during the whole day, through this vast forest.

We passed through several wretched villages, the principal of which are called, as well as I could catch the names, Hornberg, Villingen, Donaueschingen, Blomberg, &c., all miserable enough in appearance, but some exhibiting more striking scenes of filthiness, loneliness, and wretchedness, than I had ever before witnessed. In one of these lonely villages, where I stopped to breakfast, I was surprized to see placed before me some of the whitest and finest bread I ever saw. I observed also that which is generally found amongst the peasantry in most parts of Germany, and which is preferred by them, a sort of bread almost black, and so sour as to be extremely disagreeable to those unaccustomed to the taste.

Towards mid-day appeared harbingers of a change of weather. Soon afterwards the rain

ceased, the clouds began to disperse, and about one o'clock the sun burst forth in cheering splendour.

The still dripping firs, now glittering in the brilliant rays, began to uplift their over-burthened heads, and nature, even in this dreary wild, where, save the driver and myself, no human being, bird, or beast, was visible, seemed now enlivened into smiles.

The scenery throughout the day continued to present the same wild character, sometimes enveloped in black impervious woods, sometimes opening over wide tracts of desolation, interspersed with large clumps of firs, and patches of cultivation, marking the poverty of the soil, and the whole intersected and environed with mountains clothed to their loftiest summits with dark forests, impenetrable but to the wild animals which there find shelter and security.

There is in all this something singularly impressive upon the mind; not that the traveller is here so much astonished by stupendous scenery, as struck by the vastness and dreariness of these high solitudes. Every object which meets the eye is calculated to tinge the mind with gloom, or rather with that sort of sadness called pleasing

melancholy. Even the tall dark firs seem to wear a funereal air in character with the scene, and so well according with the appearance of every thing around, that the sight of these suggested to my mind the idea of so many mourners, mourning over a wide waste, deserted by man, and left to hideous bears, wild boars, and ravenous wolves to roam and shelter in.

From this immense forest, however, Holland is chiefly supplied with timber, which, being cut, and carried by mountain torrents into the various small rivers which here take their source and fall into the Rhine, is from thence floated down in the shape of rafts of enormous size.

The process of conveying these long and bulky trees through the shallow rivers of the forest, must, however, require not a little ingenuity, and after all be a work of great labour and difficulty. I happened to be passing by when a large float of timber was coming down one of these small rivers of the forest, and I stopped for above half an hour to observe the process.

The trees laid lengthways, were fastened to each other at both ends by ozier ropes, and thus formed one large raft. The river here making several sudden bends as also shallows, and strong

rapids, it was necessary, in order to render the raft manageable, to separate it into three divisions, which was done by merely cutting the ozier bands where the separations were required, and each division was then pulled over the shallows and through the rapids by means of horses, men being at the same time stationed on the raft with long poles for the purpose of keeping it off the bank on either side. Each division being thus in turn brought safely over the difficulties, the three were then attached together as before, forming one float, which extended certainly not less than a quarter of a mile in length, though, owing to the winding of the river, I never had the whole of this float at once in view. Several little huts were erected in different parts of the raft for the accommodation of the men who had the guidance of it, but the accommodation, as may be supposed, was cheerless enough with the water rising between every tree. These floats, on reaching the Rhine, are attached together, and thus, formed into one raft of prodigious extent, are carried down the stream to Holland, principally to the town of Dort, where, as I have already mentioned in my visit to that town, the shipment of this timber to different parts of the world constitutes the chief trade.

In my passage up the Rhine I met one of these immense rafts coming down, and the sight to me was not a little curious. It appeared like a little colony afloat, with numerous and comfortable little habitations, live and dead stock, and all the various necessaries for the subsistence of a considerable population during a long voyage. The extent of this floating island I can hardly venture to state, but all the common and distant communications are by telegraphic signals. I saw the wicker basket hoisted upon the top of a high pole to announce the time for the general meeting at dinner.

In these unwieldy machines, which are of course subjected to a great variety of accidents during the navigation, are embarked very large capitals; and therefore a system of discipline and close attention is necessarily kept up. The whole is generally under the direction of one master, who has the assistance of several others in subordinate authority; but as great skill and knowledge of the currents of the Rhine is absolutely required, the navigation of these extensive floats is an employment confined to a few individuals.

But to return from this digression. Having watched the strange looking vessel first described, until the winding of the river amongst

the woods had hidden it entirely from my view, I resumed my seat in the carriage, and proceeded on my dreary route, sometimes varying its monotony by quitting the vehicle, and pursuing my way far in advance on foot.

Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon we stopped for the purpose of refreshing our horses at a small town, consisting of a few scattered and wretched looking houses. Here I had an opportunity of dining upon such viands as the place afforded, and there was some time to spare for looking about. It happened to be fair day, which made unusual bustle in this little town, and brought together a concourse of the forest inhabitants.

The whole appearance of this group is sufficiently strange, but the costume of the females is remarkable. It consists of a short black velvet jacket over a black stuff petticoat of scanty length, worked in the front of the boddice with gilt twist over a piece of red cloth, and a round hat of white chip with a large brim.

But this description, though accurately given, is calculated to convey a very erroneous idea of the reality, for every visible part of this female dress is so filthily dirty as to be disgusting to the

sight, and the whole looks as if it had never been taken off from the time when it was first put on. In short, from all I saw, my opinion of the inhabitants of the Black Forest is, that they are a very dirty race, dirty in their persons and in their habitations, and that this is the effect of choice, or rather of indifference, which is here the same thing.

They appear however to be a hardy and contented people, having but few wants beyond their bread, wine, and tobacco, all of which they seem to enjoy in sufficiently good quantity and quality. The bread I generally found very good, frequently excellent, and the wine, which is chiefly white, and of a light sort, and which is the common beverage of the inhabitants, is pleasant enough and cheap enough. For a *chopine* of this wine, which is a measure containing perhaps rather better than an English pint, I never paid more than twelve kreutzers, (about three halfpence of our money) and sometimes a few kreutzers less, and no doubt I was always overcharged.

About six o'clock we reached the confine of the forest district, and soon commenced a long and steep descent into the canton of Schafhausen. At the bottom of this descent the road enters a defile between two high ranges of hills thickly covered with oak and fir, and this defile

gradually expands into a valley in which is situated the town of Schafhausen.

But it was now past eight o'clock, and the darkness of night had already, in this sheltered valley, rendered nature "one universal blot," and I was not sorry to find myself soon afterwards snugly lodged in the little parlour '*à l'Aigle noir.*'

Here comfortably seated before a very nicely served supper, with only my own thoughts to keep me company, the circumstance of my entrance into another country naturally threw me into reflections upon that which I had just quitted; and so amusing were the recollections which then crowded fresh upon my mind, that notwithstanding the fatigues of a long day, I found the night far in advance before I was aware of the arrival of the usual hour of rest.

And here with a retrospective glance will I close my narrative through Germany. — The reader who may have been beguiled of a few hours by following my steps along the dykes of Holland, or in tracing with me the course of the majestic Rhine, will not, I trust, regret this expenditure of his time. If I should have succeeded in bringing back to the recollection of those who may have pursued the same route,

the images which these scenes could not fail to leave upon their minds, or in creating in the imagination of strangers a faint impression only of those which are imprinted on my own, I shall not altogether have failed in the object which I have proposed to myself, in thus exhibiting to the test of criticism, an attempt at description of scenery which, it may, perhaps, be truly said, sets at defiance the utmost powers of the pencil or the pen.

As to the observations in which I may have occasionally indulged, I am conscious that the rigid censor will pronounce them light and superficial; but, be it remembered, that I have only promised to describe faithfully what I saw and felt, and this promise I know I have performed.

However imperfectly I may have succeeded, either in description or in remark, I still flatter myself that enough has been said to furnish materials for deeper reflection, and for more interesting observation in others. In contemplating the character of the Hollanders, much will be found for admiration in that steady and persevering industry which has enabled them to recover, as it were, even from the elements, the very soil upon which their habitations rest, and to exhibit a people living below the level of surrounding waters; holding a high rank amongst

the powerful nations of Europe, and enjoying an ample supply of the luxuries and refinements of distant countries.

In the varied scenes through which the Rhine holds its unceasing course may be selected pictures to please every imagination. Those who delight in the magnificence of nature's works, or who can find charms in the rich and sequestered spots which incessantly strike the eye as the abodes of a peaceable and contented peasantry, may alike be gratified; and the whole cannot fail to exalt the mind to loftier thoughts, and to the adoration of the "Great First Cause."

I must call in the assistance of the more playful reader to plead my excuse for the legendary tales in which I have indulged. These will generally be found amongst descriptions of scenery calculated to lead the imagination into the pleasing delusions of romance, and to accommodate the mind to the superstitious credulity which gave birth to these fictitious histories, or grounded them upon some early traditions, which, in many cases, appear to have had some basis of truth for their foundation.

To the sedate reader, who may say that works of fancy ill associate with a narrative professing

to deal in facts, I would deprecate his censure by assuring him that none of these are fictions of my own imagination.

If, as I hope, the facts and observations contained in this narrative bear the impress of truth, or convey to others the honest impressions of my own mind, these, surely, cannot be impeached or weakened by an introduction of the recorded fancies of past ages; for, as I have already stated, these do in fact exist as legends in the countries, and are attached to the very spots referred to. The incidents are, I believe, faithfully related, and any liberties which I have taken are almost entirely confined to style and language. To this I shall only add, that the fancy displayed in these relics of the early times have not been thought unworthy of notice by many of the most celebrated of the German poets, in whose works, as I have been informed, most of these traditionary tales are to be found; but as these are in a foreign language, and have been subjected to the fancy of the poet, I have thought that they might not be the less acceptable to English readers, by being presented to them in plain English prose, with as much of their native simplicity of character as the change of language would permit: but if they only serve as marks to arrest the attention and fix upon the memory of past or

future ramblers like myself, the scenes referred to, trifles as they may be called, I shall not consider these, even, as having been written altogether in vain.

To my promise, however, of not presuming to trespass upon the province of the historian, or to venture upon the task of offering to the intelligent reader remarks on the political or moral state of countries well known, I shall faithfully adhere.

Presumptuous, indeed, would it be in me to offer any observations of mine on subjects which have been handled by Mad. de Staël and many other able writers. I shall therefore content myself with observing in general, on my route through Germany, that the traveller will find perfect security, both of person and property, slow but sure conveyance from town to town, and bad accommodation, with tolerable fare at reasonable prices.

The numerous petty states into which Germany is divided, and the rigid military system which exists in all, ensure protection to the harmless traveller; and the Germans, who seem proud of assimilating their national character with that of our countrymen, will leave the English gen-

tleman nothing to complain of in respect of hospitality or courtesy.

The facilities of travelling in Germany are very similar to those in France, the landkutche or diligence, and the post horses, being under the control of the respective governments. The German postilion, however, being employed to convey the carriage and its contents for a certain distance, and possessing, perhaps, less vivacity of character than his French brother of the whip and reins, or, certainly, more regard for the animals entrusted to his care, proceeds much more leisurely along the road; and, however impatient the traveller may be, he will soon be convinced of the inutility of persuasion or threat in accelerating his speed. In this respect, the German postilion of the present day seems to be precisely what he was in the time of Dr. Moore, a part of the machinery of the vehicle, calculated to move at the rate of one German mile per hour, and no more.

To this living automaton threats or persuasion are alike unavailing; he turns his head at the sound of either, takes the pipe from his mouth, listens, answers "Yaw, Mynheer, yaw, yaw," replaces the pipe in his mouth, and jogs on as before.

The roads, in general, are wide and neglected, but certainly improve towards the south, and are there, sometimes, even what in England would be called sound and good. I allude here particularly to the Bergstrasse road, which is altogether excellent, and which adds much to the pleasure of that beautiful and imposing part of the country.

I am now about to trace my course through Switzerland, and if the reader should be tempted to accompany me further, he may meditate with me amongst the regions of eternal snow.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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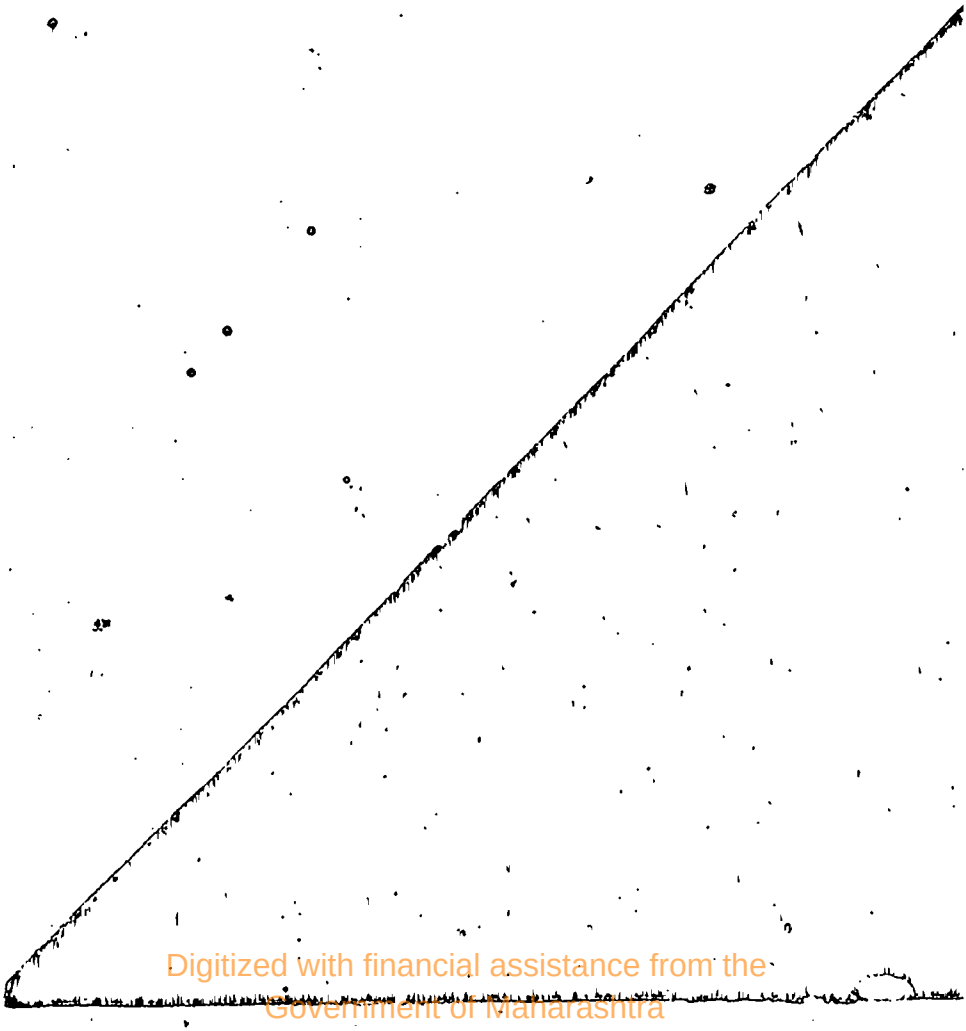

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